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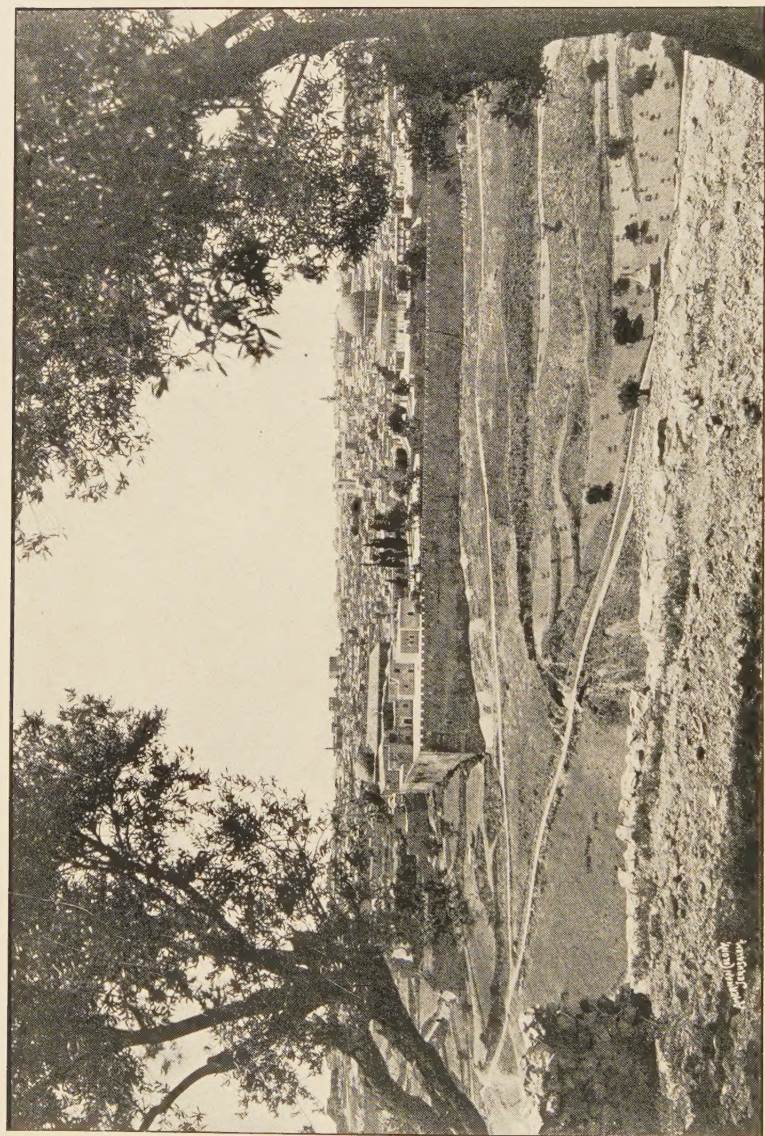
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JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW CENTURY

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF
A TOUR OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT
AND THE HOLY LAND, WITH SOME
INFORMATION ABOUT THE
VOYAGE AND PLACES
VISITED

FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE JOURNEY AND WISH TO
REMEMBER IT; THOSE WHO HOPE TO MAKE THE
JOURNEY AND WISH TO PREPARE FOR IT; AND
THOSE WHO CANNOT MAKE THE JOURNEY
AND WISH TO READ ABOUT IT

BY

WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA; AUTHOR OF "THE PSALMS AND THEIR
STORY," "A HERO IN HOMESPUN," "PINE KNOT," "FAITH AS
RELATED TO HEALTH," ETC.

*WITH TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS
MOST OF THEM MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
ESPECIALLY FOR THIS WORK*



BOSTON AND CHICAGO

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1902

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CHICAGO

TO THOSE WHO TARRY
WITH THE STUFF

PERTAINING TO PILGRIMAGES

Accept this in acknowledgment of thy Travail, and of the Shrines thou hast visited.

—*Lady Rowena, in Ivanhoe*

Thanne longen folk to gon on Pilgrimages.—*Chaucer*

Few great Pilgrims become eminent Saints.—*Thomas à Kempis*

He that on Pilgrimages goeth ever,
Becometh Holy late or never,—*Old Proverb*

Give me my Scallop Shell of Quiet,
My Staffe of Faith to walke upon,
My Scrip of Joye, immortal dyet,
My Bortel of Salvation;
My Gown of Glorie (Hope's true gage!),
And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage!
—*Sir Walter Raleigh*

But they knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on those things. But lift up
their eyes to ye Heavens, their dearest Cunttrie, and quieted their Spirits.

—*Governor Bradford, of the Pilgrim Fathers*

You charm my heart; You quite delight it;
I'll make a Tour, and then I'll write it
You well know what my Pen can do,
And I'll employ my Pencil, too;
I'll prose it here, and verse it there,
And Picturesque it everywhere,—
With every other leaf a Print,
Of some fine view in aqua tint!
Such is the Book I mean to make,
And I've no doubt the Work will take!
For, though your wisdom may decry it,
The simple Folk will surely buy it!
—*The Tour of the Reverend Doctor Syntax*

This Book will make a Traveller of thee,
If by its Council thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land
If thou wilt its Directions understand.
This Book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect;
It seems a Novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel-strains.
Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly
By reading these same lines? Oh, then come hither,
And lay my Book, thy Head and Heart together!
—*Prologue to Pilgrim's Progress*

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

EASTWARD HO!

A ideal and a proposition. The cruise of the greatest ship afloat. What it takes to feed 830 Americans. Studying the passenger list. The Innocents Abroad, past and present. How it feels when the time comes. The last composite shout of farewell. Reams of paper and 10,000 postal cards. Americans as tourists. Passports and cures for seasickness. How they stowed us away. The passing of the diary. What they do on shipboard. Heart to heart talks with Baedeker. Little seasickness. Don't crowd the gangway.....17

CHAPTER II

MADEIRA, THE LAND OF THE WINE

A surprise and a delight. The city of Funchal. The amphibious natives. High regard for American coin. The carro, yclept "the bully cart." Five dollars and up. The European plan with modifications. The rear platform of a table d'hote. The Casino. A smooth game. Imports from America. Do we want any more islands? Climate and courtship. A man who spoke English. Where Columbus lived. A romantic story. A Paradise of good health. Statistics for those who want them. Madeira, a dream of beauty.....31

CHAPTER III

GIBRALTAR, THE BRITISH LION IN STONE

When there was no Gibraltar. The home of a hundred civilizations. The overflowing of water and of population. The Pillars of Hercules. The strife of the Moors and the Spaniards. How the word "tariff" came to be. Gibraltar, and the discovery of America. The American consul. Much depends upon the weather. The ridiculous hat of Tommy Atkins. The uselessness of Gibraltar. Linia and the bull ring. Great Britain's rock and ours.....46

CHAPTER IV

ALGIERS, THE HOME OF THE PIRATES

Our various experiences in landing. Rocked in the cradle of the deep. The physical expression of incompetence. A perilous endeavor. The breakwater, erected by Christian slaves. Algerian hotels. A wet sheet and a flowing sea. Washington's birthday. The history of Algiers. Cab-drivers and interpreters. A beautiful city. Its varied life. The principal sights. Entertainments. The Boers and their Algerian sympathizers. The pilgrims to Mecca, and their greeting.....56

CHAPTER V

MALTA, WHERE KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

A small, but interesting island. Where Calypso wooed Ulysses. The scene of Paul's shipwreck. Valetta and its amazing fortifications. The ancient capital, Citta Vecchia, its grottoes and catacombs. The history of the Knights of St. John. Our indignation meeting. The interesting spots in Valetta. Lace and flagree work. The faldetta. A delightful memory.....73

CHAPTER VI

ATHENS, AND OUR HAPPY VISIT TO GREECE

Living Greece a reality. The past and present in Athens. A Greek school. The American College. The Piræus, and the view from there. The Temple of Theseus. The Acropolis. No relic hunters need apply. Lord Elgin, and how the Greeks love him. The Greek soldier and the American girl. Mars Hill. Paul's sermon and its results. Mary *versus* Minerva. Honey from Hymettus. The King of Greece, and how an American presented himself at court. Sailing the Bay of Phaleron. Sunset on Salamis. The stowaway. "Maid of Athens, ere we part.".....85

CHAPTER VII

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

The unused stovepipes. How one suffers with cold in warm climates. Distance lends enchantment. Boarded by Turks. A pile of passports. The American consul-general. Robert College, and the Girls' College at Skutari. How we invaded the old harem. By the Sultan's special permission. Dogs in the streets. Moses and Faraway Moses. The Galata bridge. The Hippodrome, and its three noted monuments. The famous cistern. A subterranean cathedral. The law courts of ancient days. Museums and mosques. Saint Sophia. Turkish delight and things unknown. The founding of New Rome. The castle of Rumili Hissar. The prophecy of proximity. The stars and stripes on the Castle of Oblivion98

CHAPTER VIII

SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS

Smyrna more interesting than the guide-books tell. Its quay, streets, crowds, and tram-cars. How it seems to be thought a millionaire. Where were Carnegie and Rockefeller? The camels are coming. The birthplaces of Homer. The tomb of Polycarp. From Smyrna to Ephesus. Diana of the Ephesians no longer great. Relics, ancient and otherwise. The girls from the American school. Patmos, and our packing...113

CHAPTER IX

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLY LAND

The crescent on Carmel. The famous Bay of Acre. Our favorable landing. Our pilot. See Galilee first. Our first lunch. Our dragomen. Silah the righteous. Harosheth of the Gentiles. Beautiful Galilee. Our camp. The physical features of Palestine Unexpected beauty of the land..... 121

CHAPTER X

NAZARETH, THE BOYHOOD HOME OF JESUS

Nazareth a good place for Jesus to spend his youth. The Church of the Annunciation. The ubiquity of the supernatural. The shop of Joseph, real and pretended. Our dragoman on the Carpenter of Galilee. Nazareth industries. Naife, Nazareth widows. "The Madonna-like beauty" of Nazareth girls. The Fountain of the Virgin.....137

CHAPTER XI

AMONG THE HILLS OF GALILEE

Early rising in camp. The bell-mule. The bother of having to doubt. The birthplace of Jonah. Cana of Galilee. Sacred places in duplicate. The wine of modern Cana. Mary, and her portrait. The Greek school. Christ's first miracle. The woman at the mill. Inside a Jewish oven. Why explorers must dig. The fertility of the plain of Esdraelon. The battle of Hattin. Tiberius, its history and present condition. Hated by the Jews, and later the center of Jewish learning. The fleas of Tiberias. The hospital, and its good work. How a patient showed his gratitude. The Sea of Galilee. A boat race. Possible modern apostles.....154

CHAPTER XII

A RIDE THROUGH SAMARIA

Rough roads. The coal-oil can versus the water-pot. Nain and Shunem. Two Bible women. The home of a witch. Jezreel, the home of Ahab. "Bakshish." Plowing. The Bible and Baedeker. Absent luxuries. "Oh, for an ice-cream soda!" Jenin. A visit with the governor. The ladies of Palestine, and their costumes. Dothan, and its memories of Elisha and Joseph. An impressive Sunday evening177

CHAPTER XIII

THE ANCIENT SAMARITAN CITIES

Sabaste, the ancient Samaria. The so-called lost ten tribes. The lepers of Elisha's day. The Crusader church; the tomb of John the Baptist. A Moslem school. Through the fields. The difference between wheat and bread. "An enemy hath done this." The ancient town of Shechem, now Nablus. Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Jacob's well. Joseph's tomb. A survival among the sects. How the refusal to desert a wife founded a religion. The holy manuscript at Shechem. An interesting purchase. Securing a treasure. A letter from Mark Twain. A place where they lack marriageable women.....189

CHAPTER XIV

SHILOH AND BETHEL

"Through Samaria." The shepherds. Palestine villages. The old sanctuary of Shiloh. Winning a wife in the old days. The ruse of the old men, and the daring of the young. Shiloh of to-day. The great name and character of Samuel. Turmus Aya. Collecting bakshish from a native. Our nightly guard. Bethel, where Jacob saw his vision. Bireh. The first sight of Jerusalem.....213

CHAPTER XV

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY

Our first knowledge of Jerusalem. Its present condition. American citizens, who are also citizens of Zion. The city walls and gates. The water supply. Jerusalem at night. A Jerusalem calendar. Commercial enterprise. The Mosque of Omar. The rock of sacrifice. Where Mohammed ascended to heaven. The unsupported rock, or tradition. "You go to heaven—half way." The Mosque of el-Aksa. The temple site. Christ's last day in the temple. The stables of Solomon. The Jews' wailing-place. The one remaining stone of the temple. Has Jerusalem a mission?.....221

CHAPTER XVI

JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS

The Holy Sepulcher. The question about Calvary. The New Calvary, and its unfortunate name. The journey around the walls in Nehemiah's day and now. Siloam. The valley of Jehoshaphat. Gethsemane, and its frauds. The Mount of Olives. Bethany, the home of Christ's friends. Lepers outside the gate. The diseased eyes of the people. Religious philanthropy, wise and otherwise. The vision of the triple rainbow.....246

CHAPTER XVII

JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA

Down from Jerusalem to Jericho. The inn of the Good Samaritan. The brook Cherith. A penitentiary for priests. What a wilderness is like. The Jordan valley. The fountain of Elisha. Modern Jericho. The Dead Sea. The ford of the Jordan; a boat-ride on its turbid waters. Joseph's weird story of the hyena. Back to Jerusalem.....263

CHAPTER XVIII

BETHLEHEM WHERE ANGELS SANG

A Christian village. Its people and industries. Tomb of Rachel. The scene of Ruth. The home of David. The spurious cave, and the genuine. The Church of the Nativity. Why Christians fight in this, and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. An overstatement corrected. The songs of children in the cave of the nativity. The proof, logical and emotional, of the genuineness of this spot. Jerome, and his great work. Hebron. The oak of Mamre and the cave of Machpelah. A closing thought on Bethlehem. The star and the song.....274

CHAPTER XIX

JAFFA, THE ANCIENT JOPPA

The ride from Jerusalem by rail. The plain of Sharon. Lydda. Jaffa of to-day. The place where Solomon's material was landed. Where Jonah sailed. The house of Simon the tanner. Why they disinfected us. The Jews and their cousins, the Phœnicians; a contrast and a conjecture. How the Jaffa boatmen persuade their passengers to contribute. Farewell to Palestine.....286

CHAPTER XX

RAPID TRANSIT IN THE ORIENT

A few remarks. The camel. The roads of Palestine. Preparing highways for the king, in the olden times and now. The horses furnished to tourists. The Palestine donkey. The gift of tongues. What Palestine needs. Money in Palestine. The Turkish government.....295

CHAPTER XXI

EGYPT, THE LAND OF THE SPHINX

A contrast between sightseeing in Palestine and Egypt. Landing at Alexandria. Pompey's Pillar. The Septuagint. The Rosetta stone. The geography of Egypt. A reunion at Cairo. The hotels of Egypt. The streets of Cairo. The old Coptic Church. The isle of Roda. The Nilometer. The Ferry. The water-carrier. The Muskey. Old manuscripts and Damascus swords. Memphis. Pithom. Sakhara. A Moslem anniversary. Mohammedan women. Pharaoh and the trolley. The Pyramids, by moonlight and by day. How we ascended. A guide who could not ask gratuities. The Sphinx; the true story of its secret. Memories of the view from Cheops.....313

CHAPTER XXII

UP THE NILE

By rail or boat. Sleeping-cars in the land of the Sphinx. Tell el-Amarna and its tablets. The savings of Christ. A glance at Egyptian history. Luxor and its temple. How Pharaoh sat for his portrait. Street fair. Arabs and Nubians. Relic factories. Monotonous guides. Abdul and Never Tarry. The vast ruins of Karnak.....343

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

Crossing the Nile. The hand of a mummy. Temple of Seti. Biban el-Muluk. Egyptian theology. Ushabti images, or "answers." The tombs. Our guide's farewell. Over the mountains alone. Abdul as a purchasing agent. The temple of Hatasu. A victim of flattery. The Ramesseum. The American mission. The scarab. A contemporary portrait of Cleopatra.377

CHAPTER XXIV

NAPLES, POMPEII, AND VESUVIUS

Escape from quarantine. Italian immigrants. National Museum at Naples. The sorrows of an art student. The aquarium. The two armies of Italy. Pompeii. The ascent of Vesuvius. Eruptions, ancient and modern. A storm on the mountain.....402

CHAPTER XXV

ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY

The arrogance of the plural. A lunch and a midnight dinner. Hotels of Rome. Elevators and ice. A glance at the history of Rome. Hawthorne as a guide. The sights and the peddlers. The holy fire. The Appian Way. The catacombs. The QuoVadis chapel. The Fountains. St. Peter's and St. Paul's.....419

CHAPTER XXVI

ACROSS EUROPE

Breaking up. Pisa. Florence. Venice. Milan. St. Gotthard. Lucerne. A sleepless sleeper. Paris, and old friends. Art up to date. An international demonstration. More about guides. The channel. London. The postponed coronation. Parliament. How Dr. Parker preached at us. How a guide prolonged his life. Edinburgh. Bonnie Dundee. Stirling and Bannockburn. Glasgow. The Burns country. The home of Carlyle.....440

CHAPTER XXVII

HOMEWARD BOUND

A defense of superficial sightseeing. The return of the Celtic. Hopeful immigrants. The label habit. Preface. Finis.....477

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE		PAGE
JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES Frontispiece.		"SOME CURSED US BY THEIR GODS"	69
THE GOOD SHIP CELTIC	19	AN ARAB SCHOOL	71
THE LIBRARY	21	WHERE PAUL SUFFERED SHIPWRECK	75
THE PROMENADE DECK	22	THE HARBOR OF VALETTA	77
"FAREWELL, AMERICA"	23	TOMMY ATKINS AT MALTA	78
WHERE THEY GUESSED AT THE SPEED	25	"IT SEEMS BEWITCHINGLY UNBALANCED"	79
THE MAIN SALOON	27	VALETTA AS SEEN FROM OUR SHIP	81
LOOKING FOR LAND	28	THE CHAPEL OF BONES	83
"DON'T CROWD THE GANGWAY"	29	THE WHARF OF THE PIRÆUS	86
PROPOSED COAT OF ARMS	30	THE FORUM OF DEMOSTHENES	87
"HOUSES OF CONCRETE ROOFED WITH THATCH"	32	THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS	88
THE DIVE FOR COIN	33	"THE ENVY OF THE MORE TIMID GIRLS"	89
THE TROLLEY CAR OF MADEIRA	35	"ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE SHEPHERDS KEPT THEIR SHEEP"	91
A FUNCHAL BABY-CAB	37	WHERE PAUL PREACHED IN ATHENS	92
FUNCHAL HARBOR FROM THE CASINO	39	MODERN ATHENS	93
MADEIRA THRESHING-FLOOR	41	THE STADIUM, ATHENS	95
"THROUGH THE TOWN RUSH FOAMING MOUNTAIN STREAMS"	43	SUNSET ON SALAMIS	96
"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO NO LIVE HERE"	44	THE SUBLIME PORTE	99
THE BRITISH LION IN STONE	47	"THIS BRIDGE OUGHT TO BE MARKED AS THE CENTER OF THE WORLD"	101
MAP OF THE CRUISE	49	"HERE OCCURRED CONTESTS OF SPEED AND SKILL"	103
GIBRALTAR FROM THE SPANISH LINES	53	INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF SAINT SOPHIA	105
MADEIRA PEASANT GIRLS SPINNING	55	MOSQUE OF AHMED I	107
THE PUBLIC GARDEN, ALGIERS	57	RUMILI HISSAR AND ROBERT COLLEGE	109
"A TERRIFIC SEA BROKE, SNAPPING OUR BOW-LINE"	59	THE BOSPORUS	111
TROPICAL FOLIAGE, PUBLIC GARDEN, ALGIERS	61	THE QUAY AT SMYRNA	114
"A STREET BOLDLY CARRIED UP UPON ARCHES"	63	"AN ANCIENT CITY WITH NO APPEARANCE OF ANTIQUITY"	115
"THE STREETS ARE SERIES OF STONE STAIRS"	65	THE TOMB OF POLYCARP	116
"FROM UNEXPECTED ALLEYS EMERGE VEILED WOMEN"	67	RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, EPHEBUS	117
"THE PEOPLE SEEMED GLAD TO SEE US"	68	THE GATE OF PERSECUTION, EPHEBUS	118
		CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, EPHEBUS	119
		OUR SMALL PILOT	122

	PAGE		PAGE
THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF HAIFA.....	123	SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH AND GENE-	
JOSEPH THE ELOQUENT.....	124	SIS.....	211
SALEH THE GIANT.....	125	JACOB'S WELL.....	212
"WE HAD ALL THE BEST DRAGO-		"WHEN HE PUTTETH FORTH HIS	
MEN".....	126	OWN SHEEP, HE GOETH BEFORE	
THE CHIEF MULETEER.....	127	THEM".....	214
THE GALILEE LIGHTNING EXPRESS.....	129	A TYPICAL SAMARITAN VILLAGE.....	215
SILAH STEALING THE FLAG.....	131	THE SITE OF SHILOH.....	216
MAP OF PALESTINE.....	133	OUR CAMP AT TURMUS 'AYA.....	217
MOUNT CARMEL.....	136	OUR PARTY AT BETHEL.....	219
NAZARETH.....	138	THE DAMASCUS GATE OF JERUSA-	
OUR CAMP AT NAZARETH.....	139	LEM.....	223
INTERIOR OF TENT.....	141	INSIDE THE JAFFA GATE.....	225
ATTEMPT TO PHOTOGRAPH ONE NAZ-		JERUSALEM WATER-CARRIERS.....	227
ARETH GIRL.....	142	A STREET IN JERUSALEM.....	229
ANOTHER ATTEMPT.....	143	LEAF FROM A JERUSALEM CALENDAR	230
NAIFE OF NAZARETH.....	145	STREET ARABS.....	231
GIRL WITH WATER-POT.....	147	GAMBLING.....	232
THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.....	149	THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.....	233
NAZARETH FROM THE ROAD TO CANA	153	THE UNSUPPORTED ROCK.....	235
CANA OF GALILEE.....	155	THE MOSQUE OF EL-AKSA.....	237
MARY OF CANA.....	157	JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET.....	239
"TWO WOMEN SHALL BE GRINDING		THE ONE REMAINING STONE.....	241
AT THE MILL".....	159	THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.....	243
GIRL CARRYING FUEL.....	161	APPROACH TO THE HOLY SEPULCHER	247
THE VILLAGE OVEN.....	163	THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPUL-	
TIBERIAS.....	165	CHER.....	248
TELL HÛM; SHUKREY IN FORE-		INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE HOLY	
GROUND.....	167	SEPULCHER.....	249
LANDING AT KHAN MINYEH.....	170	THE HOLY SEPULCHER.....	251
EMBARKING AT "SEVEN SPRINGS".....	171	THE NEW CALVARY.....	252
TRADITIONAL SITE OF BETHSAIDA.....	173	THE SHEPHERD ON CALVARY.....	253
THE WHARF AT TELL HÛM; PETER,		THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.....	255
JAMES, AND JOHN OF TO-DAY.....	176	AN OLD OLIVE-TREE IN GETHSEM-	
"BAKSHISH!".....	179	ANE.....	256
PLOWING IN PALESTINE.....	181	BETHANY.....	257
ILLEGAL AGRICULTURE.....	183	THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.....	259
MOSLEM WOMEN OF PALESTINE.....	185	JERUSALEM BEGGARS.....	261
DOTHAN.....	187	THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO	
ANCIENT SAMARIA OF TO-DAY.....	191	JERICO.....	264
READING THE GOSPEL STORY AT		THE INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.....	265
JACOB'S WELL.....	193	THE BROOK CHERITH.....	267
CHARM FOR "EVIL EYE".....	197	SITE OF JERICO.....	268
JOSEPH'S TOMB.....	199	THE FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA.....	269
YAKOB, SAMARITAN HIGH PRIEST.....	205	THE DEAD SEA.....	270
LEAF FROM OLD SAMARITAN MANU-		THE RIVER JORDAN: DR. JOSIAH	
SCRIPT.....	207	STRONG IN THE FOREGROUND.....	271

	PAGE		PAGE
A SHEIK OF JERICHO.....	272	MAP OF THE NILE.....	349
A GROUP OF VILLAGE SHEIKS.....	273	THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR.....	350
"O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM".....	275	STATUES OF RAMESES II. AT LUXOR.....	351
RACHEL'S TOMB.....	277	THE HIGHEST OBELISKS IN EGYPT, KARNAK.....	352
A BETHLEHEM FAMILY.....	279	RAMESES II. AS HE THOUGHT HE OUGHT TO LOOK—STATUE AT LUXOR.....	353
RESTING ON THE WAY TO HEBRON.....	281	RAMESES II. AS HIS MUMMY SHOWS HIM.....	355
THE OAK OF ABRAHAM.....	282	ONE WIFE OF RAMESES II.—STATUE AT LUXOR.....	357
THE SHEPHERD'S FIELD.....	283	NATIVE NUBIANS.....	359
RAPID TRANSIT PAST AND FUTURE.....	287	FIRST CATARACT ON THE NILE.....	361
LYDDA.....	289	TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILÆ.....	361
AMONG THE ROCKS IN JAFFA HARBOR.....	290	APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE AT KAR- NAK—AVENUE OF SPHINKES.....	363
COURTYARD, HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.....	291	PORTAL OF EUERGETES II.—ABDUL IN FRONT.....	365
A LAST LOOK AT JAFFA.....	293	COLUMNS—TEMPLE OF KHONS.....	367
OFF FOR ALEXANDRIA.....	294	RAM-HEADED SPHINKES—TEMPLE OF KARNAK.....	369
AN ARAB CAMP.....	297	COLUMNS—TEMPLE OF KARNAK.....	371
RIDING A CAMEL.....	299	SHISHAK AND HIS CAPTIVES.....	372
THIS WAY FOR THE PYRAMIDS.....	301	HYPOSTYLE HALL—TEMPLE OF ESNEH.....	373
A DONKEY AND HIS LOAD IN EGYPT.....	303	TEMPLE OF EDFU.....	375
A MODERN BALAAM.....	305	RUINS AT KARNAK.....	376
CALEEL.....	307	OUR PARTY CROSSING THE NILE.....	379
A PICTURESQUE LANDING.....	315	THE MUMMY OF SETI I.....	380
POMPEY'S PILLAR.....	317	FESTIVAL SCENE FROM THE WALLS OF A THEBAN TOMB.....	383
THE ROSETTA STONE.....	319	THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS.....	385
THE STREETS OF CAIRO.....	321	ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETI I.....	387
THE MINARET OF EL-AZHUR.....	323	VESTIBULE OF THE TOMB OF RAM- ESES VI.....	389
THE OLD COPTIC CHURCH.....	324	SETI OFFERING WINE TO OSIRIS.....	391
THE SAKIEH.....	325	TOMBS OF THE KINGS FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.....	392
THE NILOMETER, ISLE OF RODA.....	326	THE TEMPLE OF HATASU.....	395
"A TWISTED KIND OF RAG, AND A GOATSKIN WATER-BAG".....	327	THE RAMESSEUM.....	397
CAIRO WATER-CARRIERS.....	328	CLEOPATRA AS UNDERSTUDY FOR HATHOR.....	399
BRIDGE ACROSS THE NILE, CAIRO.....	329	NAPLES: STRADA DEL MOLO AND ST. ELMO'S CASTLE.....	403
AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.....	330	BAY OF NAPLES.....	403
THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS.....	331	A NEAPOLITAN TEAM.....	405
EGYPTIAN VILLAGE NEAR THE PYR- AMIDS.....	333		
CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS.....	335		
SECTION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.....	336		
THE SPHINX NO LONGER HAS A SECRET.....	337		
EXCAVATING THE SPHINX.....	339		
STREET SPRINKLER.....	342		
A TELL EL-AMARNA TABLET. LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR OF TYRE.....	345		
PAPYRUS CONTAINING "SAYINGS OF JESUS".....	347		

	PAGE		PAGE
A MACARONI FACTORY.....	407	THE LAST SUPPER, BY FRA ANGEL-	
THE COURT OF JUSTICE, POMPEII..	409	ICO, SAN MARCO, FLORENCE..	448
THE HOUSE OF PAUSA, POMPEII..	411	SAVONAROLA	449
POMPEIAN GIRL.....	413	VENICE—THE CAMPANILE FROM THE	
NEAPOLITAN DAMSEL.....	415	GRAND CANAL.....	450
NEAPOLITAN SWAIN.....	415	THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.....	451
THE ARCH OF TITUS.....	421	THE RIALTO.....	452
THE FORUM.....	423	THE CAMPANILE AND SAINT MARK'S	
THE COLLOSSEUM.....	423	VENICE.....	453
THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.....	425	MILAN CATHEDRAL.....	454
INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.....	427	THE LAST SUPPER—DA VINCI'S	
A CONSTANT SCENE IN ST.		GREAT PICTURE AS IT APPEARS	
PETER'S	429	TO-DAY.	455
THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY		THE DA VINCI MONUMENT, MILAN..	456
RAPIHAEL	431	LAKE LUGANO.....	457
THE PHANTHEON, ROME.....	433	OVER THE ALPS BY RAIL.....	458
THE TEMPLE OF VESTA, ROME....	435	MAP OF SPIRAL TUNNELS.....	459
BAPTISTERY, CATHEDRAL, AND LEAN-		THE WOUNDED LION OF LUCERNE..	460
ING TOWER, PISA.....	441	AMONG THE ALPS.....	461
A GROUP OF FRA ANGELICO ANGELS,		THE MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE,	
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE..	442	PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE ...	462
THE CATHEDRAL AND GIOTTO'S		MURILLO'S MADONNA, PITTI PALACE,	
TOWER, FLORENCE.....	443	FLORENCE	463
PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORA, FLORENCE,		THE MATTERHORN	465
WHERE SAVONAROLA WAS		THE LOUVRE.....	467
BURNED.....	444	THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BY	
THE TRIBUNE, UFFIZI GALLERY,		MURILLO, THE LOUVRE.....	469
FLORENCE	445	THE BOIS DE BOLOGNE, PARIS.....	471
RAPHAEL PAINTING THE MADONNA		HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S	
OF THE CHAIR.....	446	SEAT, EDINBURGH.....	273
THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR, BY		TWO YOUNG ROMANS.....	476
RAPHAEL, PITTI PALACE, FLOR-		OUR DECORATED BAGGAGE.....	481
ENCE.....	447	FINIS	487

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW CENTURY

CHAPTER I

EASTWARD HO!

We were standing on deck the fourth day out, after the novelty of the situation had worn off, and we were sure of our footing and able to give some thought to things in the immediate future.

"How much of a proposition is Jerusalem, anyhow?" asked one member of the group.

There was something almost shockingly direct about the question. It was asked in a semi-confidential way, and in entire good faith. There was something in the tone which indicated that the questioner rather thought that he ought to know the answer without asking, but there was also the emphatic determination to put the question, and face the facts. The questioner was a leather-dealer, and the men addressed were ministers of the gospel, who might be supposed to know the proper answer.

"How much of a proposition is Jerusalem?" It had not always been a "proposition" to my leather-dealing friend; it had been a mental concept, and it was facing him now in a new rôle. He was endeavoring to approach it as a reality.

It is always interesting when a practical man changes an ideal to a proposition.

A wealthy American senator, who had had little experience with colleges, so the story goes, went with his wife to visit a great university. They conceived the idea of building a similar institution in their own state. Having seen the large Eastern school, this idealist in deeds stood squarely before its

president, his hands deep in his pockets, and asked, "Mr. President, how much money would it take to duplicate this plant?"

"Plant!" No wonder the president was surprised. He replied that many things in a college cannot be instantly duplicated, nor bought at any price; that a college is an evolution, a history, a body of alumni, a fund of accumulated tradition, a wealth of scholastic association and an organism of growing intellectual power. But the senator held to his point. He was not trying to buy those things; those were for other men to add. He was interested in the possibility of providing "the plant." He was told how many millions would be required for the material equipment of such an institution; and his wife tapped his arm, and said, confidently, "Leland, we'll do it!"

They did it, and did it superbly.

The question about the "plant" was the senator's way of reducing a vague idea to tangible form.

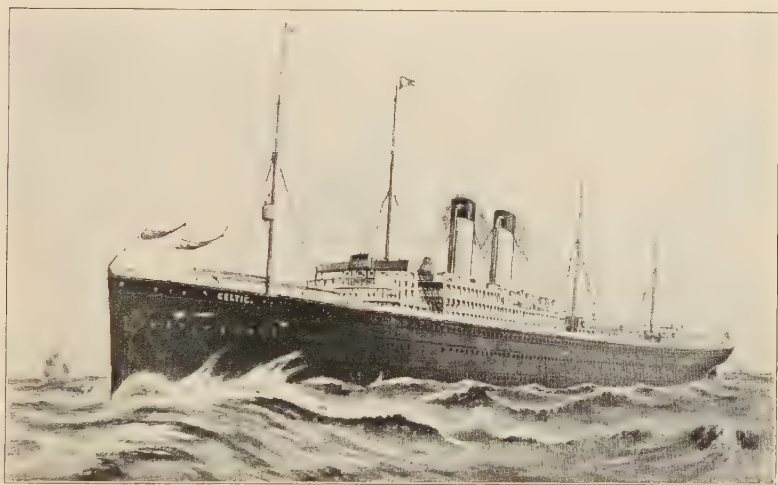
My esteemed friend of the hides and leather had heard of Jerusalem all his life, but it had been to him a fact in history and a sentiment associated with his reading and singing and aspiration. He now wanted some information which would enable him to reduce it all to acres and population. He was doing in his own way what we all were attempting. We had sung for years,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?"

We had sung it of the new Jerusalem, and were about to have an answer in the Jerusalem of earth. The holy city of history, the glorious vision of an iridescent future, all that we had known and thought and felt when we had heard the name Jerusalem, were reduced to a definite day in the week and month, duly scheduled on our itinerary. We were about to tread its narrow streets with our own feet, and from some point of vantage within its gated walls to see with our own

eyes how "the mountains are round about Jerusalem." This was something different from singing about it. I felt grateful to my friend from the world of business and practical affairs for his question. He found himself, as he expressed it, "up against" a wholly new situation, and wanted to know "how much of a proposition" it was.

We who had set out to materialize this vision were a company of Americans touring the Mediterranean on a chartered



THE GOOD SHIP CELTIC

ship, the Celtic. There were 830 of us. We were 377 men, 438 women, and 15 children, besides a crew of 390, making a total of 1,220. It was the largest party of its kind that ever entered the Mediterranean, and the Celtic was the largest ship afloat. Not since Noah built his ark had so great a ship been seen. We had been well advertised, and were well provided for. Our ship carried for our sustenance 90,000 pounds of beef, 90,000 pounds of potatoes, 50,000 pounds of poultry, many tons of pork and veal, 44,000 eggs, 3,000 boxes of ice-cream, and other things in proportion. At every port we bought out the available supply of fruit, fresh fish and vegetables. On the score of bigness we were the people. As to quality, there were sixty-

two ministers, and half as many physicians, and there were those who wrote "Honorable" and "General" and other titles before or after their names. There was a goodly proportion of unassuming, straightforward men without any particular label, some of whom, making a new reputation, as we all had to do, each for himself, in the new little floating world of which we had become residents, proved among the best and most popular men on board. Most of us, at the outset, were strangers to each other.

"Do you know all these people?" I asked a young lady the first day, for I found her passenger list well marked with a lead pencil.

"Oh, no," she answered; "mother has been marking the ministers, and sister and I have been picking out the men who are not accompanied by their wives, and wondering which of them are unmarried."

It is well enough to cross the ocean to study the old world; but the passenger list, also, is a fruitful field of study, and in some cases at least, it was studied with ardor and success.

The first cruise of this sort, organized in America, keeping its own ship, and covering the principal ports of the Mediterranean, was that made famous by Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad," some thirty-five years ago. That party had a ship of 2,500 tons, with 65 passengers; we had a leviathan of the ocean, with a tonnage of 20,900 and a passenger list of 830, and the appointments in the way of library, orchestra, lectures, entertainments and social life were all upon a vastly larger scale in our case than in theirs. The accommodations now are much better, and the price is much lower than was possible a third of a century ago, and our trip was so well advertised that almost every one in America must have heard of the proposed cruise of the ship *Celtic* to the Orient. At least, we who were her passengers had heard so much about it, and so little in comparison of anything else, that it seemed the one great topic of conversation. Doubtless, other things were talked of in remote corners of America during the days

immediately preceding our departure, but it was hard for us to realize that people were interested in anything else.

We might be pardoned for thinking our departure of some importance, in view of the crowd that assembled to see us off. If all New York was not gathered on the wharf, there were many people from elsewhere. If the census-taker had chosen that moment for his round, he could have swelled the population of New York considerably. There was such a crowd upon the wharf that it seemed as if we must join them and remain. It was all but impossible to reach the gang-plank.

It is a large risk, but I intend to omit the remark that all was bustle and confusion on the pier. There was no confusion, and there was no room to bustle. There was meager opportunity to wedge one's



THE LIBRARY

way, laden with parcels and hand-baggage, through the assembled crowd and up to the gang-plank, and for the time we cared for nothing else than to get there.

The band was playing "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You." There was a clapping of hands, and some one made a brief response. Then the band played "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." We did not know or care for whom the band was playing, but only cherished a vague feeling of wonder that any one man could be great enough to attract attention in that crowd.

It was two o'clock when we arrived at the pier. By the time I reached my stateroom it was a quarter of three. I had barely time to deposit my parcels, be sure that my belongings were on board, and get back on deck for a brief look around, before the vessel sailed.

The wharf was a black sea of human life, flecked with the

foam of waving handkerchiefs. I looked it over, trying in all the thousands of assembled faces to find one that I knew. At last I discovered a group of friends who had procured positions on the pilot-house of a tug, and had been shouting for some minutes trying to attract my attention. It was a joyous discovery, and I waved them a vigorous return. Nothing would make a man feel more lonely at such a time than to know that every one else had some one there to see him off, and he alone was forgotten. But, besides the friends



THE PROMENADE DECK

on the dock, we found below flowers, magazines, and quantities of letters from distant friends, all full of kindly greeting and farewell.

Exactly at three o'clock the plank was withdrawn, and at once the great ship began to move—an inch, another, another, almost imperceptibly she edged

away. A line was cast off here, another there; we gained another inch, a foot, a yard; and now the dock began to slip back from us. A hundred steam whistles shouted their hoarse adieu. A hundred flags waved out their patriotic benediction. A thousand voices shouted out to us, one last composite shout, in which we distinguished no single word, but knew that it was all there, counsel, admonition, affectionate farewell, and hope of safe return, prescriptions for seasickness, and warnings not to forget to write—all these were gathered up into that long, final shout from the shore. We had not lacked an appreciative farewell. Even the Goddess of Liberty down the bay seemed with her uplifted hand to wave us a kindly adieu.

Few stayed on deck to watch the shores recede, for it was bitter cold, and the zero air had in it the bite of the keen

wind and the creepiness of the salt air. We went below and hoped to get warm.

It was a cold night on board. All doors had been open,



"FAREWELL, AMERICA!"

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell, Oak Park, Ill.

and the freezing air was in every corner of the ship except the library, which was packed with people preparing home messages. I never saw such industrious writing. Ten thousand picture postal-cards were used. Reams of paper melted away on the desks. The word that we were anchored for the night

just inside of Sandy Hook gave the passengers a new frenzy to write to all their friends, and the mail bag filled and overflowed.

The pilot went back early in the morning, and few were out to see him off. The bugle blew the breakfast call, and the dining-rooms filled. The shores were growing dim when we came on deck, and we did not long remain. "Farewell, America!" we said in our hearts; "we shall sail for many a day before we see a land so fair!"

Two instincts, strong in human life, have made civilization, and constitute its centripetal and centrifugal forces in the conquest of nature. One is the nomadic and the other is the homing instinct. One pushes the race forward across each new horizon, and has nearly determined the final frontiers of civilization. The other impels men to cling to the soil which they have conquered, to return to the sites and shrines of former experiences, to build homes, establish institutions, and maintain industries.

The American people have been a race of pioneers, ever treading in the path of the sun towards the west; but they have combined most notably with this the home-loving instinct, and have developed also a home-returning passion which makes them a nation of tourists. So, annually some thousands of Americans take an oath to be loyal to America as a prerequisite to a tour abroad. It is a fine preparation for a tour—this application for a passport. The pledge to support the government of the home land is a proper reminder that we are not to become expatriated; and the official certificate of the Secretary of State that the bearer is a citizen and entitled to the respect and protection of foreign nations, reminds us anew that American citizenship counts for something in the old world.

It is easy to get a passport. You write to the Secretary of State for a blank application, on which you record your age, place of birth, occupation, and a description of your personal appearance, such as a modest man blushes to declare about himself, and swear to the whole before a notary

public, and have some neighbor certify to the truth of your declaration. This you inclose with one dollar and sixty cents to the State Department, and receive in return a parchment signed by the Secretary, and decorated with the red seal of the government. Besides this, it is necessary to have the *visé*, which costs one dollar, of the Turkish consul-general in New York. It is the first of several little contributions which the tourist makes to the Turkish government. No one should travel without such a passport and a sure preventive of seasickness, and he will be very fortunate if the latter proves as reliable as the former. Passports are not necessary in the more frequented countries of Europe; but even there they are convenient, and in Turkey they are a necessity. They are treated everywhere with respect. Let



WHERE THEY GUESSED AT THE SPEED

not the man who sees an official reading his passport with manifest reverence suppose that he is overawed by the personal description of the owner, which is duly recorded on the face of the document. The thing that evokes his respect is the big red seal of the United States of America.

No ship has permanent accommodations for 830 first-class passengers. There were many conflicting reports about our being overcrowded, and of our carrying less than half the ship's capacity. We filled the first-class and second-class quarters, and more than half of us were housed in the part of the ship where ordinarily the third-class passengers are carried. The rooms of these, however, were new and spotlessly clean, and the furnishings were strictly first-class. We were well above the water-line, and had accommodations that were comfortable, but not luxurious. We used both the first and second class dining-rooms, but the service was identical, and

the deck and shore and library privileges were common to all. He who paid less money had a less expensive room, as in any hotel, but had the same food and social privileges; nor was any line drawn among us. We were all first-class passengers, and a thoroughly democratic company. This is likely to be the arrangement in any similar cruise, and the intending tourist will do well to understand precisely what to expect. My own room was one of those temporarily fitted up on the main deck, and was entirely satisfactory. It was not large, and was not palatial, but the ventilation was good, and the people near me were of the very best on the ship, and no man's standing depended in the slightest degree upon the amount which he had paid for his room.

The eight days of our outward passage went all too fast. There was the settling, and getting accustomed to our surroundings; there were diaries to begin (and most of them ended before we sighted land), and home letters to write; there was preparatory reading to be done; and there were acquaintances to make; for every one had letters of introduction to some one on board. Besides this, there were Sunday services that overflowed the forward cabin, and lectures that told us of the lands we were first to visit, and what to see there in the brief time assigned us. There was a Valentine Day's party that evoked much wit and skill, and there were other entertainments, both grave and gay. We had a male quartette and a choir, and the ship had pianos and an orchestra.

When there was nothing else to do, we went to the office of Mr. Clark, the conductor, to ask him to make some change in our room or route. We were sure to meet most of the people on the ship standing about his door. The rest were in the baggage-hold, getting out the things which they had intended to send to their staterooms, and packing away winter clothing which they expected would become superfluous after we struck the Gulf Stream. And at home they were trying to thaw the water-pipes! It is well for the tourist not to pack the warm clothing too deep in the trunk; the Mediterranean does not lie on the equator.

There were three meals a day to be eaten, and it was counted good form to dress for dinner, and there was always something afterward in one cabin or the other. Sometimes there was a dance on deck for those who liked it, while those who did not care for this form of entertainment had special studies in camera clubs, and study clubs of various sorts. Our ship was a paradise of clubs.

There were games of quoits and shuffleboard on deck, and they were popular on the return trip, but going out we had



THE MAIN SALOON

too much to do to use them. Our spare time was put in with heart-to-heart talks with Baedeker, the patron saint of all tourists.

It is something even to accustom one's self to the bells, and the constantly changing time. To visit the clock each evening and find how many minutes it is to be set forward at midnight, and to note the log each day at noon, and copy the latitude and longitude, the miles sailed, and the captain's record of the weather—all this helps to fill out the day. The salt bath before breakfast, followed by a brisk walk on deck, and another long walk at night, to rinse out one's lungs before going to bed, help to make the hours pass swiftly. The days

are short enough, and the nights lose nearly an hour each as we sail toward the sunrise.

I have one word of wisdom to those anticipating such a voyage: be chary of promises to write to many people on your cruise. There is little time for writing, and there is much else to do. Our eight days of cruising went by like a



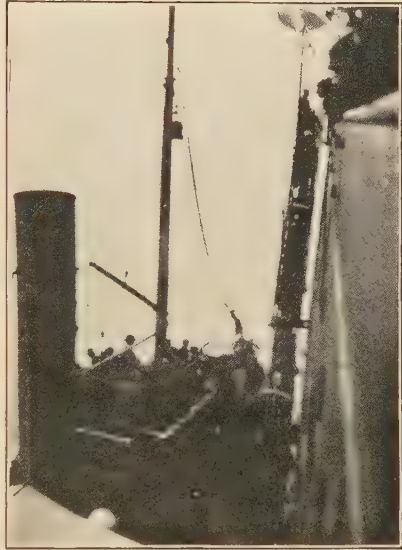
"LOOKING FOR LAND"

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews, Oak Park, Ill.

dream, and from that time there was before us one continuous series of delightful and strenuous hustlings.

Those who supposed that they would have ample time to sit on deck and read novels and write home to friends were immensely mistaken. There was plenty to do, and, fortunately, most of us were able to do it. While a number of tourists at one time or another had a little discomfort, very few were sick for any length of time, and many made the entire cruise without being absent from a meal.

Generally speaking, we had good weather, and our ship was so well provided with bilge-keels that we rolled but little. Still, we wondered what the captain meant by recording "Moderate to light wind," when we thought it half a hurricane; and our respect for his judgment increased the third day out, when he recorded, "Strong swly. & wly. gale & modt. sea." The moderate sea soon increased, according to the captain's own record, to "heavy swell," and then it was that some people had experiences. I have a photograph, taken on that morning, of an esteemed member of the cruise, who will perhaps be surprised to recognize himself here. It may be that he has told his friends at home that he was the only man on board that was not disturbed at any time; if so, and if they know him to be truthful, I shall not contradict him; but I give the portrait herewith. It is free from that self-conscious look which almost invariably character-



"DON'T CROWD THE GANGWAY!"

Photograph by Miss Grace A. Ross, Oak Park, Ill.

izes a photograph. If the subject displays any artistic fault, it is that he appears preoccupied. He has the deck to himself, and the deck is wet and lonely. He is thinking of home. He is trying to discover land. Land is just three miles away, and while he may not see it, he is looking in the right direction.

"Don't crowd the gangway!" This became our most familiar admonition. There was room for us on board, and room on shore, but we grew very weary of each other whenever we reached port. From two to four long, double flights of stairs were rigged to the side, and we were permitted to

pass down in single file into small boats or steam tenders, and so conveyed ashore. It was a very long way down, and not all could go on the first boat. Most of our passengers were courteous, and the occasions for complaint were few. But as the cry of "Low bridge!" is said to discover by the answering duck of the head the man who once worked on a canal-boat, so there is one rallying cry which 830 American citizens would instantly recognize. This should be the coat of arms of those who, having received distinguished honors abroad, take armorial bearings from this cruise. On a field azure, a long ladder sable, upon it a tourist verd, climbing down to a small boat rampant; motto, "*Don't crowd the gangway.*"



PROPOSED COAT OF ARMS

Drawn by Mr. Theodore Falk, Chicago, Ill.

CHAPTER II

MADEIRA, THE LAND OF THE WINE

I hope that no reader of this chapter is as ignorant as I find myself to have been about Madeira. That it is one of several islands in a group to which it gives the name; that its capital is Funchal; that it belongs to Portugal; that it is a steep and almost inaccessible place; that its climate varies little, summer or winter; and that it produces a wine that has been famous for decades—all this I had heard. I also had read about its latitude and longitude, its area and population, in the guide-book, where the reader may find them if he chooses, and perhaps remember them longer than I did. But Madeira had not taken shape in my imagination until my eyes saw it.

Behold an island, along whose coast a vessel sails for two hours, rising sheer from the water, with cliffs of surpassing grandeur standing three to five thousand feet in height. Nowhere on earth except in Norway are such sea-cliffs visible. From these perpendicular mountains the streams dash down hundreds of feet and break into veils of spray, while others flow with ever-increasing rapidity down rocky gorges, broken here and there into cascades that gleam and shimmer in the sun. All this is in plain sight as the ship approaches land, and for two hours the landscape, from the first inviting, exhibits constantly more definite detail and pleasing variety. Vineyards and fertile terraces gird the less precipitous hills, and peasants' homes appear on the slopes. Where the mountain cañons widen a little at the shore there cluster little villages, the houses made of concrete, and roofed with tile or thatch, often so covered with moss or lichen as to be a brilliant mottled orange in color. In one place where two cliffs grudgingly give away in steep hills with mountain torrents between, but where no single stream of size offers its mouth

for a harbor, stands the capital, Funchal, a beautiful and most interesting city.

The natives of Funchal appear to be amphibious. While the city has no harbor it abounds in boats. These are well-built and able crafts, generally a vivid green in color, with a stripe of purple or yellow, and with upstanding prow which serves the men on board to hold to while leaning over, or the



"HOUSES OF CONCRETE, ROOFED WITH THATCH"

man on shore to catch as the boat comes in. The oars have fiddle-shaped boards on the sides, that play on thole-pins unlike anything else we saw. Long before we anchored we were surrounded by these craft, and when we stopped they swarmed about us. Some of the boats were loaded high with wicker chairs and other light woodwork, which the venders thrust up on poles, shouting the prices. Other boats brought fruit and vegetables. Fresh fish were there, also, and these our steward purchased by the boat-load. But many of the inhabitants earned their money by the easier method of diving for

coin. Any coin except copper, which they said they could not see in the water, would be brought up by these human fish. It mattered not how many feet in depth the coin had the start, the divers never failed to bring it up. The coin came up in the diver's toes, but this was a trick of the trade; the diver caught it in his fingers, deep down, and conveyed it to his toes in the act of turning to rise. Some men brought small boys on their shoulders, and cast them off to make them dive; the boy was often small and afraid, and the man generally followed him and got the coin; the lad simply dived and came back.

We soon found that the whole island is ready to take a dip for American coin. We had been wondering into what money we ought to change our ready cash in order to make purchases in Madeira. It was not necessary to change at all. Money values are computed in reis, of which it takes 1,100 to make a dollar. A bill presented in reis astounds an American; but the native of Madeira will quickly reduce it to dollars, and cut the price in two. The value of a dollar is as well known in Funchal as in New York.

The first thing that impresses a visitor after he gets ashore is the pavement. If he has tender feet he feels it before he sees it. It is composed of small, thin stones set upright, and makes a good roadway. Over it slide the coaches of Funchal, the carros, sleds drawn by bullocks.



THE DIVE FOR COIN

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

The carro has a canopy, and is upholstered and curtained with chintz or flowered cotton. It looks not unlike an old-fashioned four-poster bed with a queer cradle attachment, and produces in marked degree the combined sensation of novelty, comfort and jollity. When one has chartered a vehicle of this description he experiences a sudden inclination to mirth. It is hard for him to take himself seriously, and each friend whom he meets similarly enthroned laughs at him in answer to his laugh. It enables him to see himself as others see him. It is as if he turned a corner and met himself coming back. He laughs first to see how funny his friend looks, and then laughs again to think how funny he himself must look. Each echoes the other's laugh. Yet one does not feel ridiculous, but has an undefined sensation of dignity withal. I never felt so much like an aristocrat as when throned in a carro.

A ride so exhilarating would have pleased us at any time, but coming as our first experience after the ship, we hailed it with a delight that passed enthusiasm. For weeks we talked of it, and it became a sort of standard of comparison for all the various means of transportation which we afterward enjoyed or suffered. "Waw!" is the cry of the driver of the carro, and it seems strangely appropriate. Our party called the carro a "bully cart," and so it is. There are only a very few wheeled vehicles—carriages that run between the wharf and the new hotel—and these are of recent importation. They are not popular, and do not deserve to be. He who would move about in Funchal and not make his feet sore on the sharp stones hires a bully cart. One man goes ahead and guides the oxen. Another runs behind with a goad and a grease bag, and when the sledding is hard he drops the grease bag under the runner. There is a bell on the yoke, and it tinkles merrily. Both men shout at the oxen, at each other, and at the drivers of other carros with which they seem likely to collide. The girls lean out of the windows and look. The beggars run behind and shout, and the passenger makes a mental note of his sensations.

It is not exactly Chicago. But when I stand shivering on

the platform of the elevated road, or hold patiently to the hand-strap of a cable car, I shall heave a sigh and remember my ride in the bullock carro of Funchal.

Bishop Hartzell, of the American Methodist Church, was in Funchal when we arrived, and I procured his photograph in a carro.

If one would go up the mountain he has the choice of a



THE TROLLEY CAR OF MADEIRA

hammock borne by two men and slung to a pole, or the elevated railway, the only railroad on the island. The road ascends past terraced and irrigated gardens, between charming thatched cottages, each with a blank wall below and an arbor above with luxurious vines loaded with red-purple flowers. Camellias abound, growing on trees of considerable size, and having rich, large blossoms, millions in number. Along the way the people look out from their floral bowers, and little girls run along and pelt the tourist with blossoms. A tourist with good nerve, having ridden up hill on the railway, may slide

down in a sled which is guided by two natives. No shooting of the chutes is so exciting.

These are not the only means of transportation enjoyed in Madeira. Babies sometimes ride strapped to a donkey, and look very happy. I caught a snap-shot of one of them, and present it as a typical Funchal baby-cab.

After eight days on shipboard every one wanted to spend a night on shore. The best hotels of Funchal charge eight to twelve shillings a day—but the price instantly advanced to “five dollars and up.” The emphasis was on the “up.”

I was one of the fortunate ones who secured a room ashore. I had an engagement for breakfast, and the ship was to leave before luncheon, but the manageress said, in a sweet English voice, “Any part of a day is the same as a day, sir. Your other meals will be ready if you care to stay for them.” I had supposed that on the European plan a man paid for what he got, but I learned that this principle holds with variations. Never in America was I charged in advance for meals after the boat was to leave! But I cheerfully paid the bill.

It happened that I had to come back unexpectedly and spend the night on the ship, so all I got for my money was my dinner. But that was a great table d’hôte dinner. On account of other duties I came late to dinner; but I was pleasantly received at the hotel, and given a chair in a large, cool, and well-filled dining-room overlooking the sea. Everything was delightful except that I had no food.

Having waited some time, I halted a distinguished-looking person with mutton-chop whiskers and a dress suit, and asked him at what point in the proceedings I might expect something to eat. He was too great a man to reply, but at the proper time he gave a signal, and the waiters removed the plates of those who had plates, and brought me a thin slice of ham, whose lean portion was the size of a silver dollar, and a strip of cold breast of chicken an inch wide and three inches long.

When that had digested, the plates were changed, and I received a teaspoonful of a pudding which I did not like.

Then I had a taste of wine jelly, and after that a finger-bowl. This was all that I got for my five dollars.

I give this truthful bit of history as a warning to any man who attempts to catch onto a European table d'hôte dinner between stations. He is ticketed from where he gets on to the terminus, regardless. He need not expect that he shall do anything else than ride on the rear platform to where the rest get off. All tickets are through tickets, and no rebate is



A FUNCHAL BABY-CAB

allowed for the soup, fish, roast, entrée, or game portion if not used.

The most popular place in Funchal is the Casino, a beautiful garden overlooking the sea. At night it is lighted with perhaps tens of thousands of tiny lights. Each is a little glass cup with olive oil in the bottom, the top serving as a globe. The wick is drawn through a tin support, and is a tiny affair. No one lamp gives much light, but a hundred of them hung to the branches make a tree beautiful, and a thousand of them hung in festoons make a path bewilderingly attractive, while the smell of the olive oil, though not particularly pleasant, gives

to all a kind of odor as if it were a scene from the Arabian Nights. The great dragon-tree, which looks as if made of sausage links, had lamps from every bough to the ground. The walks, like all pavements in Funchal, are made of small stones set edgewise, but these are laid in patterns with artistic skill, and in the midst is a mosaic map of Africa.

But few people are in the garden, even when so beautifully lighted. Within the house the music is heard and the dance is gay, and up-stairs the roulette tables are busy, with the men and women in every seat, for the Casino is a little Monte Carlo. The man at the wheel turns it calmly, and the man opposite throws the ball, and both gather in the money with little rubber-faced rakes. The rake does not grate on the leather of the table-top. It is very smooth.

It is not often that Funchal greets a ship-load of Americans. It knows very little about America, having only a few hundred English, and hardly any American people, and no newspaper printed in English. I tried to learn how much the people really knew about America, and how they felt toward us. They are disposed to think kindly of us, so I was told, but have little real knowledge. Their papers select, however, those items that deal with the grotesque in American life, and give these to their readers as characteristic of *Americanos*. I was told that Dowie finds frequent mention as an illustration of the eccentricities of Protestantism. The city is narrowly Roman Catholic, and the Protestant converts have a hard road to travel. However, there is a real revolution on foot between the government and the hierarchy, and the powers of the church are considerably curtailed. The monasteries have been closed, and one or more have been forfeited to the government. It is thus that liberty is to come in Roman Catholic countries, as already it has come in Mexico, and somewhat in Portugal, through the liberal element in the Church itself.

The beautiful public garden is built where once was a monastery. They tell weird and creepy tales of what they found when it was demolished—bones in unexpected places, and a subterranean tunnel down to the sea. The place is

luxurious with flowers now, and the gardener, who speaks fair English, told me that he is a Presbyterian. The Presbyterian Mission is directly opposite the garden. It is a Scotch mission, and has a neat little church. Near at hand, and directly fronting on the garden, is the American Methodist



FUNCHAL HARBOR FROM THE CASINO

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

Mission. Its larger work is among the peasants in the mountains, but there are signs of progress, though against great odds, in the city. Bishop Hartzell, whose diocese includes much, and perhaps all, of Africa, was visiting the mission when we were there. Several American ministers from the ship participated in a service with him, and breakfasted with him next day. Rev. Mr. Nind of America, and Rev. Mr. Smart of England are the resident missionaries, and the work,

while much more recent than that of the Presbyterians, is being pushed with an energy characteristic of American Methodism.

The direct imports from America are few. Petroleum and its products and wheat are the principal commodities. Little or no flour is imported, as the government discriminates in favor of home industries. About five merchants have the right to import wheat, and the government determines how much each man may bring in. The flour ground on the island is of fair quality, and makes good bread.

One thing the people of Funchal have learned about America, and it interests them; namely, that we have lately begun annexing islands. They know this because, as subjects of Portugal, they are not wholly ignorant of affairs in Spain. As Spain has yielded up her islands to the *Americanos*, they do not see why Portugal may not do the same, and some of them are pleased with the idea. Portugal is little loved on the island, so at least I was told, and England is not popular. Madeira might do far worse than to be taken in hand by this great dollar-producing and island-acquiring land of America, so at least some of them think.

The climate permits much outdoor life, and the men seem to live on the streets. The women do not walk out much with the men, but all the houses have windows and balconies from which they may see the world as it passes between them and the opposite wall. These balconies are an unspeakable boon to the women, and there are lattices through which they may see life to advantage and without publicity. Courtships are arranged through a third party. The young man may come, after a time, and visit from the street, while his sweetheart peeps out of the window, the length of his call being a test of his devotion; for he must take the weather as he finds it.

Few people in Funchal speak English. One Chicago lady, having been answered many times in Portuguese, saw a young fellow in sailor garb, and with strong emphasis on each word, and a gesture as well with each, demanded, "Do-you-speak-

English?" In the broadest of Yorkshire speech the Briton answered, "Rawther!"

Americans arriving in Madeira are interested in finding the house where Christopher Columbus lived. The house is no longer standing, but the site is marked. It is seldom inquired for, however, and thereby hangs a tale.

A party of our ladies undertook to find the home of



MADEIRA THRESHING FLOOR

Columbus, and their guide assured them that he could take them to the place. He soon showed such ignorance, however, that they discarded him and took another guide, who vowed by all the saints held in reverence in Madeira that he knew the way. Up one narrow street and down another he led them, gathering other natives as he went, shouting for information here and there in Portuguese, and handing it down to his followers in broken English. He stopped at several corners and changed his plan as others gave him information, and each native who told him the way joined the

throng, so the crowd grew. At last he stopped with an impressive gesture, and commanding all to wait, disappeared into an ancient-looking house. He was gone a long time, and they wondered what had happened, and began to think of finding their way back without him. But at last he appeared, disappointed, and visibly sad. He had sorrowful news to break, and he prepared to do it gently. They had hard work to get him to impart his information. But at last, gathering himself together, and striking a tragic attitude, he exclaimed:

“Christopher Columbo no live here! He dead!”

This is no Mark Twain story, but a sure-enough true incident. The man was absolutely sincere. Not only so, but he was amazed at the effect of his news. The Americans broke out into a roar of laughter, which contrasted strangely with his grief for their sake over the death of Christopher Columbus. He stood, and the other natives stood, bewildered, and wondering how the death of Christopher Columbus should so affect the people who had inquired so earnestly about him. Could they be insane? He had expected to present these strangers to their one acquaintance on the island, and when they learned that he was dead they laughed immoderately. Unfortunately they could not make him understand the situation as they saw it, and he led them back, much disappointed in them. Doubtless he still wonders what kind of people Americans can be.

The favorite musical instrument of Madeira is the machette, a small guitar with four strings tuned to fifths. It lacks the mellowness of the guitar, and the voices of the people which accompany it can hardly be said to be musical; yet the two combine to give pleasing effects. A little group of us were making our way through the outskirts of Funchal in the evening when we heard a machette approaching, and soon discerned three young men marching abreast, filling the little narrow street from side to side, and singing as they came. We stood in an angle where the wall was low, and waited. The evening was settling into night, and all was still save for

the voices and the instrument. Across the way a girl appeared on the balcony and leaned over. The warm, moist air, laden with perfumes from the gardens below us, clung to us with a dreamy, far-away feeling. Nearer came the young men, their feet falling hard on the sharp stone pavement, keeping time



"THROUGH THE TOWN RUSH FOAMING MOUNTAIN STREAMS"

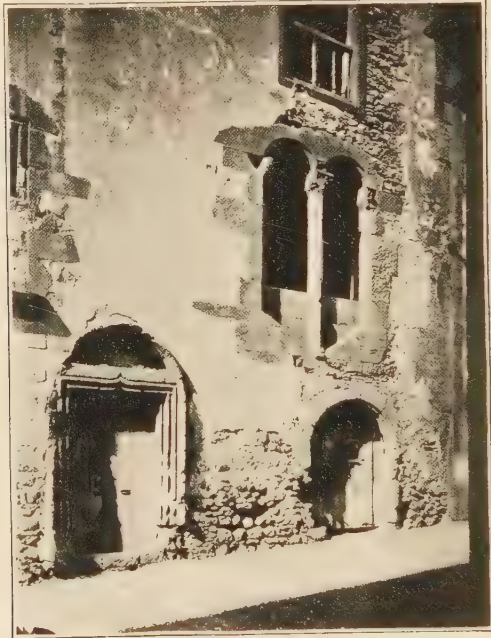
Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

to the little staccato notes of the machette. The young men marched past, the girl still hung over and listened, perhaps disappointed, perhaps curious, perhaps both. We stood and listened while the footsteps and the music died away, and then went on, feeling somehow as if we had torn a leaf out of a story-book.

Madeira abounds in birds. There only and in the Canary Islands are found the green canaries, whose song wakes the dawn with a flood of music. Those of our company who

spent the night ashore woke to a chorus of ten thousand warblers, singing a song that made the whole island vocal.

Funchal is a clean city externally, well washed by the rains and streams, and this feature, together with the equable climate, makes it a very paradise of good health. Through the town rush foaming mountain streams, which keep the city clean.



"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO NO LIVE HERE!"

Down in the ravines, which the high bridges span, the women wash their clothes, paddling them on the rocks beside the stream. The island is as free from snakes as Ireland, and the only mosquito is a little boat of that name which came out to meet us flying the American flag.

Madeira lies between latitude $32^{\circ} 37'$ and $32^{\circ} 52'$ north, and longitude $16^{\circ} 36'$ and $17^{\circ} 16'$ west. The ordinary range of the thermometer is from 63 to 75, and the difference in temperature between day and night is very small. The island

is said to have been discovered by Robert Machin and Anna d'Arfet, who were eloping from Portugal and endeavoring to reach France, but were blown away to this better spot, where the oldest church of the island now marks their alleged grave. The discovery which gave Madeira to the world was in 1417 by the Portuguese; but they were not elopers, so no one built a church over their graves.

Funchal is 2,741 miles from New York, 540 from Ponta Delgada in the Azores, and 580 from Gibraltar. Our time from Sandy Hook to Funchal was seven days, two hours and fifteen minutes. To this we added the night at anchor in New York harbor; so it was eight days from the time we began to thaw the water-pipes on the ship till we rested off that most beautiful island.

The natives were disappointed in our ship. They heard that she was the largest in the world, and when they found her smaller than the island, they felt that they had been imposed upon. We were sorry not to fulfil their hopes of us, for their island more than doubly met our fondest expectations. I have no desire to live in any land but America; but if America becomes uninhabitable, and I have choice of a home, I shall steer straight for Madeira, and shall expect to find most of my friends of the Celtic already in residence there. Other places in our pilgrimage live pleasantly in our memory, but Madeira is a dream of beauty.

CHAPTER III

GIBRALTAR, THE BRITISH LION IN STONE

In the early geologic ages there were no Straits of Gibraltar. The range of mountains, of which Gibraltar and the corresponding headlands on the coast of Africa are the survivors, quite shut in the Mediterranean, which then, or at some other period, emptied, if it emptied at all, into the Red Sea, through the Gulf of Suez.

A glance at the map shows Asia and Africa joined by an isthmus of sand. This isthmus was nearly severed by the Bitter Lakes, and the Suez Canal has completed the separation; so that these two continents are now divided nearly as they were in some prehistoric period. But Europe and Africa have between them a narrow strait cut through a mountain range. Surely Europe and Africa once were united, while Africa and Asia looked at each other across the Suez Strait. There came a time when the pent-up waters of this island sea pushed for an outlet westward through the coast range, the mighty ocean to the westward beating incessantly against its front the while, and every spring that trickled down through the calcareous rock hollowed out a bed or cavern which slowly but surely made inroads on the hill. Earthquakes may have had their share in the ultimate sundering of the coast line, and so at length the strait of Gibraltar was formed, thirty-six miles long and nine miles wide at its narrowest point.

Like the sea itself, the flood of humanity about it gathered its waters and overflowed. Upon its shores a hundred civilizations clustered and pressed one upon another. Shut in temporarily by deserts, forests and mountain ranges, they overflowed at length, trickling across deserts, bursting through mountain passes, and losing themselves in dense forests, on whose further side they later emerged stern, fierce and unconquerable.

It is inaccurate to say that the Mediterranean now empties into the Atlantic. The current sets inward from the ocean. The Mediterranean has hardly any tide, and the evaporation from its vast surface, and that of its tributary seas, is thought to account for the ceaseless inflow of water from the ocean. There may also be subterranean currents that flow into the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. Had the Mediterranean retained its outlet through the Gulf of Suez, and failed to



THE BRITISH LION IN STONE

secure one through the Straits of Gibraltar, the history of the world would have been greatly changed.

The Phœnicians, who were the first navigators of this region, named the rock of Gibraltar "Alube," and the Greeks modified this name to "Calpe." Calpe and Ceuta, the opposite points on the African coast, formed the pillars of Hercules. This gigantic gateway, so the ancients thought, led only to darkness and chaos; and above it was inscribed the imaginary legend, "*Ne plus ultra*." But there was something beyond, and the ships which pushed through between the Pillars and made timid explorations along the coast grew increasingly bold, until at length Columbus sailed out thence,

plowed his way across the uncharted ocean, and found America. Given a port such as Barcelona on the Mediterranean, and an outlet into the ocean, and America must be discovered in time. But America might have waited long for Columbus, and even the coast of Europe remained for a considerable period undeveloped, had the world waited for civilization to push its way around the Cape of Good Hope. Africa might not then have remained the dark continent, but to the westward things would have moved slowly.

Gibraltar itself was not highly esteemed by the early explorers for military purposes, but the Barbary pirates long held their possession at Tarifa, where for generations they maintained the castle still in existence and levied a toll on the passing vessels. A reminder of this custom we still possess in our English word "tariff." The rock passed successively from the Romans to the Goths, and then to the Spaniards, but its first military importance was discovered when the Moors crossed the straits and established themselves in Spain. Tarik was the name of the Moorish conqueror, and his name is still borne by the rock: for gibel means rock, and Gibraltar means rock of Tarik.

For nearly eight hundred years the Moors and Spaniards contended with each other for possession of Gibraltar. In 1309 Ferdinand IV captured it after fourteen sieges. In twenty-two years the Moors had it again, but in 1462 the Spaniards regained it. Still the Moors contended for it, and when Columbus wanted money for his expedition, the king's answer was that he could not spare it, because of an approaching war with the Moors.

So Isabella came forward with her jewels, and Columbus sailed. The king invested his money in warring against his hereditary foe, and the queen invested hers in the discovery of the world beyond the sunset. Spain did not wholly understand the value of the fortress from which she had, with such difficulty, driven the Moors. The fortifications were improved, and a hundred cannon frowned down upon the approach of any foe, but with the hundred cannon were only one hundred

and fifty men. Spain failed, as she has since failed, to remember the importance of "the man behind the gun."

In 1705 Sir George Rooke attempted an expedition against Barcelona, and having failed, captured Gibraltar, without orders, in the name of the Archduke of Austria. It is almost always safe for the commander of a fleet to do a daring thing to his own country's advantage, on his own responsibility; his government can disavow the act if it wants to, and



MAP OF THE CRUISE

promote him when the trouble is over. England, knowing a good thing when she saw it, determined to hold the lion's share of the spoil, but forgot to reward the man who won the fortress for her. It would be unbecoming in an American to characterize this act of England, but the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has done so in a thoroughgoing way. The treaty of Utrecht in 1713 confirmed England's title to Gibraltar, but Spain refuses to this day to concede England's right to the possession.

In 1779 the British general Burgoyne surrendered his army to the American colonists, and France and Spain seized the opportunity then afforded to make war on England.

Then began the siege of Gibraltar, which lasted till 1783, and which is so picturesquely described by Drinkwater and by Dr. Henry M. Field. Lord George Augustus Elliott was hero of this siege, and defended the fortress against storm, strategy and starvation with deeds of valor that place him in the front rank of military heroes. When at last he repulsed his enemies with red-hot cannon-balls that fired their ships, his humanity in saving the lives of his perishing foemen gave a new illustration of the poet's words,

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

From that day to this Gibraltar has remained the undisturbed possession of Great Britain. A lion couchant the great rock stands, holding its prey so dearly won. There is no better type of British determination and aggressiveness than this huge rock lion with formidable claws and teeth, maintained, not on the shores of its own domain, but at the cross-roads of the great highways of traffic of three continents. I had always supposed that the lion's head was toward the strait; instead it faces Spain.

Gibraltar lies in latitude $36^{\circ} 6'$ north, being thus almost exactly on a line with the southern boundary of Missouri, the famous $36^{\circ} 30'$ of the compromises before the Civil War. Its longitude is $5^{\circ} 21'$ west. It is 580 miles from Funchal and 410 from Algiers. The bay and town of Gibraltar are on the west, where the rock slopes down toward the ocean. The rock lies almost exactly north and south, is three miles long and seven miles in circumference. The southern extremity is known as Europa Point. On the north it is joined to Spain by a low sandy isthmus, across which, from east to west, are two rows of sentry boxes, with a barren strip of neutral ground, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, between.

Gibraltar is not as barren as it looks. There are five hundred species of flora on this rock, including many varieties of fern; the native fauna appear to consist chiefly of a few Barbary apes. These are rigidly protected, and one might, with as little peril, insult a British soldier under the Union

Jack as abuse a Gibraltar ape. We were unable to see one when there. They are the only native apes in Europe.

The rock of which Gibraltar is composed is limestone, and is honeycombed with caves. Some of these are noted, but more noted are the galleries, which may be visited by permission of the military secretary. Here the cannon rise tier on tier to the summit which at the highest point is 1,396 feet above the water. There are patches of arable ground, and these since the days of Elliott have been industriously tilled. Although only 530 miles from Funchal, Madeira, where the temperature varies only a few degrees in the whole year, Gibraltar is very hot in summer, though delightful at the season of our visit.

Although so characteristically British, Gibraltar is not wholly without American affiliations. An American life-insurance company has made a trade-mark of its picture, and this is so widely published that a letter mailed in Europe with a picture of Gibraltar on the outside, and no other direction, has been known to arrive safe in New Jersey at the office of the company.

The American consul at Gibraltar for many years was Hon. Horatius J. Sprague, who was appointed by President Polk in 1848, and held his position till his death a very few years ago. He has been succeeded by his son. The elder Sprague was said to have entertained more distinguished Americans than any other man on earth. Probably neither he nor his son ever entertained so many of their countrymen at one time as those on board the Celtic. The Spragues, both father and son, won the respect of the people of Gibraltar. The son is held in esteem, and the father's memory honored. It would seem the part of wisdom for our government to secure such men for our foreign consulate, and then continue them as in this case.

Many ships of many kinds have stirred the waters of Gibraltar Straits; the most primitive crafts of the early navigators plied here, and here were rowed the triremes of ancient warfare; smugglers and pirates, merchant ships of all nations,

and men-of-war of all navies have dropped anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar; but the Celtic was by far the largest ship that ever passed under the guns of the venerable fortress, and the company of Americans which she bore by far the largest ever sailing on such a cruise as this. There was much of interest to us in Gibraltar; it was pleasant to learn that we and our cruise were of interest to Gibraltar herself and to the ports beyond.

Whoever goes ashore at Gibraltar does so with a military permit, allowing him to remain to evening gun fire. After that, no one may pass in or out. Tourists are shown the rock galleries made in 1789, and the guns in the casements. This is intended to satisfy the curiosity of visitors, and make them think that they have seen the real strength of the place. In fact, we did not see one modern gun, nor any fortifications such as would now be relied upon. There are, however, such modern earthworks, with their disappearing guns, and more are building. No camera is allowed, and no one is permitted to visit the fortifications of real military importance. The Gibraltar of old is not the Gibraltar that would now be relied upon in war. An English magazine has published an article on "The Uselessness of Gibraltar." It may not be useless. It is still the key of the Mediterranean, and every ship entering or leaving it does so under the muzzle of her guns. The moral value of such a place is something. The Duke of Wellington, having met a distinguished American senator and being asked his opinion of him, is said to have replied, "Sir, no man could be as great as Daniel Webster looked." No fort could be quite so impregnable as Gibraltar seems. To look at it is to feel the strength of Britain's power at this long arm's length. And when I saw the now obsolete work on which so many millions have been expended, I could only hope that another century of peace may render all her present warlike preparation at Gibraltar equally obsolete, and that ere long the same may be true of all warlike preparations everywhere.

In viewing a foreign city, much depends on the weather.

When two persons give diametrically opposite impressions of a foreign town it is safe to inquire about the weather when they made their respective visits. On a sunny day Gibraltar may relax its stern front into something of a smile; but when it rains it is gloomy enough, and the clouds seem a part of the fort and place. The location is picturesque, but the town is ugly, the buildings are a dingy brown or gray, and the



GIBRALTAR FROM THE SPANISH LINES

military aspect dominates everything. The population is about twenty-six thousand, exclusive of the garrison, which numbers some five thousand more. The shops are small, for the rents are very high. The market is a busy and not uninviting place. The costumes of the people vary from the commonplace dress of tradesmen to the rich and flowing robes of stockingless Moors, and the soldiers in their coats of red and khaki, with bare-kneed highlanders here and there, and anon the typical Tommy Atkins with his impossible hat on the northeast corner of his head. It is the ninth wonder of the

world how England can ever get a real soldier under such a ridiculous hat, yet Tommy is interesting even in his least serviceable garb.

Between the city of Gibraltar and the adjacent Spanish town of Linia there is a constant procession of donkeys, laden as they come in with produce, and they go out with nobody knows what—nobody except the Spanish custom house officers, who search them vigorously. Pedestrians, also, undergo a thorough inspection at the lines. It was interesting to find that our company of American tourists passed through unsearched. Spain seemed disposed to treat America courteously. We were told that such respect was seldom shown to strangers, and we partly believed it, as we saw baskets unpacked and handkerchief bundles untied in search of smuggled goods. There is a marked contrast between the two towns in cleanliness, and much besides.

In Linia the tourists of our party visited a public school. There were forty or fifty boys, several of them, including the teacher, smoking cigarettes. Several of the boys had seats on the floor. Gibraltar has excellent endowed schools and few illiterates, but the popular institution of Linia is the bull-ring.

While the naval importance of Gibraltar brings all sorts of products to the town, it is not a good place to buy souvenirs. Gibraltar has no character of its own, and few if any mementoes of local value. Our party came back laden with woven grass baskets filled with Spanish oranges, and these were good enough to compensate for the meagerness of our purchases at the bazaars. Besides, we had abundant use for our money later on.

There is use on such a tour as ours for very many kinds of people. The man who knows all the facts, and therewith perpetually bombards his helpless fellow travelers, even he has his occasional uses; but far more useful, and among those to be held in highest regard, is the ignorant, talkative woman, who is not ashamed to ask the questions which all the rest are eager to ask, but dare not lest they betray their ignorance.

The man who clammers about Gibraltar not far behind such a benefactress may himself acquire great reputation for knowledge by passing back the information which he overhears, and perchance may later make thereof a book.

On the whole, we are glad that Britain has Gibraltar. Beneath the red cross of England are cleanliness, enlightenment and good order; and one has only to drive to Linia to guess what would be if Spain had her old fortress again. Let England keep Gibraltar just as long as she can afford it. Plymouth Rock is good enough for us.



PEASANT GIRLS SPINNING

CHAPTER IV

ALGIERS, THE HOME OF THE PIRATES

“A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers.” This was the only line of poetry that was well known among us concerning the interesting port at which we stopped next after Gibraltar. We quoted it often, apropos of nothing in particular. And as it turned out, we came as near dying there as anywhere.

One of the first announcements concerning landings warned us that we should have a hard time and would need to exercise patience at Madeira, but that at Gibraltar we should have very large tenders, and that at Algiers the small steamers would ply often between the shore and ship. It all went by contraries. At Madeira we had a delightful landing in small boats. At Gibraltar the large tenders took so long to fill that there were delays, and the weather was unpleasant to boot. But at Algiers we had our first real experience with landing. Instead of going inside the harbor, as most of us had assumed, and as the conductor evidently expected, our ship dropped anchor far outside. We were in a happy frame of mind, for we made up time between Gibraltar and Algiers, and were to have an evening on shore in addition to our advertised time. But the tenders that were to have conveyed us ashore were quite unequal to the task of taking so large a company so long a distance, and so we went ashore on scows, towed by the tenders. The tenders themselves brought us back in smaller groups, and those who went ashore in the rain the first evening returned without difficulty, and saw a most interesting and varied city by lamplight.

Next morning it rained hard, and the sea rose with the storm. Only half the people went ashore, and these drove around in the rain, and saw, most of them, quite enough to

reward them for the effort. But when we attempted to return after noon, we found the sea dashing high over the breakwater, and the Celtic pulling hard at her anchor-chains. One tender went out with passengers on board, and was unable to get them onto the ship. Then another went out with a few passengers, and succeeded in embarking them. The sea was rolling higher all the time, but the success of the



THE PUBLIC GARDEN, ALGIERS

last boat encouraged another attempt, and it proved the last for that day.

I was on this last little steamer that attempted to reach the Celtic. Even before we were outside the breakwater we were rolling considerably, and when we came into the open sea we pitched and tossed frightfully. The great waves came rolling far above us, lifting the little boat on their crest, and sometimes breaking over her, and at length dropping her, drenched and quivering, in the trough.

The sailors surprised me greatly. I had expected to find these descendants of pirates adepts at handling any sort of

water-craft. Whether they were frightened or simply stupidly incompetent, I do not know; probably they were both. When the captain shouted an order each man addressed would spread out his hands, palm down and fingers spread, in a gesture of the most hopeless incompetence, and jabber back protests and declarations that it was impossible. It would have served them right if the captain had thrown one or two of them overboard, but he simply jabbered at them, and at each individually, till at length he got the thing done, or the time had passed for doing it. Even with the most skillful management our boat would have had no enviable trip, but the case was far worse with management such as we saw.

Most of the ladies went into the little cabin, where they huddled, several of them seasick, and all of them resolute. There were seven or eight of them, and they behaved like heroines. There was no screaming or fainting, but there was a good deal of pale and quiet determination to see it through. The men behaved well, but the women certainly equaled them in coolness.

The Celtic lay with her bow to the storm, serene as Gibraltar. To us it seemed that she remained without a quiver of her keel; but we rose and fell not less than thirty feet, and it seemed much more. We made two ineffectual attempts to come alongside, but were carried past through the violence of the storm and the incompetence of the sailors. If I am ever to be attacked by pirates who attempt to board my ship, let them be those of Algiers. The third time we came up to the bow and drifted back, catching a bowline as we went along, and then one for the stern. Moored fast to the side of the Celtic we had ample opportunity to measure the height of the waves that swept along her side, for they lifted us high against the side and then dropped us far below the red load water-line. Once we rose against the gangway, and one or two men got on, but in that instant a terrific sea broke against us, snapping our bowline. The wave gave us a fearful pitch, and we attempted to stem it and come alongside again, but another sea caught us and snapped the sternline, and we

were hurled away as if from a catapult. A lady on deck got a snapshot at us just as the wave had passed, and we were spinning about. It was certainly a perilous moment. When we saw the red line on the Celtic high overhead, it seemed as if we were to be sucked under her or to be crushed against her side.

We righted, and came up to the bow again, and with difficulty, and that time we failed to get the line that was thrown



A TERRIFIC SEA BROKE, SNAPPING OUR BOWLINE

Photograph by Miss Anna S. Matthews

to us. Our little steamer faced the storm, and her propeller whirled rapidly, now in the water and then out, but we were drifted back along the side, and far astern. Above us, as we went past, the passengers on the ship rose tier on tier along the decks, watching us with great anxiety, and a few waved to us; but on board our boat no one spoke save the captain jabbering at his men, and they in turn jabbering back between their chattering teeth.

A third time we came up, and this time got the line from the bow; but before we could get the sternline we were hurled against the side of the ship with great violence. Whether the line broke or was cast off I was not sure, but

we were loose again almost before we were fast, and then we heard the only sound that reached us from the ship, the shrill whistle of the boatswain warning us to desist.

We turned and steamed inside the breakwater, built by the enforced labor of thirty thousand Christian slaves, who labored three years at its construction, and came to land at the custom-house. By this time scores of our fellow passengers were on the dock, and the railing along the top of the quay was thronged with residents watching our boat and the Celtic. We waited for perhaps two hours, hopelessly hoping that the sea would subside. Meantime every possible rumor spread among the tourists on shore; and as for the passengers who remained on shipboard, it would be impossible, and happily so, to make any one who was not there believe how rapidly false rumors could circulate among truthful people. During the next twenty-four hours the reports of what the captain said, and what Mr. Clark said, and what some one who had been here before said—as that the Celtic would sail on, and those on shore must make their way to Tunis by rail and meet the ship at Malta; or that the Celtic would come inside the breakwater; or that the Celtic could not come inside the breakwater; or that the Celtic could come inside the breakwater, but would not—these and the others would of themselves make a book. At length it was announced that those on shore must stay for the night, and provide for themselves as best they could in the hotels.

Then the Celtic put farther out to sea to secure better anchorage, and the storm raged on. When she started, many believed that she had sailed on her course; and so there was needless anxiety on the part of the timid, with much wondering whether friends were on board or on shore.

The papers of Algiers now helped matters on by printing the unfounded rumor that a boat-load of passengers had been capsized, but had been picked up by a steamer. They took pains to say that this rumor was unconfirmed, and reached them just as they were going to press. The statement that the rumor comes in just as the paper goes to press seems to

justify a newspaper yarn in any part of the world; it was like being at home to meet this little journalistic ruse so far away. But the Algerian papers, French of course, spoke very kindly of the Celtic people, and deplored the weather, so unlike that



TROPICAL FOLIAGE, PUBLIC GARDEN

to which the city is accustomed, and feared lest we carry away with us an unfavorable opinion of "Algiers the white."

All the nearer hotels were filled, and I found entertainment in the Grand, in Mustapha Superior. Mustapha is the prettiest suburb of Algiers, and the part on the hill, called Mustapha Superior, is particularly pleasant, with attractive villas half-concealed in thickly wooded gardens. Here a group of us found cheerful accommodations. But the tile

floors were very cold to bare feet, and the sheets upon the beds, while not exactly wringing wet, were certainly not dry. There is one comfort in damp sheets, however; it is a certificate that they have been washed, and that is something. But a wet pack is hardly what one wants in seasons of ordinary health. I had heard the sailors singing of "a wet sheet and a flowing sea." We had had the flowing sea, and at night we got the wet sheet. In a land of steam heat, which is one of the crowning glories of America, it makes one shiver to remember how it felt the first time to go to bed between wet sheets, and to step out upon a tile floor in a room that is never heated. For the comfort of his last hours, I hope that the soldier of the legion from Bingen on the Rhine, who lay dying in Algiers, died with his boots on.

The next afternoon the Celtic came under the lee of the breakwater to take us and a boat-load of cabbages on board, and we were taken out in the steam tenders and embarked across the cabbage-boat. It was Washington's birthday, and we sailed away to the salute of the guns of the American gunboat Chicago, which lay in the harbor, and wound up the day with a patriotic meeting that crowded the forward cabin to suffocation. There were glad reunions, for families had been separated, husbands on shore and wives on board, and children who had not been seen for twenty-four hours, and who might be either on board or on shore. Happily, none of us were missing, and in spite of our great anxiety we had had a reasonably good time. But the passengers could not refrain from asking, Why did not the captain bring the ship in twenty-four hours sooner? To this there was only one answer, namely, that we were landsmen, and that doubtless the captain had reasons which were good ones for not doing on the first day what he did on the second. This is the kind of answer that has always been given when passengers ask questions about the management of a ship.

Algiers is four hundred and ten miles from Gibraltar, and lies in latitude $36^{\circ} 47'$ north, and longitude $3^{\circ} 3'$ east. The city is built on a range of hills rising in amphitheatrical form

around an artificial harbor. The buildings are principally white, and it is common to speak of it as "a diamond inclosed in an emerald," so beautiful does it appear in its setting of green hills and trees. Since 1830 it has belonged to the French, who occupy the best portions of the city and suburbs. It has a population of 91,184.

Algiers was founded by the Arabs in 935, and was the home of the most rapacious set of pirates that ever scoured the



"A STREET BOLDLY CARRIED UP UPON ARCHES"

Mediterranean. The very stones of the mole and breakwater could cry out in echoes of the sobs and groans of captive Christians. The kasbah, or citadel, above the town, has at its gate a great chain from which, as we were told, the heads of Christians were suspended in the bloody days of old.

The Algerian pirates of to-day drive cabs. No longer does their victim walk the plank into the angry ocean; he is more profitable on shore. It is not a simple matter to hire a carriage in Algiers. The driver is alert for custom, but the tourist's bargain is impeded by the presence of volunteer interpreters who pretend to understand English better than the driver, who understands it not at all. You tell these interpreters

that you do not want them; you order them away in good English and the worst French you can recall; but they repeat the driver's words to you in the same language in which he utters it, and pretend to translate your words to the driver, and do not fail to demand a fee for the trouble they make you. It is bad enough to have to deal with the driver alone, and worse to have an alleged interpreter.

The driver, once engaged, is in no hurry. He takes you by what are evidently roundabout ways, and chuckles to himself the while to think you do not know it. But this is little matter if you are sight-seeing, for there is something to see all along. I speak the truth and lie not when I declare that my driver took me four miles and back to see a mosque a half-mile away. And I enjoyed it as much as he did, for every rod of the way there was something pleasant to see. It is rare for a driver to overheat his horses when driving by the hour in any country, and the Algerian driver is an adept at killing time. However, I comforted myself with the assurance that there could be no disputing about the charge, for it was agreed to in advance. To my amazement, the rascal doubled the price.

"But," said I, "you said three francs an hour!"

"Ah, oui! An hour! But not when I mus' draive fas'. You keep shout 'Caoshmann! Caoshmann! Ouray! Ouray!'"

It was true that I had hurried him, or tried. But I did not suppose that I had succeeded. But as we disputed, a crowd gathered, and fell into judicial attitudes. The driver talked to me, but with an appeal to them. I was at a disadvantage if I expected to address the jury; not even in my own tongue could I have matched his eloquence. But the most barefaced trick was his display of his horses' wet sides in proof that I had compelled him to overdrive. To the self-appointed jury on the curbstone it was *prima facie* evidence, and every face showed that I had lost my case. Every mother's son of them knew that it had been raining, but the ride cost me the same as if those horses had eaten their oats in the sweat of their brow. I do not know how the driver

collects his overcharge in dry weather. The rain must have been a blessing to many of them, doing stage duty for honest perspiration.

The French quarter of Algiers is built with great regularity. A long line of hotels and business blocks with colonnades and cloisters faces the water front, and rises upon a street



"THE STREETS ARE SERIES OF STONE STAIRS"

boldly carried up upon arches and approached by an incline parallel with the street above. It is a very handsome and impressive structure. The French quarter grows by regular stages. Every year a section of the old part of town is torn down and a new portion is constructed. This gives the town an appearance of solidity and uniformity. This portion is clean and wholesome, with its rows of buildings clad in cream-colored stucco, and through it to the suburbs run American trolley cars. They run deliberately, and the fare, which is

low, may be reduced by going second-class, which is practically as good as first.

The Arab quarter is more interesting, though less inviting. There one sees almost every type of life which the Orient can display, and there he can purchase as great a variety of the products of the East as anywhere else unless it be Cairo and Constantinople. But conditions jostle one another strangely. Next door to where they are making shoes in as primitive a manner as was in vogue a thousand years ago, may be heard the whir of an American sewing-machine. Even in the Arab quarter of Algiers modern progress is forcing its way.

The Mohammedan women of Algiers go heavily veiled, and wear a suit whose chief characteristic is a pair of enormous white trousers. It was our first sight of veiled women in considerable numbers, and I looked for a bright or happy or coquettish face behind the veil. More of the face is shown here than in Egypt or Palestine, so opportunity was not lacking, but the habitual expression of an Eastern woman's face is not one of happiness.

In the Mohammedan quarter, the streets are often series of stone stairs, rising flight after flight, with little landings between. On each side, in shops or booths, mere recesses in the walls, goes on the life of the people in sight of the street. There people are buying and selling, washing and ironing, eating and sleeping, praying and gambling. They sit on rugs or mats on the floor, barefoot, their shoes standing in rows along the curb. From unexpected alleys, dark and over-arched, emerge veiled women, carrying on their arms loaves of bread baked in circles, with holes in the middle large enough to admit the arm. These loaves are often hung like wreaths around the entrances of the bake-shops. Thus, in their less strenuous way of living, they bend the very staff of life into a festoon.

The governor's palace is one of the sights of Algiers. It is a pleasant but tawdry place, built around an open court, with a fine garden within. Close by is the Cathedral of St. Philippe, which was built in 1791. The attempt to adapt the

architecture of the Moslem to Christian uses does not appear very successful; still, the cathedral does not lack a certain impressiveness.

After this, we visited the Grand Mosque, and then the New Mosque. In the courtyard were Mohammedans perform-



"FROM UNEXPECTED ALLEYS EMERGE VEILED WOMEN"

ing their ablutions preparatory to worship, and it was good, honest washing; we wished there were more of them at it. The mosques were commonly empty as we saw them, save for a very few worshipers. In the Grand Mosque one old scribe was copying the Koran from a very old copy. I tried to buy a sheet that he had copied, but he touched his lips to indicate that he might not answer me, and continued at his work. The Moslems as a rule will not sell a copy of the Koran to an "infidel," but my friend, Dr. Steele, succeeded

in buying for me a beautiful copy from a worshiper in the Mosque of Ahmed at Constantinople, for which I thank him gratefully. I respected the old scribe in Algiers for his devotion to his work, and his proof against temptation.

We visited another mosque, the Zaouia of Sidi Abd-er-



"THE PEOPLE SEEMED GLAD TO SEE US"

Rahmaneth-Thalebi, named for a Moslem saint whose tomb it contains. It is full of glittering chandeliers and bad odors, and one beholds, through barred windows, the faithful at worship. Around the central grave are the tombs of other high officials since 1605. This mosque has a sightly position upon the slope of the hill overlooking the sea, but within it is not bright or attractive, and a crowd of beggars line the approach.

There are various entertainments in Algiers for those who

have time to enjoy them. One may see dancers and dervishes of various sorts, and attend variety performances of poor grade, and, I am told, of stupid and unattractive immorality. There is also the opera, which I attended. The opera house is dingy, but the music is good. Faust was on when we were



"SOME CURSED US BY THEIR GODS"

there, and was well sung. It is a little disconcerting, however, to see the leader of the orchestra seated practically on the level of the stage, and swinging his baton as if for the chastisement of the actors.

In general, the people of Algiers seemed glad to see us, but there were some who cursed us by their gods. We wondered at this, as we were inoffensive. We learned from a competent interpreter that the words used in these imprecations had reference to the Boers. The natives did not understand that English and Americans represent two dif-

ferent nations, and so visited the sins of the fathers upon the children.

Spite of the rain, spite of the anxiety and disappointment, we enjoyed our visit to Algiers. If it proved pleasant to us in the downpour it must be most enjoyable on sunny days. Its ordinarily hospitable climate, its charming surroundings, and the rich variety which its streets afford of the life of the Mediterranean, make it one of the most interesting of all the ports visited on a voyage such as our own.

We were not the only pilgrims in Algiers. While we were there the city was thronged with Arabs on their way to Mecca. They had walked from many places inland, and were to take ship here for the Arabian Gulf, where again they would resume their journey on foot. Several vessels lay in the harbor with temporary barracks built upon their decks—we could see through the cracks as we went by in small boats—in which these men were to be taken, a thousand in a ship. Two or three of them sailed while we were in port. The previous year many Arabs died on this journey. They were to provide their own food both ways, and some of them who had spent all they had in getting to Mecca returned to the ships starving. This year they fed themselves on the outward journey, but the tickets provided for meals on the return trip. Hard as were the conditions of their life on ship-board, it was doubtless better for them there than on shore, for they were certain of shelter, such as it was, and of some food.

Every faithful Moslem hopes once in his life to make the journey to Mecca, and at the proper season. He carries no change of raiment, and if his shoes wear out, he does not replace them. Amid great hardships many of them make the pilgrimage. I have been told that the linen robes of those who die on the way formerly constituted a large item in the manufacture of linen paper.

These people thronged the wharf, and we made our way to the boats through crowds of them. It was strange and wonderfully interesting that our two pilgrimages should jostle

one another on the quay. It seemed like the meeting of medieval ages with modern life, face to face.

An interesting thing occurred as we were leaving. It was told to these Moslems that we, too, were pilgrims, and on our way to Jerusalem. They also love Jerusalem, and next to Mecca, and perhaps Medina, they would love to go there.



AN ARAB SCHOOL

So it seemed to some of them that our journey and theirs had something in common. Some, to be sure, glared as if they would like to stab us, but others looked at us with kindly eyes. When we were embarking our last boat-load of passengers, a number of these Moslem pilgrims hired a boat and rowed out to the Celtic. They were not good sailors, and the sea was rough. But their errand was unmistakably a kindly one. One by one they rose, or tried to rise, in the rocking boat, and they shouted to us messages whose sound we could hardly hear, and whose words were wholly unknown

to us. But the tones and gestures were unquestionably friendly. Some word of hail and farewell they brought us, as pilgrims to a shrine beloved by them and us. There was little we could do to return their salutation. We were almost too busy with our reunions and rejoicings to notice them at all, but those of us who saw and heard them, waved the American flag at them, and in our hearts bade them a Christian farewell.

CHAPTER V

MALTA, WHERE KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

The traveler in America goes from place to place in constant expectation of superlatives in size. He is so constantly shown the largest thing of its kind in existence that he is liable to lose interest in anything of less than surpassing bulk. It must be a chief lesson of a visit to the Orient to discover historical, commercial and esthetic values in relatively small countries and things.

Malta is so small an island that it appears only as a dot in maps of the Mediterranean, and few of the popular atlases and encyclopedias contain a separate map of it. Small as it is, it is the largest of the three islands composing the Maltese group, being seventeen and one-quarter miles long, and nine and one-quarter miles in width. It contains about ninety-five square miles, which is nearly five times the area of the next largest island, Gozo. Between these two lies Comino, where there is a fort built in 1618, and a little village of peasants' huts, where they raise excellent watermelons. The chief interest which attaches to Gozo is that it is identified with the famous isle of Calypso, where Ulysses sojourned on his eventful voyage, and where the siren tried to weave her web about his heart, while at home the faithful wife, Penelope, weaved all day and raveled at night the garment whose completion would have bound her life to one of her numerous suitors. Interesting as Gozo might be because of the classical tale of Homer, it is insignificant as compared with Malta.

In approaching the island from the west, the tourist sails directly past the traditional scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. It is an interesting fact that the conformation of the land about St. Paul's Bay is such as to confirm the uncontradicted tradition concerning the place of the shipwreck. The bay shows

distinctly from the deck of the ship, with a great statue of St. Paul in sight on a little island. If there were no other reason for visiting the island, this, to a Bible student, would be of itself sufficient. Here, to an Oriental tourist from the new world, Bible study begins. Here, for the first time, we are on soil that has specific mention in apostolic history. It was in the winter of the year 62 that the great apostle was shipwrecked here while on his way to Rome, a prisoner in a grain ship. It is a superb and magnificently truthful story which Luke gives us in the Acts of the way one self-possessed man in the ship, though a prisoner, preserved the courage of the crew and prisoners, and brought all safe ashore. It is not the only time such things have happened, but faith and fortitude never had a finer demonstration of their value in a great emergency, and their ability to raise their possessor in dignity and power to his proper level among men. Paul, on that bleak February morning, struggled through the surf to the rugged coast of Malta, a prisoner. But before they left the island the governor knew, what those on board the ship had already learned, the courage and ability of the Christian hero. The simple account of this event is contained in the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts. The traditional date of the shipwreck, as celebrated on the island, is February 10th. On this date, in the year 1610, a square stone tower was erected which is still standing. Near it is a chapel with crude old paintings illustrating the shipwreck, and the fishing village is near at hand, as it was at the time of the shipwreck.

The present capital of Malta is Valetta, built on a rocky promontory on the northern side of the island, looking toward the east. It has a double-mouthed harbor, amazingly fortified. Not until one estimates the strength of the fortifications of Valetta does he realize the military importance of Malta. A small island with a few trees and not much soil, with mild temperature in winter and excessive heat in summer, containing less than a hundred square miles of barely arable soil, could not have proved its importance in history from its own productiveness. It is because Malta is so nearly

the key of the eastern end of the Mediterranean, so easily stands guard over the coasts of southern Europe and northern Africa and the Suez Canal, that these massive fortifications rise tier upon tier upon either side of the double-mouthed harbor. The city itself is, in size and beauty, out of all proportion to the size of the island. It is regularly built, and Lord Beaconsfield spoke of it as equal in its architecture to any capital in Europe. It is named after its founder, John



WHERE PAUL SUFFERED SHIPWRECK

La Valette, grand master of the Knights of St. John, at the time of the last and most desperate siege by the Turks in 1565. The prevailing style of architecture is a combination of the Moorish and the Italian.

The people, while of mixed blood, are principally of Arabian stock, and their language is largely Arabian. The Italian has been until recently the language in the courts. Now the English is the official language. Though Arabian and Moorish influences prevail, the people are not Mohammedans but Roman Catholics. The Protestant religion has scant recognition, especially when it is considered that the island belongs to the English.

The ancient capital was Citta Vecchia, situated five or six miles inland. It is a moldering old city, built upon a prominent ridge, and stands out distinctly against the sky. A statue of Juno greets the pilgrim at the main gate. Citta Vecchia means simply old city, so called to distinguish it from Valetta. It was founded about 700 B. C., and is referred to by Cicero. Its former name under Moslem rule was Medina. It is said by some to date as far back as 1804 B. C. It is connected with Valetta by a narrow-gauge railway, the only one on the island. The ancient cathedral, in the form of a Latin cross, nearly two hundred feet long and about half as wide, is very richly decorated, and is said to occupy the site of the house of Publius, the Roman governor of the island at the time of the shipwreck of Paul. It contains several alleged relics of the apostle, together with a picture of the Madonna said to have been painted by Luke.

One of the most interesting features of the vicinity is the extensive system of catacombs dating back to the time of Roman sovereignty, supposed to have served as hiding-places for the early Christians. I explored them and found them as interesting, though not as extensive, as those at Rome. Near the entrance to the Catacombs is the Grotto of St. Paul, where the apostle is supposed to have lived during his three months' sojourn on the island. Here stands a chapel dedicated to St. Paul, and containing a statue of him, said to exercise marvelous healing powers. It is inevitable that superstitions and legends such as these should have grown up around so interesting an event, and we may well take them, one and all, with a grain of salt, excepting the well-attested fact which the inquiries of scholars have tended all the more strongly to confirm—the actual shipwreck and three months' residence of the apostle on this island. As the story recorded by Luke indicates Paul's personal relations with Publius, the governor, it is very much more than likely that Paul lived that winter in Citta Vecchia. Beyond this we cannot expect to find historical certainty, nor need we seek it in the credulous traditions of the people.

It is said that traditions are not the only spurious things vended on the island, but that many of the alleged antiques are made in the potteries of England and imported for the purpose, and offered for sale with well-told stories of their genuineness; also that any article offered to a tourist is likely to bear double the price which the vender expects to receive.

That which gives Malta its special place in history is the residence here of the Knights of St. John. This order had



THE HARBOR OF VALETTA

its beginnings in Jerusalem in 1033, when certain merchants of Amalfi obtained from the caliph of Egypt authority to establish a hospital in Jerusalem for the poor and sick pilgrims from the Latin quarters, making their way to visit the Holy Sepulcher. For ninety years the little organization maintained itself and grew, and then received papal sanction in the bull issued by Pascal II, in 1113. Already the organization was a power. Many worthy pilgrims made offerings in money, and others, full of religious devotion, remained in Jerusalem and gave themselves to the work of the hospitalers; but meantime the Crusaders had so far prospered that Godfrey De Boullion had captured Jerusalem in 1109, and many

Christian warriors joined the ranks of the hospitalers. From this time on a definite organization was established, and each approved candidate for membership was clothed in a black robe bearing on the breast an eight-pointed white cross, and therewith bound himself to poverty, chastity and obedience. Five years later another vow was added, when Raymond



TOMMY ATKINS AT MALTA

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

Dupuy became commander, and the monks became knights in their oath to be militant defenders of the cross of Christ.

In time they were driven from Jerusalem to Acre, and from Acre, after desperate fighting, they retired to Cyprus, in 1291. There they became a sea power in constant conflict with the Moslem corsairs. In 1310 they captured Rhodes, from which they were driven in 1503. In 1530 Charles V of France ceded to the now homeless knights the island of

Malta and the fortress of Tripoli in Africa. The gift of the latter was after the fashion of the man who owned much land in Kansas, and finding at length a purchaser, slipped two or three extra quarter-sections in the deed without the knowledge



"IT SEEMS BEWITCHINGLY UNBALANCED"

of the buyer, and congratulated himself on the shrewdness of the deal; for Charles V made a virtue of a necessity in giving to the knights what he himself could not hold. The knights would gladly have had Malta without Tripoli, but they were compelled to take both or none, and they took both. Here in Malta the knights established themselves in 1530. Tripoli

proved untenable, and was surrendered to the Turks in 1551, but Malta itself was held with the most brilliant and amazing courage. From 1557 to his death, in 1568, John La Valette was grand master, and to his sagacity and energy the construction of the fortifications on the promontory where now the city stands was due. From May 18 to September 8, 1565, the Turkish fleet, under the noted corsair, Dragut, laid siege to the harbor and its forts. Valette, then more than seventy years of age, defended the island with the most brilliant courage, and his little handful of knights drove back the savage Turks with losses aggregating twenty-five thousand.

In 1798 Malta was surrendered to Napoleon, and on the fall of that ill-fated general, passed into the hands of England, where it remains to this day.

One may see many brilliant costumes in Malta on soldier and peasant, but the one characteristic article of feminine apparel is the faldetta. I think that I can describe it so that the reader will know what it looks like. It is a bonnet, made like a cape, and would be a square or oblong piece of black silk a yard or so in width, but that one side is gathered into a little half-moon and wired, and the wire passed in a long curve down the selvage of the right side beyond. This little semicircle is not worn on top of the head, as a mere man might suppose would be the case, but over the left ear, and the long curve bends over the face like a Shaker bonnet, but more loosely. On the right the cape falls to the elbow, and still lower on the left, and the whole thing seems dreadfully and bewitchingly unbalanced. The attention required to keep it in place justifies no end of coquettish preening in public. I am sure that among the various articles of feminine adornment none more "fetching" than the faldetta was ever invented by Cupid.

We came to Malta full of hope and expectancy, and prepared for a joyous experience to place against the background of our anxiety at Algiers. We were late in arriving, and the single day was all too short for what we wanted to accomplish, but it was after noon before we got off. Other people remem-

ber Malta as the meeting-place of Saracen and Christian in deadly battle, but we remember it as the place of the indignation meeting against the captain.

The day was fine, but a heavy swell was running, and breaking hard against the shore. We hardly realized the



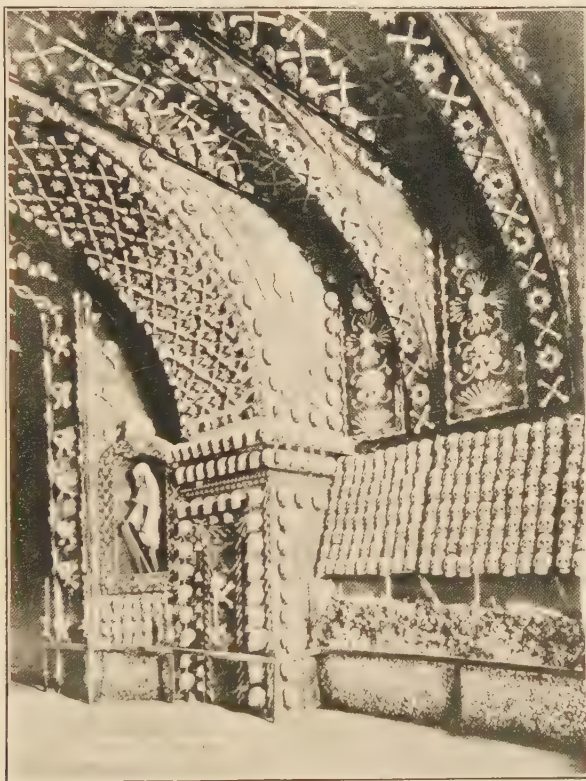
VALETTA AS SEEN FROM OUR SHIP

swell, however, till we saw how the pilot-boat was tossed that came out to bring us in. The harbor master was aboard, and had reserved for himself the task of bringing the Celtic inside. He was met on the gangway by one of the officers, who told him that the captain did not intend to enter the harbor. The harbor master then refused to come on board or to clear the ship for departure. After long argument he agreed to clear

the ship, but refused to come on board, and returned on shore, saying unkind things about the captain, as we were later informed. Two small steamers came out to take off the passengers, but finding the swell dangerous, refused to come near the ship unless she would come inside. But the captain, already too far out to anchor, put out a considerable distance farther. After long delay we were taken in small boats to the steam-tenders, and those who dared make the journey were conveyed on shore. The boats were tossed by the swell, and we landed amid considerable excitement.

On shore we learned that the admiralty had moved two war-ships to make room for the Celtic, and that among the thirteen great war vessels then lying at anchor in the harbor, at least one drew more water than the Celtic. The swell was even higher when we returned. The process of embarking proved very slow and hazardous; the boatmen played upon the fears of the passengers and extorted fees even to the neglect of their duty; and one boat was overturned, and six passengers narrowly escaped drowning. When the passengers got on board a large proportion of them were angry. They hotly resented the implication that they were incapable of knowing whether they had ground of complaint, and passed about a letter from the American consul quoting British naval officers to the effect that the captain had been needlessly prudent for his ship in refusing to enter the harbor. Some passengers uttered harsh words against the captain, and a few stoutly defended him, saying that he knew his own business better than the passengers did. But the tourists in general felt that the captain had saved his ship from a theoretical danger at the cost of actual peril to his passengers, and while disposed to commend his prudence, felt that he had carried it too far, both at Algiers and Malta. However, the meeting adjourned subject to call, and fortunately no further occasion was found for the meeting to act. But the memory of it, which has long since lost its bitterness in the minds of most of the tourists, helps to give variety to the impressions of the voyage.

Not every one got ashore at Malta, but those who did so enjoyed it as few other places. The cathedral, the historic Church of St. John, and the tombs of the grand masters, are all eloquent of a past replete with brave deeds; and the



THE CHAPEL OF BONES

narrow streets and seductive shops divide the tourist's interest. There is also a Capuchin church, quite as interesting as that in Rome, where the bones of the dead monks are arranged with gruesome art. He who goes to Malta should buy some lace; he will find no trouble in presenting it to his lady friends. It is of silk, hand woven, justly famous, and always desirable. Very pretty silver filigree work, too, is obtain-

able, and the prices paid, being about half of those asked, are fairly reasonable. There are other souvenirs of interest. Let me say here, contrary to the advice of more experienced tourists who counsel against buying many souvenirs, if I were going again I should buy more rather than less, and would try to buy articles characteristic of the places visited, and of permanent worth.

Those who were able to drive across to St. Paul's Bay found the drive delightful, and the view of the bay inspiring; while those who took the narrow-gauge road to Citta Vecchia, riding out under the embankments into the open fields, and so to the Catacombs and ancient memorials, cherish a most delightful memory of an afternoon packed full of interest, the only defect of which was that it did not last longer.

CHAPTER VI

ATHENS, AND OUR HAPPY VISIT TO GREECE

We approached Athens reflecting sadly that we were to behold, "Greece, but living Greece no more." We left it with the conviction that Greece is very much alive. From the time when the fleet of little boats sailed out on the Bay of Phaleron to convey us ashore at Piræus till we embarked from a pier black with an assembled multitude that gathered to see us off, we reveled not only in the memories but in the present life of Greece. We visited the Museum and the ruins, but we found objects of equal interest in fine business blocks, in new school buildings, worthy in their architecture even of Athens, in the new stadium, still in process of erection, though once already it has witnessed the renewed Olympian games, and in the people, who appeared to us alert and full of hope. On the Pnyx, the forum of Demosthenes, I met a school in charge of its master. The boys were studying Grecian history on the spot. I examined their books, and found the familiar works of Xenophon and Homer, showing very much such use and neglect, and such artistic ornamentation on the fly-leaves, as may be found in America. They also had with them their work in geography, and were just then studying about the United States, and were interested to know that I was from there. I made them understand that we in America shared their love for the masters of Greek literature, and they were able to make me know that they enjoyed learning about America. When our conversation ended—and it was satisfactory, though their total knowledge of English about equaled my none too vast recollection of even ancient Greek—I took from my pocket an American flag, and waved it from the top of the Pnyx, and the school, led by the master, cheered heartily for the stars

and stripes. Such little incidents made us feel at home in Greece.

The American school, too, gave us a strong home feeling. This is the school supported by our American colleges, to which each of them in turn sends its professor of Greek for a year of rest and study. The students are mostly post-graduates from our colleges, who are here to study archeology and do a little metaphorical digging in the ruins, at least if



THE WHARF AT THE PIRÆUS

that may be called metaphorical which is done by workmen while the students themselves look on. I fancy that the young men do their actual digging in the sounds and accents of modern Greek if they learn it at all; for so far as I could judge, the modern tongue is a perverse and badly corrupted survival. However that may be, the American school itself is the center of American life in Greece. Here any American may come not only for the sight of home faces, but for help in studying the ruins. Professor Rufus B. Richardson, the director, gave us an inspiring lecture on the Acropolis, and enabled us to get our bearings as we began to see the city. Later many of us visited the school, and were most courteously entertained.

We had seen a good deal of Athens already. The city lay in view from the ship, its chief points plainly visible through a good glass, though we were anchored some miles out at sea, and the city is five miles inland from its ancient and modern harbor, Piræus. We recognized the Acropolis at once, with the Parthenon caged in with staging erected for its repair. Behind rose Hymettus, Parnes, and Pentelicus, of which we had read all our lives. We were anchored in the



THE FORUM OF DEMOSTHENES

waters of Phaleron, and to our left lay Salamis, where the Persians met their defeat. We were soon in boats and sailing the Ægean. Then we crowded into special trains—we had the privilege of going by trolley or in carriages if we chose—and moved with reasonable rapidity to Athens.

Close by the railway station where we left the train stands the temple of Theseus, the best preserved of all the ancient Athenian temples. We felt at home as soon as we saw it; for pictures of it are as familiar to every American boy as are those of the capitol at Washington. But we were the richer by far for the sight of it, since no pictures give the soft golden brown coloring which makes it a delight to the eye.

A somewhat garrulous guide practiced English on us here, and we escaped up the hill toward the Acropolis, where we sat about on fallen columns and listened to Professor Richardson.

We were courteously but carefully watched to prevent our carrying off souvenirs. Since Lord Elgin robbed the Acropolis for the benefit of the British Museum, the Greeks, who say



THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS

no masses for the repose of Lord Elgin's soul, look out for tourists with relic-hunting propensities, and there were enough of us to have carried the Parthenon off bodily. The guards, however, did not find their duties burdensome, and some young soldiers posed picturesquely for the photographers of the crowd. Some of our girls spoke of carrying off a guard as a souvenir, and the young soldiers seemed nothing loath. One young lady, seeing a camera pointed toward a nice-looking young soldier, who was posing in front of a column of the Parthenon, ran up and stood beside him, to their mutual

satisfaction, and the envy of the more timid girls. She was a bright girl, and he looked well in his ballet skirts, and with brushes on the tips of his shoes, as though he would polish them one against the other.

The Acropolis, the "height of the city," was used in the early war-times of Athens as a citadel of defense and refuge. Later the temples were erected upon it, but the possibility that the strength of the place might be needed in time of war was always kept in mind. The massiveness of the Propylæa and of the retaining walls, where the rock is not sufficiently sheer, show the influence of this idea. The Propylæa, or portal, is in itself a noble structure. The name means "before the gate," and the gate itself is within and above; but the Propylæa is the true gate. On the right as one enters is the temple of Athena Nike, or Wingless Victory, an architectural gem, only eighteen by twenty-seven feet, with four columns at either end thirteen and one-half feet high. Passing



"THE ENVY OF THE MORE
TIMID GIRLS"

through the Propylæa, and ascending the roadway cut out of the rock, one sees to the left of the Parthenon the Erechtheum with its exquisite portico of the maidens. These statues, which are caryatids, are the only marbles left intact on the Acropolis. Even of these, one is in terra-cotta, to supply the place of the one wrenched from its place by Lord Elgin.

The Parthenon is recognized as the most perfect monument of ancient art. Even in its ruins it inspires the deepest admiration. It crowns the Acropolis, and stands five hundred

feet above the sea, among ruins of other and only less famous buildings. It is built of Pentelic marble, and the architects were Phidias and Ictinus; but Pericles, who procured the money and encouraged the erection of the building, is counted the real builder. It raises one's righteous wrath to know that this building came down almost to our own time in comparatively good repair, and was wrecked by a bomb fired by the Venetians, in 1687. The Turks, who held the Acropolis, had stored their powder in the Parthenon, and its explosion laid in ruins the most beautiful structure that we have inherited from the ancient world.

These buildings of Pentelic marble are not white, but a rich light brown, more restful to the eye, as time has stained and softened the glistening whiteness of former days. However glorious the Acropolis must have been in the days when she bore her crown in unspotted white, it is a blessing that time has chastened the luster of the ruins. Were these in white, the Acropolis would seem a veritable cemetery, with its noble buildings standing in their own nude skeletons as tombstones above the graves of their dead glory; as it is, they are the faded and unobtrusive, but still magnificent, survivals of their former selves, standing neither in the proud arrogance of their pristine white nor yet in the hopeless black of abased desolation, but in the soft and mellow brown of cheerful but subdued reminiscence.

With these mellow tones of color, the landscape harmonized. There were no high lights. There was a gentle alternation of sun and shade that culminated in rain, followed by a clearing into fresh air and calm, but not brilliant skies. The blue of the sky was pale, and the colors of the hills were not dull, nor were they over-bright. There was a dreamy, reminiscent haze that lay over the soul of things, yet gave fitful glimpses of the far-away that seemed farther. On one side the Acropolis lay the city, its activities giving to us only the harmonized hum of their variant noises; on the other side the shepherds kept their sheep. A squad of soldiers came swinging up the hill, and the bugler, taking his stand at the

foot of Mars' Hill, gave forth stirring notes, which, to those near, were meant to wake the spirit of present duty, but which, rising to us, mellow and gentle as the landscape, seemed better toned to call back the spirit of a mighty past.



"ON THE OTHER SIDE THE SHEPHERDS KEPT THEIR SHEEP"

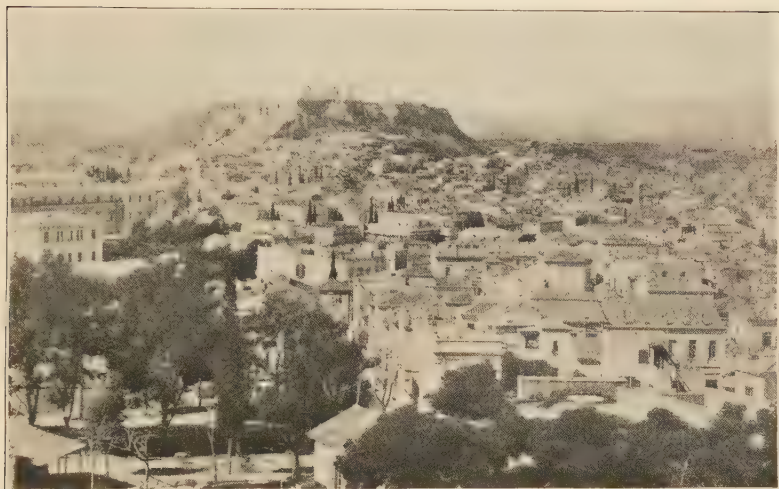
Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

Close by the Acropolis is Mars' Hill. It is, and probably always has been, a rough hill, and the steps are so worn and broken that the ascent is made with some difficulty. Boys are near who offer to assist, and who break off, and for a trifle give to the tourist, bits of the red conglomerate, with yellow crystals here and there in it, of which the hill is composed. The formation is the more noticeable because the Acropolis is a light limestone.

To stand on the Acropolis is inspiring, but the Areopagus is yet more so, and the memories which it evokes are such as to stir the blood. It was probably in the autumn of the year 51 that Paul came to Athens. It was not on his itinerary. He came without any apparent purpose to work here, but simply to wait for his companions whom he had left at Berea. He had come into Europe in pursuit of a vision—a man of Macedonia asking help. He had come, and had not found the man. The men were more rare in church than now. Paul's first preaching in Europe was to women. The first man to listen to him was the jailer at Philippi. Paul had had a hard time. Writing of it afterward he said that his flesh had no rest; without were fightings and within were fears. Bruised, scourged, disappointed, he came to Athens. There he saw more art and cultured idolatry than he had ever seen before. It was an idolatry that had lost its moral earnestness, which half doubted all gods and tolerated them all. Paul discussed matters with those Jews whom he first met, and afterward, as the rumor of his presence spread, he found his audience growing till he was invited to tell the story of Jesus to a hardly polite and cynical audience of Attic philoso-



WHERE PAUL PREACHED IN ATHENS



MODERN ATHENS

phers on Mars' Hill. The Acropolis was in its glory then, and its buildings rose in faultless marble above him as he stood. With rare tact he took his text from a heathen poet who had been granted a dim vision of the fatherhood of God. It mattered little to Paul that Aratus called God Jove, or that he spoke of Jove as our Father almost in that impersonal way in which men speak of "Mother Earth." The word had been said, and Paul read into it the full message of the gospel. The congregation hardly heard him through, but some, and among them one of the notable men, believed, and the new religion grew. In time the Parthenon itself was rededicated as a Christian church; and in the sixth century Minerva, for whom the city was named, was supplanted in popular affection by Mary, the mother of Jesus. Would any Stoic who heard Paul preach that day have believed that Pallas Athene herself would one day be held second in the esteem of Athens to the mother of the unknown Carpenter of Galilee, whom Paul preached? Yet so it came to pass. And now one visits Athens less to see where Socrates taught, and Plato reasoned, and Solon made laws, and Pericles governed, and Phidias wrought his immortal dreams in stone, and Praxiteles hewed

out his shapes of marble beauty, and Demosthenes poured forth his torrents of eloquence, than to stand on the rocky and unadorned height where Paul preached his sermon of a God unseen, but not far from every one of us, and of Jesus Christ the Saviour of all.

One must dine, even in Athens, and we had honey from Hymettus, and I forget what else. This was the one thing I was determined to have, and the one thing I remember to have eaten. It was good enough honey for the Greek gods, but we have better at home. The peasants bring it in in goat-skins, and it looks none too clean as it comes into Athens; but they strain it and make it reasonably good.

The king of Greece came to see us on the Celtic that afternoon, and acted like a thoroughgoing democrat. The queen and two of the princes accompanied him, and next day they received a number of the tourists at the palace. There were few passengers on board at the time when they called on us, and those who were there were greeted with dignified cordiality. One man who did not happen to have received an introduction, walked straight up to him and said, "Good afternoon, sir. I understand that you are the king of Greece. I am an American. My name is Jones, from Pittsburg." It may sound like a rude thing, but it is said not to have seemed so to the few who heard it, nor to have been treated so by the king. His majesty shook hands with the American, said a courteous word, and went on about his business.

We had another day in Athens, and we had done so much that the problem of the second day became perplexing. If we had had a month we could have used it, but a day was too much. I got a carriage, and went over the ground again, to the Acropolis, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, the temple of Olympian Zeus, and the other places of chief interest. The crowds were gone, and I saw these places more quietly. The two impressions, the one with the crowd and the other in comparative solitude, together gave the angle at which to view ancient Athens.

Two things surprised us in Athens—the air of general

prosperity in a country practically bankrupt, and with a sadly depreciated currency; and the fine, manly appearance of the young men in the Greek army, which made so miserable a stand against the Turks. It seemed to us that such men might have won the freedom of Macedonia, and humbled the pride of the arrogant Turk.

In one of the public gardens of Athens, near the temple of Olympian Zeus, stands a fine recent statue to Byron. Greece remembers his interest in her liberties, and the Ameri-



THE STADIUM

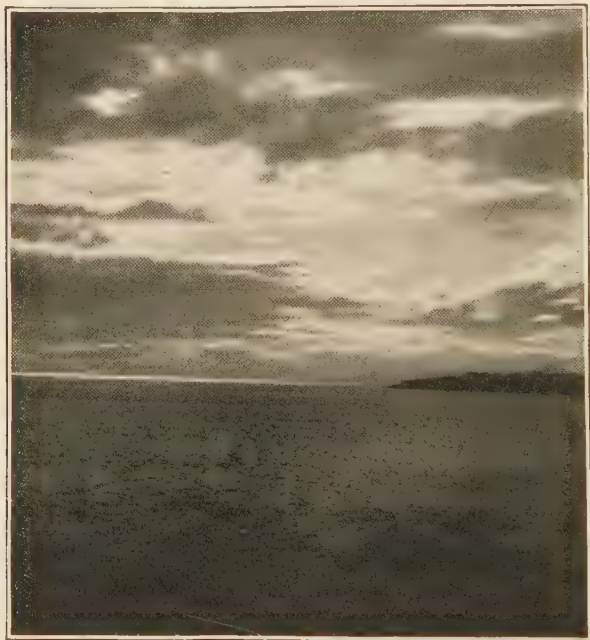
Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

can only wishes that it had been less pyrotechnical and more honestly earnest. A guard stands there, and when we dismounted he pointed with pride to the well-kept shrubbery, and then pointed up to the statue, apparently to say that not only in the erection of a monument which, once erected, abides, but also in the daily care which the foliage requires, Athens shows her love for the poet who stirred the heart of the world in favor of Greece.

A stiff breeze came up on the second afternoon, and we sped out to our ship before it. It was glorious, that outward sail, and a slight accident occurring on board, the sailors were glad to let me take the helm while they made fast a sail that

tore loose in the wind; it was exhilarating to bear a hand in the sailing of a boat on the Bay of Phaleron, which has been plowed by the keels of frigates and triremes and buccancers since the world was young. And so we came on board.

It was a beautiful evening, and the descending sun lay



SUNSET ON SALAMIS

over the peninsula and the bay where Xerxes met his defeat in 480 B. C.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis.
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men and nations—all were his.
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?"

The sun was setting, and we looked over at Xerxes' seat, and at the tomb of Themistocles, who defeated that great

tyrant, and the battle that saved not only Greece but the world seemed wonderfully real.

Just as we were leaving Piræus there was a small commotion, and a final boat came alongside, and a small Greek lad was put into it and taken ashore. He went over the side crying, for he had stowed himself away on our ship, hoping to make the rounds with us, and go to America. His case touched us all, and we did not wonder that he wished to stay with us, since we would so gladly have remained longer with him. May he stay at home and learn in Greece the spirit of Leonidas!

We remained on deck that evening, looking back, while the darkness settled and the light lingered long and lovingly on the Acropolis, where still linger our fond memories. I pointed my camera across the Bay of Salamis as the sun went down, and so caught the fading glories of that happy day, with its glorious light on sea and shore. As the last gleam of light lifted from the Acropolis, and the shadows deepened about the receding shore, we became reconciled to Byron, and sang to the city herself—

“Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart!”

CHAPTER VII

CONSTANTINOPLE: THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

We had enjoyed warm weather, but we found snow along the Dardanelles. Happily, it had disappeared when we reached Constantinople, and we were fairly comfortable there. But few of the stovepipes, thrust through window-panes throughout the chill city, showed any smoke emerging. The people were saving their fuel. Throughout our tour the impression grew upon us that warm climates are the places of all on earth where men suffer with the cold.

I refrain from quoting that in Constantinople distance lends enchantment to the view. The remark has been made before.

Few cities present so attractive an appearance from the harbor. It surrounds the bay where the ships lie at anchor, and is divided into three parts by the Bosphorus, with Scutari to the right in Asia, and the Golden Horn with its fresh water separating Pera and Galata on the east from Stamboul, or Constantinople proper; but Stamboul is a peninsula, thrust out so far between the opposite shores that Galata really lies north of it, rather than east. The two headlands of Scutari and Stamboul mark the confines of the Sea of Marmora and the beginning of the Bosphorus. There are no bridges across the Bosphorus, but there are two across the Golden Horn, into which empty "the sweet waters of Europe." It is not at all difficult to get the principal divisions of Constantinople in mind, as the three main parts are so distinct. Galata and Pera are separated by no natural boundary like the rest, but Galata is the lower section nearer the water, and Pera the higher portion. The four divisions having been fixed in mind before one leaves the ship, it is not difficult to get a few landmarks which make a tour of the city comparatively easy.

We were boarded by Turkish officers far down the Dardanelles, who examined our papers, and took off our purser and surgeon to the shore to certify that we were in good condition as regards health and civility. They were anxious to know whether we had on board any anarchists or Armenians, and being assured, verbally, that we had not, they expressed pleasure. Later the Constantinople officers came on with



THE SUBLIME PORTE

many a red fez and much tarnished gold lace, and repeated the same questions. They asked for our passports, and were shown a stack of parchment nearly a yard high; for our documents had been collected in advance, and in truth they made a formidable looking pile with their red seals and official certificates. To go through these before permitting us to land was manifestly impossible, so we were permitted to go ashore by giving our personal cards. But the officers remained on board, and others met us at the dock, and others patrolled about the ship in boats, so that we did not suffer for lack of

official attention. This, however, was done with all civility, and afforded us no particular embarrassment.

A London paper reached us as we were leaving Cairo, with an account of our expedition at Constantinople. The captain was refused permission to land, so the paper said, until after a vexatious delay; was refused permission to fly the flag of the Royal Naval Reserve; the passports were inspected most minutely; and the Americans on shore were dogged by police and detectives; Consul-General Dickinson had to interfere in our behalf, and so on. All of which is a fine exhibit of yellow journalism.

Consul-General Dickinson came on board as soon as we dropped anchor, and greatly endeared himself to the passengers by constant kindnesses while we stayed. He sailed up the Bosphorus with us to the Black Sea, dined with us on the Celtic, and headed a subscription by which we paid off a debt of one thousand dollars on the Girls' School at Scutari—a fine American college, and the complement of Robert College for men. Whether the Celtic flew all the possible British flags, I do not know, but the union jack flew high, and the stars and stripes were everywhere on board, and were waved back from Robert College, and from the Tower of Oblivion in the castle of Rumili Hissar, and the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" to answering cheers.

In a service at Robert College the students sang "America" with right good will; and we learned that it is a favorite hymn also with the girls at Scutari. There were some police restrictions, but they hampered us little. Indeed, we had more freedom than Americans resident in the city. Three teachers from the girls' school at Scutari, dining on the Celtic, were refused a permit to return to the school, and got ashore for the night to a hotel, under the impression of the guard that they were passengers. One of these same teachers, an Armenian graduate of the school, had been in jail at the time of the Armenian massacres. This was no unusual exhibition of police activity. It was simply the customary caution of the police. All this seemed to us very strange,

but it was no discrimination against the Celtic—indeed, we were repeatedly aware that we enjoyed special liberties.

Consul-General Dickinson took a party of seventy of his countrymen to the treasury, in the old harem at Seraglio Point. He had made all arrangements, and we passed the outer gate without delay. But within we were kept waiting two hours, facing a line of beardless eunuchs, with long arms



"THIS BRIDGE OUGHT TO BE MARKED THE CENTER OF THE WORLD"

and ill-shapen hips, awaiting a telegram from the sultan confirming our permission. It came at length, couched in most gracious words, and expressing royal pleasure in conferring the honor. So the Americans entered and saw the jewels, and drank coffee out of golden cups, and all the Turks seemed to think that we had been highly honored. We, however, looked often at our watches, thought of the things we fain would see, and remembered that we were in Turkey.

From all that we could see and learn, our own consul-general is highly esteemed in Turkey, both by the Turks and the Americans. The only criticism heard concerning him

was that his methods are so open and direct as sometimes not to succeed against the intrigue of Oriental politics. But it was added that even in the Orient it pays in the end to be honest; and that Mr. Dickinson has won his place and name in Constantinople as a man and a diplomat, and a true American devoted to the interests of his country. All this we were prepared to believe, and we count ourselves his debtor for many a pleasure connected with our visit to Constantinople. Mr. Dickinson himself told us of the rescue of Miss Stone, the brave American woman who had been captured by brigands and held for ransom, and with modesty as to his own part in the matter. We were glad to hear it from his own lips. All the Americans whom we met assured us that during those weary months he had borne her case on his own heart with fidelity and earnestness. He was very guarded in his statements about the case, and we inferred that there was much that could not be told.

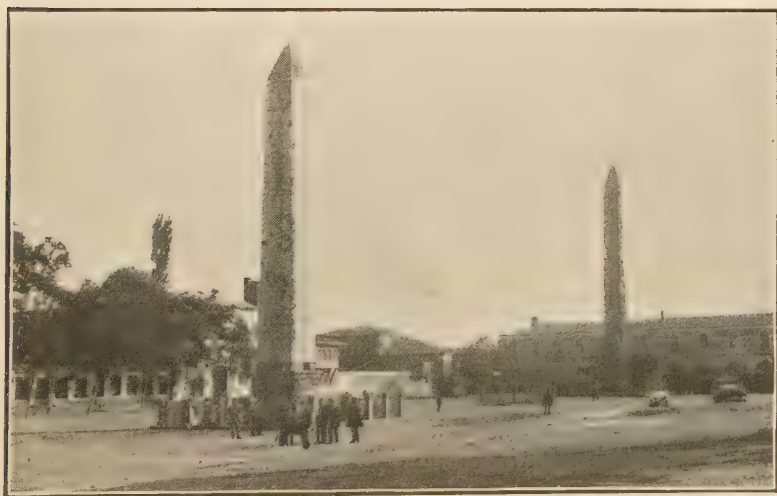
Some of us went ashore the first night, and strolled about the dark streets. There were no sensations except dogs, and most of these have no sensations except fleas. I am persuaded that the Constantinople dogs have been maligned. They are represented as fierce monsters, liable to pursue a helpless passenger going through the streets. I did not see any that had ambition enough to move to keep from being stepped on. The carriages have to turn out for them constantly. Moreover, it is a base libel to affirm that in Constantinople it is more of a crime to kill a dog than a man. The penalty for killing a man is seven years' imprisonment, while the murder of a dog entails a three years' penalty. It takes two and one-third dogs to be worth a man in the eyes of the law. It is possible, however, that one is more likely to be convicted for killing a dog than a man.

They have tram-cars in the streets of Constantinople. They are ungainly, double-decked affairs, and the driver toots a horn as the car comes slowly lumbering down the street. Half the space within is reserved for women, and the men occupy the rest.

We had a guide in Constantinople, "Moses No. 1." He is not "Far-away Moses," but counts himself quite as good a guide. We counted him among the best of our guides. The former Moses is in a store, finding it more profitable to sell goods on his reputation than to continue as a cicerone. We visited his bazaar and met him. He has been in America, and I think is an American citizen. Indeed, it surprised us to find that a good many people had come to America the year of the World's Fair, and had become naturalized and returned. Moses' employer or partner is one of these, and speaks English well.

Prices in Constantinople seemed very high as compared with those of some other ports we visited, and the bazaars, while attractive, are places where one can spend money very fast. They have a pretense of one price, and in this respect are unlike Oriental bazaars elsewhere.

We first directed our steps to the Galata Bridge, where one may take his stand and see the world go by, the world of the past as well as all types of life of the present. Even at night, when Constantinople shuts up and retires from view,



"HERE OCCURRED CONTESTS OF SPEED AND SKILL"

the life of the world trickles over this bridge, and in the day-time it moves in a constant stream. Here the Armenian massacres broke out. This bridge, and not the Greek chapel in Jerusalem, ought to be marked as the center of the world. It is a pleasant bridge to look upon, but a loose, clattering old trap when one comes to cross it. Like everything else in Constantinople, it is shabby when one approaches it. Across it come all manner of venders, some with cart-wheels of flowers, and others with round trays of little silver-like fish, glittering and attractive as the flowers, and others peddling water.

Being a walled city, Constantinople was also a city of gates. One of these gates, still standing, has given to the Turkish government its official name, the Sublime Porte.

One of the most interesting places in Constantinople is the Hippodrome, which, barring its more savage memories, is to Constantinople what the Colosseum is to Rome. Here occurred those contests of speed and skill that delighted the populace in the old days. In this old oval stands the obelisk, of Egyptian syenite, sixty feet high, brought hither by Theodosius the Great from Heliopolis, where it was erected by Thothmes III.

Another interesting monument adorns the Hippodrome, if adorn is now the proper word, for it is a black and ruinous shaft of masonry. Once it was covered with plates of bronze, and gleamed in the sun like a shaft of light. The four bronze horses on St. Mark's, the only horses in Venice, that have traveled farther than any horses on earth, decorated this column.

Between these two obelisks the brazen serpent column, tarnished and headless, marks the center of the old race-course. It is formed of three brazen serpents, their bodies twisted together, and their heads spreading outward for the support of the golden tripod. The tripod was placed on the top of this pedestal, even then old and honored, after the battle of Plataea. The column thus completed was used in their worship by the priestesses of Delphi. Constantine brought it here. It is badly battered, but is a fine old relic.

Not far away one may visit the famous cistern, the most notable of the many by which Constantinople was provided for in case of siege. Through a private yard one descends a narrow and slippery stair into a dark hole capable of accommodating perhaps a dozen at a time. A torch is handed down, made of shavings or tow, or some loose stuff saturated with oil, and smoking like a brand from Tartarus. Down into this



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF SAINT SOPHIA

sepulchral pit one gropes his way, with all manner of creepy sensations, heightened by the dampness. But below, a beautiful sight is revealed by the light of the smoking torch. The cistern is 336 feet long and 182 feet wide, and has a vaulted roof resting on 336 columns, arranged in 12 rows of 28 columns each. The columns are 39 feet high, and many have finely carved Corinthian capitals. And this is a cistern! It seems more like a great marine cathedral, with the light dying away among the columned aisles. The semi-infernal effect of the descent changes in sudden contrast to delight. The water

lights up in noiseless little ripples that ebb away among the pillars, and one almost expects the sound of an unseen organ to break the silence with music unearthly and weird, but strangely sweet, and to fill the soul with unutterable harmonies of eternal mysteries half revealed in this strange subterranean temple, with its floors of silent water reaching down to unimaginable depths of eternal quiet.

We start back to life with a sudden realization of the present. The torch has gone out, and we are on a slippery ledge over a black abyss, and the place is full of smoke and shudderings. The smoke is as eager to get out as we are, and fills the narrow entrance till it chokes us; and we emerge, sooty and damp. But we would not have missed it for anything.

We stand now where stood the ancient law courts of Justinian, from whose code we inherit much of legal procedure; for the dismal entrance to the famous cistern occupies the site of the ancient portico once filled with booksellers' stalls, and thronged with eminent jurists. Surely these courts stood well above this great pit as if to remind men of the uncertain abyss beneath the feet of him who goes to law!

Another thing which we greatly enjoyed in Constantinople was its museums. The Imperial Museum of Antiquities, consisting of the Chinili Kiosk, and the "New Museum" contain superb collections, which it would be folly for a work like this to attempt to describe, and greater folly for even the most fleeting tourist to omit. I dare trust myself to mention only one thing which it contains, the so-called sarcophagus of Alexander, which I think is the most beautiful work of art I have ever seen.

As the sultan is the head of the Mohammedan Church, Constantinople is the center of that religion, and its mosques are very nearly the most celebrated in the world. One may visit them freely, but must either put off his shoes or rent a pair of huge slippers, which are fastened on loosely by an attendant. If the visitor has a pair of rubbers in his hand, he need not wear slippers, as theoretically he has taken off his

shoes. There is no act so meritorious on the part of an infidel, as the Mohammedans esteem him, as the waving in the face of the attendant of a pair of old rubbers. It is also profitable to the tourist, financially. The rental of the slippers is not large, but the slippers are, and they are perpetually coming off. One must not lift his feet, but shuffle over the



MOSQUE OF AHMED I

rugs lest he lose his footgear. But it is easier to hire slippers than go barefoot as the Mohammedans do.

Every one who visits Constantinople hastens to the Mosque of Saint Sophia, and most of them ask curiously, "And who was Saint Sophia?" She was no one. It is Holy Wisdom for whom this mosque, once a magnificent Christian church, is named. Spite of its tawdry decorations, it is one of the most symmetrical and impressive houses of worship in the world, and is said to be the most perfect and beautiful church ever erected by Christians. On Friday the Koran is read here by a priest, holding in his hand a drawn sword, a

reminder that this place was taken by violence from the Christians. This is the third of the Christian churches that have stood on this site, the former two having been destroyed by fire. The first was built by Constantine, and the present house by Justinian. The Christian frescoes and mosaics have been painted over, but here and there they show through. There is a good deal of whitewash apparent in the average mosque, and Saint Sophia is no exception. The rugs in all mosques look cheap compared with one's expectations. Those of Saint Sophia are small, pieced together, and pointed toward Mecca. As the building was not erected for Mohammedan worship, this gives everything an unwonted bias.

He would pass for a poor tourist who would leave Constantinople confessing that he had seen but one mosque. Next in interest after Saint Sophia is that of Ahmed I, the only mosque outside of Mecca with seven minarets. It is very pleasing in its exterior, and tempts one again to say what I have resolved not to say, that distance lends enchantment to the view. Below, and extending to the clearstory, are courses of the old tile in prevailing tones of rich blue, so that this is sometimes called the blue mosque. But above the tile are new decorations in paint or other color with crude attempts to match the tile below. One of our young ladies described the effect as "simply eye-scratching." Next to this in interest is the Mosque of Suleïman the Magnificent. Of the three, it is commonly said that Saint Sophia is the most beautiful, Ahmed the most graceful, and Suleïman the most magnificent. There are I know not how many more mosques, and many of them are alleged to be of interest. But my experience with mosques leads me to say that they are generally a disappointment. Their elegant carpets look as if they had been made in some shoddy modern factory, and their decorations are generally cheapened by their striving after effect. One soon wearies of the monotony of the mosques, and is glad to return to a world where he can wear his own shoes.

We had one meal in a famous Stamboul restaurant. We

had to leave our carriages at the muddiest corner in Constantinople, and pick our way through the narrowest and most unappetizing street, and climb a stair. But once within we fared very well, and feasted on Turkish delight, and other things whose names I have forgotten, and concerning whose ingredients there is a deep and solemn mystery. When one eats in a Constantinople restaurant, his guide stands guard



RUMILI HISSAR AND ROBERT COLLEGE

over him, and hurries the waiters, or does what in the Orient is counted an attempt to hurry, and settles with the visitor afterward. It was one of the oddest experiences of our tour to see this group of our guides, with the gold-laced cavasses from the consulate, standing along the walls with whips and swords, and stopping the waiters to inspect our orders. Still, it gave us the feeling that we were being looked after, and it was one of the things we had come to see and do.

We greatly enjoyed a lecture delivered on shipboard by Professor van Millingen of Robert College, on "Ancient Con-

stantinople." It materially assisted us in locating the ancient places in the Constantinople of to-day. In many places the ancient walls are standing, following the spear-trail of Constantine, when he built his own new city on the site of one much older. More than twenty-six centuries ago the Greeks established a colony on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. These adventurers were followed a generation later by another band of Greek wanderers, who sought advice of the oracle concerning their city's location. "Build your city over against the city of the blind," replied the oracle. Rarely did the oracle speak so plainly. Who could be so blind as the men who had failed to see the superior advantages of the peninsula on the European side of this ocean-river? They founded their city there, and from their leader, Byzas, they named it Byzantium. So it stood until the fourth Christian century, when Constantine built upon its site the New Rome, which he named for himself, and here removed the capital, leaving the city on the Tiber to languish.

Fifty years before America was discovered the Mohammedans laid siege to Constantinople, and built their great castle, Rumili Hissar, on the European side above the city, and captured it in 1453. The ancient castle stands, its walls forming the initial of the name Mohammed. Seen from the Bosphorus, it is the most impressive castle that I have ever looked upon, and the towers with which its wall is studded give it an appearance of great strength. Just above it on the hill stands Robert College, built also for the conquest of the city, but by peaceful and righteous methods. It is one of the most striking accidents or providences of juxtaposition that has caused the erection of these two institutions where they stand, and the suggestion of similarity and contrast comes to one at once. By education and morality and spiritual power the college will yet prove the mightier castle of the two. Its position is prophetic. There is destiny in the mere propinquity of the two. At the lower corner of the castle farthest from the city stands a tower known as the Castle of Oblivion, of which frightful tales are told, of bowstringing and throwing

into the Bosphorus those who entered there. When the Celtic sailed up the Bosphorus, and Robert College bloomed out in red, white and blue to greet her as she sailed past, some students climbed to the top of this tower, and there, as from the top of the hill above, they flung out the stars and stripes. America wants no territory there, but the symbol was one to thrill the heart of an American with hope for the future of that land through the dissemination of intelligence



THE BOSPORUS

and the Christian faith for which that flag waves over the waters of the Levant.

In the delegation of Americans who dined with us on the ship and ascended the Bosphorus with us, was Rev. Robert Chambers, D.D., head of the school and orphanage at Bardesag. He is among the most distinguished of American missionaries, for his goodness, wisdom, and usefulness. He told me that in a district near his home one man had in three months sold a hundred dollars' worth of Bibles and Testaments in the Turkish language. The prices are very small, being the cost of publication, or a little less, but books are sold rather than given, because the purchaser values so much more highly what he pays for. It takes a great many Testaments to make a hundred dollars, and the people who buy them are mostly

poor, but eager to get the Bible, or at least the New Testament. It is this kind of work which in time must bring enlightenment to Turkey. The institutions that represent the intelligence and righteousness of the Christian faith have in them a power greater than that before which Constantinople fell more than four hundred years ago. The walls of Rumili Hissar traced the initial of the name of Mohammed; but the spirit of Christian labor now in progress in Turkey spells a Name more potent and more enduring.

CHAPTER VIII

SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS

The descriptions of Smyrna in the guide-books are so commonplace that we anticipated little there, and in truth the city has less localized historic interest than many others. But it is well worth visiting. It has a great broad street along the water front, where ships make fast to the docks directly across from the business blocks. Half a mile farther up, the best residences are built along the bay. A composite crowd packed the street for two blocks, making it almost impossible for us to get ashore. Drivers of cabs shouted, sellers of milk rattled their brass cups and displayed the picturesque milk bottles on their shoulders, and the agents of relic factories showed their alleged antiques and implored us to buy. But the air was fresh, the street was clean, the people seemed cordial, and we were happy.

We were bundled into tram-cars, each drawn by a single horse, and conveyed to the railway station, a mile or more away. One horse can haul quite a load on a level with smooth rails, but if a stop is made on the slightest grade, he has a hard road to travel. We had to get out once and push the car over a very small hill. Fortunately, however, the car line encounters no elevations worth mentioning, and the ordinary traffic can hardly be what it was that day.

As we rode along the street, women leaned out of the windows and waved at us, and we waved back again, and it looked as though Smyrna had turned out to present us the freedom of the city.

In reality, however, they had not come to present us anything. The report, first cabled from Malta, that we were a company of American millionaires, had wrought us harm in every port, but at Smyrna it put up the prices to a fabulous

altitude. People came among us and asked us confidentially to point out J. Pierpont Morgan, and to show them Andrew Carnegie. It was no use to tell them that these men were not with us; it only deepened the suspicion of the questioner that he was talking to one of these very men, desirous of maintaining his incognito. When two natives stood apart and pointed to a humble American minister of the gospel,



THE QUAY AT SMYRNA

and whispered low, the clergyman had reason to believe that they were confiding to each other the fact that he was John D. Rockefeller. Millionaires rose from the dead to join us in Smyrna, if you are to believe the gossip of the wharf, and a man who preaches to a little company of good people in Kansas was identified on that day as Jay Gould. It was a new sensation to most of us to be pointed out as rich men.

Smyrna lies in latitude $38^{\circ} 30'$ north and longitude $27^{\circ} 9'$ east. It is the principal commercial city of the Levant, and was founded in 688 B. C. It is one of the cities addressed

by John in Rev. 2: 8-12, and is commended for its fidelity amid persecution. It is also one of that other group of seven cities—in that it is a birthplace of Homer—

Seven cities strove for Homer, dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Smyrna is 288 miles from Constantinople and 686 miles from Jaffa. Of it Charles Dudley Warner wrote:

"One of the most ancient cities of the globe, it has no appearance of antiquity; containing all nationalities, it has no nationality; the second commercial city of the East, it has no chamber of commerce, no bourse, no commercial unity; its citizens are of no country, and have no impulse of patriotism; it is an Asiatic city with a European face; it produces nothing, it exchanges everything; the children of the East are sent to its schools, but it has no literary character nor any influence of culture; it is hospitable to all religions, and conspicuous for none; it is the paradise of the Turks, the home of luxury and of beautiful women."

In Smyrna we first saw camels, coming into the city from all interior points, laden with lime, stone, charcoal, figs, dates, spices, poultry, and all imaginable merchandise. High on



"AN ANCIENT CITY WITH NO APPEARANCE OF ANTIQUITY"

the backs of other camels perched riders, with one leg crossed over their stuffed saddles or bulging packs. The men were dressed in party-colored Oriental cloth, mostly patchwork. As they ride they smoke, and as they smoke they often seem to sleep. So pass the miles till the camels halt and kneel and discharge their loads in the markets of Smyrna, which one of our ladies described as "a Babel of sound, and reek of smell."



THE TOMB OF POLYCARP

Here, also, we note the graceful minaret of the mosque; and here also an American windmill from Batavia, Illinois.

The most interesting historical monument in Smyrna is the tomb of Polycarp, one of the most celebrated characters in ancient Christendom, who was Bishop of Smyrna, and had been a disciple of the Apostle John. He suffered martyrdom here, in 166, according to Eusebius, or 167, according to Jerome. Modern scholars are disposed to place the date earlier, some as early as 155. Of Polycarp his disciple Irenæus wrote, "I can tell also the very place where the blessed Polycarp was accustomed to sit and discourse; and also his entrances, his walks, the complexion of his life, and the form of

his body, and his conversation with the people, and his familiar intercourse with John, as he was accustomed to tell, as also his familiarity with those who had seen the Lord." Polycarp is one of the most important of the connecting links between the apostles themselves and later ages. The story is familiar that when he could have saved his life by reviling Christ, and being so asked by the proconsul Statius Quadratus, he answered: "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA

He has never done me wrong; how, then, can I blaspheme my King that saved me?" So the old hero met his death; and his grave, plainly distinguishable from the bay by the tall trees beside it, is on the high hill overlooking the city.

The Ottoman railway runs from Smyrna to Ephesus, and is a comfortable road, with good compartment cars. We went along a valley, where we were assured the road must have gone from time immemorial, and were certain that the feet of apostles had often trod it. The spring was beautiful; fruit-trees were white with bloom; farmers were in their fields; caravans were moving; life in all the vividness and

variety of the Orient was about us on every side; and we were happy and alert for all that was to be seen.

One may see quickly what there is to see in Ephesus. He may hire a horse or donkey at the station to ride out to the ruins of the theater and the temple, and this he should not fail to do. The walk is not long, but is fatiguing by reason of the heat. There he may see what now remains of the



THE GATE OF PERSECUTION

temple which was one of the seven wonders of the world, and of the theater in which the crowd raved against Paul, shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Both Diana and Paul are forgotten here now, and the city is in ruins. But the ruins are more eloquent of the past than are those of ancient cities builded over with modern villages, with all their filth, or with tawdry shrines that seek to glorify the past through superstition.

John wrote to the Church at Ephesus that unless it repented, its candlestick would be removed from its place.

The removal of the light has long since taken place. From the ruins of its splendid past I bought a little clay lamp which may have been there when John wrote, but for centuries it has seen no oil or wick. So, also, has gone out the religious light of Ephesus.

The old "Church of St. John" still stands in Ephesus in a partly ruined condition. It has been a mosque, but some part of it may once have been a church. The Roman "Gate



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, EPHEBUS

of Persecution," where Christians are supposed to have suffered martyrdom, is also standing, and the tourist passes under its arch.

Many of the relics offered for sale at Ephesus are spurious, and the government forbids the exportation of any other sort. But it is possible to secure some small and manifestly genuine souvenirs. I have a fragment from the carved capital of a fine column, and also the feet of a marble statue, apparently female, and very likely from some of the countless images of the goddess Diana, which once abounded there. I should be glad to know that they belonged to the original

image that fell down from heaven, and I doubt not the man who sold it to me would have certified that he saw it fall if I had paid him an extra shilling.

The American Board has a magnificent mission at Smyrna, and the Christian Endeavorers support a missionary in connection with this work. When we were leaving, three boatloads of girls came out from this mission school and sang their parting songs to us. They were a fine company, and their bright, refined faces were a better argument for missionary work than a thousand sermons. A crowd of boys had been out from the mission earlier in the day, and had gone through the ship with great eagerness, but these had gone back before we returned from Ephesus.

So we weighed anchor, and left Smyrna behind, and next day we saw Patmos, where John wrote the Apocalypse. And now a feeling of regret began to mingle with our anticipation; we were about to scatter in Palestine and Egypt. Not for three weeks, and then only for a day or two, were we to be together on the ship again. But we had need of all our time for repacking and preparation for the most important part of our journey.

CHAPTER IX

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLY LAND

The dying moon hung low over Mount Carmel when our ship dropped anchor in the Bay of Acre, and I looked for the first time on the Holy Land. A bright morning star was close to the moon. The two were the veritable symbol of Turkey, hanging like a sickle over the land of the Bible. I reflected with satisfaction that it was the old and not the new moon; that the power of the Turk wanes and does not wax. But Turkey has been an anesthetic to this land, and has preserved some customs and memorials that must else have perished. Progress is the foe of ancient relics; and it is relics which one seeks in Palestine.

We entered Palestine by an unusual way, landing at Haifa instead of Jaffa. I wonder that more people do not do so. It gave us a most exhilarating impression of Palestine. We were taken off the ship in large row-boats, in which swarthy boatmen pulled hard at the long oars to a quaint minor tune, which I heard later in other parts of Palestine. The theme is sung by the stroke oar, and repeated by the others. Each line had one pronounced accent for the stroke. On the rudder squatted a tiny lad who guided the boat skilfully, and begged for bakshish. He was a remarkably agile little fellow, and though we filled the thwarts and our baggage the bottom of the boat, he wriggled through under us and between our feet, and bobbed up serenely with extended fez. I abetted him to the extent of holding the helm while he was making his collections.

The Bay of Acre did not belong to the Jews, but to the Phœnicians, who near here are said to have discovered the art of making glass. It is quite possible that the tear-bottles which some of our party were able to secure hereabout are

specimens of this ancient work of the nation so closely related to the Jews in ancestry, and so different from them in religion and in their influence on the world. This bay has a distinct place in ancient history, comparatively unfamiliar to us because Bible history deals so little with the sea. In the time of the Crusades, this harbor and the fortress toward its northern end became famous. In 1104 Baldwin I, who had been



OUR SMALL PILOT

crowned Christian king of Jerusalem in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem on Christmas Day, 1101, captured Acre; and here the Crusaders held their ground after they had been driven from Jerusalem. It was the last home of the Knights of St. John before they left Palestine on that series of wanderings from island to island that ended in their establishment at Malta. The old Christian fortifications still stand, and the castle is used as a prison by the sultan.

Acre is a poor village now, and the commercial interests of the region center at Haifa. Haifa is a thriving town with a good wharf, built or extensively repaired for the Emperor William. It used to be asked, "What shall he do who comes after the king?" It was assumed that he who came after the king had a hard time of it; but we were grateful whenever in Palestine we found ourselves camping on the trail of the Emperor William, because of the improved condition of the roads.

There were two hundred of us who disembarked at Haifa. The other six hundred passengers, who went direct to Jaffa and Jerusalem, can hardly know how much they missed in Galilee.

Nothing is done promptly where Oriental officials are concerned, and our baggage must needs pass the custom-house; but no piece was opened so far as I saw. It is usually possible to avoid delay by making, through the official in charge, a contribution to his favorite Turkish charity. Turkish charities are numerous, and the sultan himself is chief among them.

When we emerged from the crowd that gathered on the



THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF HAIFA

quay I first learned how a dragoman looks. The word sounds very formidable, and I had wondered many times just what a dragoman was like. The sight was fully up to my expectations. He who extricated me from the struggling mass of humanity, and piloted me through the custom-house with the simple word of explanation, "I am your dragoman," seemed from the outset to justify all possible confidence in himself. Our party had all of the best dragomen in Palestine, so we were told again and again, and I think it was probably true. There was Joseph the eloquent, a Quaker preacher, who was often moved to tell us in detail about the regions visited, and whose European overcoat and boots seemed

sufficiently Oriental in view of his leather whip and his Bedouin head-dress. There was Saleh the giant, whose special forte it is to pick a lady up bodily and place her in her saddle. Not all the ladies in our party were ethereal, yet not even the stoutest troubled him in the least. He wore



JOSEPH THE ELOQUENT

Turkish trousers, containing I know not how many yards, the fullness of which in the seat reached his ankles; and besides his heavy, brass-mounted whip, he carried a cartridge-belt and sword. All, I believe, carried revolvers. There were George and Philip, brothers, both courteous and efficient, George being so small beside Saleh that the two were commonly spoken of as David and Goliath. There was Elijah, the youngest of the company, whose father owns a soap factory in Jaffa. Last, but not least, there was Shukrey.

It is no desire to disparage the rest that leads me to say a special word concerning Shukrey. His responsibilities were far larger than those of the other dragomen, though they were less spectacular, for he and his father, Jacob Hishmeh, had charge of all the arrangements for our board and lodging.



"SALEH THE GIANT"

A more efficient, courteous, kind-hearted, and competent dragoman there could hardly be than Shukrey. He is a Christian gentleman, and I commend him without reservation to any one needing his services. His address is Jerusalem, where he has a veritable Christian home, and a family which, contrasted with the families of the people about him in Jerusalem, is in itself an evidence of Christianity.

Quite as imposing as any of these in his appearance, was the chief muleteer, a little, fat, elderly man, with great

breadth of trousers, who, mounted on his donkey, was the picture of the typical Arab sheik.

I did not begin this list with intent to advertise any of these men, but since I have begun, I may make grateful mention of our energetic and able Palestine conductor, Mr. Herbert E.



"WE HAD ALL THE BEST DRAGOMEN"

Clark, United States Vice-Consul for Jerusalem, and brother of our courteous organizer, Mr. Frank C. Clark of New York; also of our able Palestine manager, Mr. J. E. M. Solomon, and his faithful assistants, Messrs. C. Hillier and Hermann Hornstein.

We were loaded into carriages at Haifa, and started for Nazareth. For several miles our route lay alongside the uncompleted railroad. This road has ties and rails for several miles, and is graded much farther, but the work has come to an abrupt end by reason of the hostility of the sultan. We

crossed the Kishon on a bridge which has been constructed for the railway. In places we saw caravans of camels picking their way among the ties as they started on their long journey to Damascus; hitched one behind another and preceded by a donkey, they bore a grotesque resemblance to a train of cars.



THE CHIEF MULETEER

The camel on the railroad is an anachronism. There is something so absurd as to be almost weird in the sight of these ancient beasts of burden leaving the rough highways of Palestine to utilize for a little time the railroad that some day may make their long journey superfluous.

Not with camels, but with carriages, with four passengers and luggage in each, we began our journey toward Nazareth across the Kishon, which once ran red with the blood of the prophets of Baal. We skirted Mount Carmel, where Elijah fought his terrible battle for purity of worship, and forced

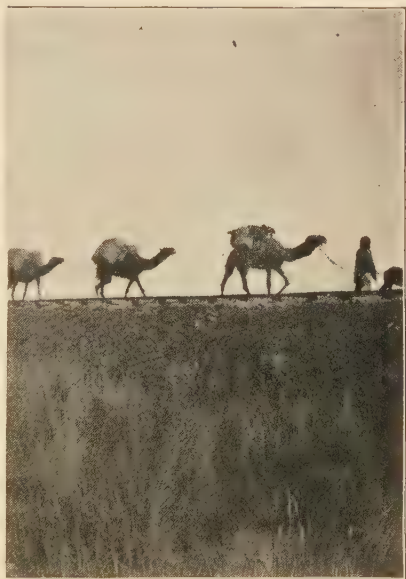
upon the people of Israel their choice between the historical worship of the God of Israel and the newly imported idolatry from Tyre. We crossed the valley where Sisera's hosts met their overwhelming defeat. We skirted the plain of Esdraelon, with its scores of historic battle-fields, perhaps the bloodiest field on earth, where Barak and Gideon won their superb victories, and where Saul and Josiah met defeat and death. Here the Maccabees fought their splendid battles for freedom of worship; here the Crusaders met their final repulse; and here Napoleon drew up his legions against the might and pride of the Turk. Behind us and on the right, we left Mount Carmel; before us, and still to the right, were Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan died, and Tabor, on whose rounded summit many believe the transfiguration to have occurred. To the left, as we rode on, we had fitful views of snowy Mount Hermon. The air was fresh and clear. The day was perfect as that when the green earth first appeared to man in Eden. We left the palms behind on the coast plain, and the oaks on the hill of Harosheth; we were now in the land of the fig and the olive, and except for these, few trees appeared. We were on the great highway which, for uncounted centuries, has been the thoroughfare from Damascus to the sea.

We were soon interested in our driver. Silah was his name, and I believe it means "the righteous." Most names are misnomers; but Silah's was well bestowed. He began to prove his right to it while we waited by stealing a string of blue beads from a team near by, and fastening them around the neck of one of his horses. These beads avert the evil eye and bring good luck. From another carriage he stole an American flag, not without a struggle with the driver. With these two symbols of good luck in his possession, he gave his horses free rein. He had three horses hitched abreast, and drove like Jehu. Wherever the road widened a little he turned out, his horses racing like those of Ben Hur, and he never failed to pass a carriage when he attempted it. Slowly we crept up from the rear of the procession to the very front, and when we stopped to rest, we were surrounded by a crowd

of vociferous teamsters wildly denouncing Silah. Joseph, the dragoman, appeared as arbiter in the matter, and decided it justly. Silah's carriage must be in the lead, because the dragoman himself must ride in the front, and he had selected this as his carriage. It was plainly an *ex post facto* decision, but there was no appeal. So he sent the drivers back with threats of his whip, and climbed up beside Silah. "Unto him that hath shall be given." Silah sat silent during the controversy which he had provoked. His face was a study as he waited the dragoman's decision. The look on his face was not contrition. As for myself, I had no choice but to share in the well-won success of Silah.

Success affects men differently. When Silah found himself at the head of the caravan he sang. The air was most lugubrious, and I wondered what the words were. Joseph informed me that the song was made on a familiar model and in four stanzas. In this song Silah complained that his loved one had married another, and declared that he would don a robe of mourning and live single forever. He further declared that his grief knew no bounds, and that his tears made a river that would turn a mill. This was the way success affected Silah.

We were climbing a long hill about half-past eleven, and saw an Arab standing like a statue in the road ahead. He was clad in a long blue tunic, wore a white turban, and stood as though he had been waiting for a century, and was not



THE GALILEE LIGHTNING EXPRESS

tired. Joseph spoke to him in Arabic, and he answered in a single word, and we bore to the left up the hill.

"When you see a fellow like that," said Joseph, "then you know that lunch is near."

We were soon at the place, and found our lunch spread out on long Oriental rugs; a tin plate and cup for each of us. There were cold chicken and mutton, rolls, boiled eggs, nuts and honey, and I forget what else; but every meal, morning, noon and night, we had oranges. No one can realize what a blessing they are to the tourist in Palestine.

In general our meals were good, surprisingly good, when it is remembered that almost everything we ate had to be carried along on mules. We had butter only once a day, and that at dinner, which seemed odd; and our breakfasts were plain, for more than one reason, chief among which was the importance of getting away early. We had four o'clock tea in camp when we arrived in time for it, and a good, hearty dinner at 6:30. We seldom had shade or grass at our lunch-*eons*. The rugs were spread usually under olive-trees; but the olive leaf is small, and the tree gives less shade than one would expect, and the ground underneath is generally cultivated. The water was served from porous jars that cooled by evaporation, and all our camp drinking-water had been boiled for us. Those who chose brought along their own supply of bottled water. This involves some expense for a mule or donkey to carry the water, but those who spent money in this way were well satisfied with their expenditure.

"Harosheth of the Gentiles" was the scene of this jubilant picnic lunch, our first in Palestine. Harosheth is the place where the defeated Sisera went to rest in the tent of Heber. While Sisera slept, Jael, Heber's wife, killed him with a tent-pin. It was an act of Oriental treachery, but much lauded because of Sisera's hostility to Israel in those troublesome times.

Harosheth means forest, and oak-trees are there in something approaching abundance. The shade of the trees was grateful to us at lunch time, and we remembered it pleas-

antly afterward, for we saw few oak-trees elsewhere in Palestine.

Travelers have given us quite too dreary a picture of Palestine. At least so it seemed to us as we drove across the



SILAH STEALING THE FLAG

great plain of Esdraelon. The beauty of the place charmed us beyond expression. Ahead of us stood Mount Tabor; to our right loomed Carmel; and far to the northward, its hoary summit visible across a hundred intervening hills, stood out Mount Hermon in its eternal crown of snow. It was beautiful beyond all our anticipation, and more so because of its sacred associations.

The wild flowers are abundant in all parts of Galilee. They do not grow rank and tall, but flower within a few inches of the ground, and the colors are unexpectedly bright. There are yellow chrysanthemums and bright red poppies, the latter so numerous that sometimes a slope is fairly red with them. The poppy-anemone is believed to have been "the lily of the field" of which Christ spoke, and it makes the hillsides of Galilee glow with its bright scarlet.

Palestine flower-seeds may be purchased in Jerusalem, and they grow and blossom in America. Both the "lily of the field" and the chrysanthemum, grown from seed which I procured in Palestine, are now blooming in my own garden.

The history of nations is profoundly influenced by the physical features of the land which they inhabit. America is great in part because it has a great and varied territory, with ample room for migration, and convenient means of inter-communication between districts wildly diversified in soil and climate. England is great in large degree because of her coal and her coast. Greece became what she was commercially because of her islands and her harbors. Switzerland is explained in part by its position, isolated as it is, yet in the very center of Europe, a little mountain democracy in the midst of great monarchies.

Palestine is of interest because the land itself bears the closest possible relation to the scenes which were there enacted. The physical features of the Holy Land, its mountains and valleys, are referred to again and again in Scripture. "The Land and the Book" belong together. Palestine has been called, and justly so, "a fifth gospel."

What were the physical features of Palestine which fitted its people to bear their wonderful share in human history? A concise answer is given by Professor Cornill in the opening chapter of his "History of the People of Israel."

The land in which the chief part of the history of Israel was played, and which this people regarded as its own, is called by us with a Græco-Roman designation, Palestine, that is, the Land of the Philistines. The Greeks entered the country by way of the coast, and gave to it the name of

the tribe that dwelt there, a phenomenon that we shall observe frequently. The inhabitants themselves called it Kenáan. As this name means, etymologically, "lowland," it must originally have been applied only to the Philisto-Phœnician coast strip. The land occupied by the Israelites, on the



MAP OF PALESTINE

contrary, is altogether mountainous, and has a considerable lowland only in the plain of Jezreel. This fact is in accord with the report of the Phœnicians, that they descended from a tribal progenitor, Chnâ, in which name we recognize immediately the stem of Kenáan. In Israelitish times, however, only the portion of the land situated west of the Jordan is known as Kenáan; the land on the east of the Jordan has the separate name, Gilead. What we now call Palestine, the land on both sides of the Jordan, is a comparatively small bit of earth, only about eight thousand five hundred

square miles in extent, that is, a little more than the area of Massachusetts, or of Wales and Herefordshire.

Hydrographically the land is very scantily endowed. Of rivers, it has the Jordan alone, with its tributaries, the most important of which, however, are all on the east side: the Yarmuk, the Jabbok, and the Arnon, which latter empties not into the Jordan proper, but into the Dead Sea. The land west of the Jordan can boast really of no rivers save the Kishon in the plain of Jezreel; but in the hottest part of the season this is a slight rivulet, and begins to be a considerable river only a few miles above its entrance into the Mediterranean Sea at Haifa.

The fertility of Palestine is dependent exclusively on the rain which falls in winter, and on the dew of summer, wherefore it is more clearly and more perceptibly than in other lands a blessing from above, a gift of heaven, so that the eye of man was here directed upward, toward heaven, by nature herself. The Jordan, the sole river of Palestine, called to-day "es^{ch} Scheriat el Kebire," the Great River, has not its like on earth; instead of uniting the adjacent lands and shores like other rivers, the Jordan separates them as an almost impassable barrier, since its extraordinary fall and its winding and twisting course make navigation on it impossible. Of moderately convenient and always available fords, it has only three between the Lake of Gennesaret and the Dead Sea. Thus it comes about that we are obliged to consider the land east of the Jordan and that west of the Jordan as two really distinct lands without connection with each other.

The Jordan plain, called to-day "el Ghôr," is almost entirely uninhabitable, in summer on account of the tropical heat, in winter on account of the floods; it was and is still a notorious resort and hiding-place for all possible beasts. The southern part of the country, too, the regions about the Dead Sea and the so-called mountains or wilderness of Judah, are sparsely populated, and capable of sustaining only a scant population. In ancient times, as well, it must have been much as it is to-day, since natural conditions have not changed. The country east of the Jordan is but a narrow strip of tillable land wedged in between the valley of the Jordan and the vast Syro-Arabian desert. Only in its middle and northern portions is the land really fertile and adequate for a considerable population, and this especially on the slope toward the Mediterranean coast, the lowlands of Sharon and Shephela, which Israel never succeeded in occupying.

But upon this narrow and limited soil our astonished eyes meet an infinite variety and diversity of details. Palestine deserves the name of the land of contrasts; here is found gathered together everything between a sub-tropical climate and the region of eternal snow. The mighty mountain peak of Hermon, which forms the northern boundary of the country, is covered with perpetual snow, and rises to an altitude of over nine thousand feet, some three thousand feet more than Mt. Washington, or more than twice the height of Ben Nevis. There we have Alpine landscape and Alpine flora. The mountain region of Galilee, the most healthy portion of Palestine, has the most moderate climate; the southern portions, especially the plain of Jezreel and the seacoast, have a warm climate; and in the valley of the Jordan and about the Dead Sea it is actually sub-tropi-

cal. In Ghôr a temperature of 100° F. has been observed in the shade in the month of May, and along the Dead Sea, even after sunset, when in other southern lands a sudden coolness usually sets in, the thermometer has recorded 95° F.

And accordingly the vegetation here is sub-tropical; the balsam used to thrive here, and the palm still does, wherefore Jericho was formerly called the City of Palms. On account of these great climatic extremes the flora of Palestine in general is exceedingly rich; some two thousand species of flowers have been noted. It is easy to understand how this natural wealth of nature about him must arouse and inspire the mind and soul of man.

But as a whole, also, Palestine is a land of contrasts, and this in a manner that must be regarded as providential. In the first place, the land is almost entirely shut off from the world outside. On the east and south it is bordered by the desert, like a perfect insulating medium; and on the west by the surging Mediterranean, offering no good harbor on the whole coast of Palestine (to this day a calamity for travelers to the Holy Land), besides being almost unnavigable by the ships of the ancients because of the strong blasts of the trade-winds. Only on the north is the land accessible, though one cannot say open, for here the two great parallel Alpine chains of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus reach across like a natural bar. This same reserve which the land shows outwardly is manifest within as well. Almost everywhere are mountains with deep, abrupt gorges, which constitute a great obstacle to intercourse and make travel extremely wearisome and slow.

This is providential. For this isolation guaranteed to the inhabitants the undisturbed development of their individuality; they were exempt from the influence of the great leveler, commerce.

Mountaineers are everywhere men of strongly developed individuality. But there is another side to the matter. It is true that the genuine mountaineer is vigorous and upright, but he is also clumsy and stubborn, revolving complacently about his own axis, and distrustful and inhospitable toward all influences from without. From this danger Israel was preserved. For while the land is insulated, at the same time it is a bridge and highway of world-commerce without a parallel. All the ancient highways of commerce went through Palestine. For instance, that primitive one from the Nile to the Euphrates, which runs through Palestine in its entire length, and after crossing the Jordan touches first at Damascus; and likewise the no less important one from Tyre to the Arabian Gulf, which brought to the Phœnicians the products of Arabia, East Africa, Persia, and India. And so, if I may venture to use the figure, Israel was constantly fanned and refreshed by the wings of world-wide commerce, and thus kept from growing hard and sour, while its individuality ran no risk of being dissolved in a characterless, nebulous cosmopolitanism.

And in still another way this providential tendency to extremes is seen. The land was favored in many ways, but on the other hand it was full of pests. In early times wild beasts, such as the lion and the bear, the wolf and the panther, the jackal and the hyena, must have lived there in great numbers, and even to this day serpents are a great pest, Palestine having

more than twenty species, among them five very dangerous and poisonous ones.

Furthermore, the land is fertile: wheat of all varieties, grapes, figs, olives and pomegranates thrive abundantly, but not without labor and care. Of Palestine especially the old Bible sentence is true: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." These contrasts are also very important. There was no chance for the relaxing and enervating effect that comes when man receives from nature without exertion all that he needs; he was spurred and forced to the full exertion of his powers; but this application was not discouraged by the prospective fruitlessness of his exertions, a condition which makes man as stupid and indifferent as when everything falls into his lap of itself; but prosperity was the reward of toil. He knew that it paid to exert his powers. A land, therefore, which seemed as if made to produce a physically and mentally sound race, that brought thither the capacity to fulfil the mission assigned it by God. The Roman historian, Tacitus, also, in his famous description of the Jewish people, dwells especially on the exceptional health, strength and endurance of this race. And accordingly the Israelite has always clung to his country with sincere gratitude and loving loyalty; it was to him the paragon of countries, and he recognized the gracious dispensation of his God, especially in the fact that this precious land had been assigned and promised to him without any merit and desert of his own.



MOUNT CARMEL

CHAPTER X

NAZARETH, THE BOYHOOD HOME OF JESUS

Our first day's journey in Palestine brought us to Nazareth. The village came upon us suddenly, but not unexpectedly, as we rounded a hill. Before us, upon an elevation, but encircled with hills, the town nestled among green fields and gray rocky slopes. To the right of the village, as we drew near, appeared the white tents of our camp.

Our camp was the largest of its kind and quite covered the threshing-floor of Nazareth. We drove up to it, all unused to camp life, and ready for new experiences. It was not easy to find our own tents. About fifty small ones were pitched in a double hollow square whose farther end was closed by the fourfold dining-tent, with kitchen tents behind. Still beyond were the pack-mules and donkeys and saddle-horses.

The camp was a maze. The most absolute order prevailed, but we had always to hunt our tents. Each mule that carried a load of tents was unloaded as he came in, and the tents which he carried were set up at once. Except for a number in black figures above the flap, and some small Arabic designs for the benefit of our camp servants, the tents were precisely alike outside. The lay of the land made daily changes in our camp formation, and even when the tent was once located it was easy to mistake another for it. But the little mistakes that occurred in this way contributed to the general merriment.

Each married couple had a tent. Single persons roomed three in a tent. I was particularly fortunate in my tent-mates, Rev. Drs. Josiah Strong and D. E. Lorenz. Two more pleasant and helpful companions a man could not desire. The tents were decorated within in rich Oriental patterns of Turkey red and white, sewed together by the women of Cairo.



NAZARETH

They were carpeted with rugs, and supplied with light iron cot-beds and small wooden wash-stands. The blankets were comfortable, but a steamer rug over the foot of the bed was an additional protection, and on some cool nights was needed. There was always a delightful uncertainty about the linen.



OUR CAMP AT NAZARETH

The camp servants designated our belongings with cabalistic marks of their own, whose accuracy, we more than suspected, did not extend to towels. It certainly was intended that every man should have his own towel; but it would have been strange if there had been no changes.

The camp was guarded each night by our own men. When we were in questionable places, the horses were distributed on all sides of the camp, the muleteers making thus

an outer guard. Beside these, we commonly had a local guard, a sheik, and a dozen men. But this, I suspect, is chiefly blackmail, and amounts to hiring the worst ruffians of the neighborhood not to attack the camp. Whatever the motive, the arrangement works well, and we slept secure.

Nazareth is not mentioned in the Old Testament nor by Josephus, nor yet in the Talmud. It was an unimportant village in Christ's time, and the early disciples wondered that any good thing could come from there. It was not disreputable, but only obscure. It was not so secluded, however, as is commonly supposed. It was only a little off the great roads which ran from north to south across Galilee to Jerusalem and Egypt, and was near to that which connected the ancient city of Damascus with the coast. Located as it is in a basin among the hills, and on a slope not very high, it has within easy reach hilltops that afford some of the finest views in Palestine. From the Sea of Galilee to the Great Sea, where the sun sets, and from the great white summits of Mount Hermon across the valley of Esdraelon, with its fertile beauty and its historic memories, the whole country is in sight from the hills just above Nazareth. Thirty miles in every direction one can see clearly. The boy Jesus must often have looked upon these scenes from the top of the hill, which was an easy climb from Joseph's shop, and his soul must have been stirred with their natural beauty and their historic interest. Here he must often have sat and meditated and wondered and aspired. It is written that he increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man. We are accustomed to think of the influence of the mountains in developing strong character, and the surroundings of Nazareth afforded a ruggedness combined with fertility that would inspire strength and gentleness; but not every Galilæan boy had close at hand, as Jesus had, a view of the sea, with its suggestion of distance, and a horizon not shut in by hill or plain. Surely here was a view to thrill his growing soul.

The roads in sight from these hilltops were thronged with pilgrims and with caravans, bringing the news from every part

of the Roman world within easy reach of the growing Child of Mary. Nazareth was a good place for Jesus to spend his boyhood. It was secluded, yet in the midst of sights and experiences of the most thrilling interest.

Nazareth is a Christian village. No Jews are permitted to live there. There is poverty and dirt enough, but nevertheless it is the pleasantest village in Galilee. There and at



INTERIOR OF TENT

Bethlehem, also a Christian town, one meets the finest types of men and women to be seen in Palestine.

There is much in Nazareth that invites the visitor forth sightseeing, the first place usually visited being the Church of the Annunciation, which was built in its present form in 1730. Descending to a vestibule known as the Angel's Chapel, and passing between two altars, the one to St. Joachim and the other to the angel Gabriel, we enter the chapel of the Annunciation, whose altar bears the Latin words, "Hic verbum caro factum est," "Here the Word was made flesh." Here are two columns, one of them in the floor marking the place where the angel stood, and the other suspended from the ceiling and

said to be miraculously supported, showing the spot where Mary received the message. Here it is that one gets his first repugnant feeling toward the spurious miracles which torment him at every place he visits in Palestine. Why, in the name of all reason, should a perpetual miracle be wrought to suspend a column that marks Mary's conjectural position? If either column should be in the air, it would seem as though it might have been the angel's, though a man can see no excuse for



ATTEMPT TO PHOTOGRAPH ONE NAZARETH GIRL

placing either one of them in that absurd position. But it will not do to remain long and cavil over a thing like this. It is a small miracle in its way that keeps a column suspended from a ceiling. The house in which Mary lived was transported entire by a miracle, to prevent the Moslems from desecrating it. This occurred in the thirteenth century, or, to be exact, on the 10th of May, 1291. Nobody heard of it at the time, nor for a hundred and eighty years afterward, but that makes no difference; the story was established when Paul II was pope, and thus the miracle has its authority through official certification. Fortunately the house did not altogether disappear. It was located at Terasto in Dalmatia; but miracles

were cheap and plenty, and the house was moved again, and is now at Loretto, in Italy. Miracles of this sort, moving sacred things about to different places, are very convenient,



ANOTHER ATTEMPT

as they make new and profitable shrines without greatly diminishing the value of the old ones.

There is enough left to give opportunity for myth-making in the Church of the Annunciation. There is an underground chapel of St. Joseph, and from this through a dark and winding passage one comes into an old cistern called the Kitchen of the Virgin. Traditions of this kind are most at home in subterranean caverns; they will not bear too much of daylight.

The visitor escapes from the Church of the Annunciation feeling that the whole story of the birth and childhood of Jesus is indescribably cheapened and vulgarized by this attempt to localize it.

One is not done with traditions, however. From here he must come to the carpenter shop of Joseph. This also is a church in the hands of the Franciscan monks. It was built in 1858 and 1859. If you do not believe that this is the veritable shop of Joseph, the monks will upturn a hinged board in the floor and show you the stone foundation. If it has occurred to any one that the foundation might have belonged to anything else than a carpenter shop, that fact is not on record. There is the foundation and no one who sees it can doubt that it is a foundation, or that it might have supported a carpenter shop as easily as anything else. Palestine is no place for the interrogation point. If you want to see it with any degree of comfort, you must believe what is told you.

Next to the beggars and the dirt the most distressing thing in Palestine is the number of these myths and traditions imposed upon the traveler. Every event recorded in the Bible must be located in some particular place, or the credulous will not be satisfied. So traditions, legends and fairy tales are most abundant. Fortunately there are some indisputable sites, and others extremely probable; but to distinguish between them and the myths, which the guides relate with equal confidence, is not only difficult, but distressing. One cannot see Palestine to advantage without sympathy. It is not pleasant nor yet profitable to be perpetually doubting, but there is much one must doubt if he be at all reasonable. Three-fourths of the traditions have absolutely no historic value, and not all the remaining fourth are above question.

Mark Twain remarked upon the fact that most of the events that have been localized appear to have occurred in grottoes. One wonders at first why these and so many other places are under ground, and why explorations involve digging. An Oriental city, if not built on a hill originally, tends constantly to make a hill for itself. Houses tumble down, dirt

gathers in the street and at the gates. It is easier to build up than to shovel out. War and decay accumulate debris on which the later city is built. So eastern cities rise on stepping stones of their dead selves.

I was less interested in the traditional carpenter shop of Joseph than perhaps I should have been, but I was greatly pleased to find a veritable carpenter shop in actual use, and to discover on entering it that it was just as primitive as one could have expected to find, had he visited Nazareth in the days of Joseph. The tools, the bench, the methods of working, were all of the ancient type; and I felt as I saw the sturdy laborer at his bench, that here, at least, was something worth coming to Nazareth to see. I looked about the shop for something portable which I might buy, and found two crude little frames as unlike as possible to the handsome little olive-wood mementoes that are manufactured throughout Palestine for souvenirs. These apparently were made for home consumption, and I gladly bought them, though the carpenter manifested some surprise at my caring for them.

In one of his evening talks to us about the customs of Palestine, Joseph, the dragoman of whom I have already spoken, gave us a great deal of information about the carpenters of that country. He told us that the carpenter is almost invariably a man of intelligence, accustomed to judge, when



NAIFE OF NAZARETH
(With white bag)

articles are brought to him for repair, in what manner they have been injured, and able to tell a farmer through what fault he has broken his plow or other implement. Joseph told us that a carpenter's work is largely in the manufacture of agricultural implements, and we could understand this when we saw how meager is the supply of furniture in the average Syrian home. He said further, that the carpenter, as he has implements for measuring and is a man accustomed to calculating dimensions, is frequently appealed to to settle disputes concerning boundary lines, and to survey small tracts of land. He told us that the carpenter is likely to be a man to whom people turn in emergencies that call for experience and sound judgment, and that his shop is a place where people gather, not so much for idling as for conversation on themes of current interest, and questions whose importance rather transcends in dignity the ordinary gossip of the village. All this was very interesting to us, for Joseph maintained, from his knowledge of the carpenter's social position in a Palestine village, that Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, must have been a man of some note in his own town, and that Jesus grew up in an atmosphere of wholesome discussion and stimulating conversation on all matters of current interest. Joseph declared that the carpenter was quite likely to be a man of property, his services being in constant requisition, and fairly well paid in money or in produce. He drew for us quite a vivid picture of the departure of Jesus from his carpenter shop, as he conceived it to have taken place, and believed that the sale of his effects must have given him a respectable supply of money with which to begin his public ministry. The disciples, Joseph contended, cannot have been poor men, according to the standards of their time, and Jesus must have been reasonably well to do.

Whether Joseph is correct in all this or not, the carpenter shop of Nazareth seemed to us a place that fairly illustrated his theory. We could imagine it not simply a place of grinding, harassing toil, but the scene of many animated discussions between neighbors and acquaintances and patrons.

of the shop, on agriculture, religion, politics and matters of passing note.

No such vision as this did we get in the church that claims to cover the foundation of Joseph's shop. Here there was little to kindle the imagination, or to suggest any light on the boyhood of Christ, but the illumination came in the discovery of the village artisan, laboring as he did in the time of Christ, and amid conditions essentially unchanged. This afforded an instructive commentary on those comprehensive verses, which, together with the incident of his visit to the temple, make up our record of his first thirty years, that "Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men." And the verse closing the account of his visit to the temple with Joseph and Mary, that "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them."

There are some industries about Nazareth that interest the tourist. Street venders sell knives with a curved blade and horn handle. They are sharp and seem to be of good steel, and are sold at a very low price. Scissors are also sold upon the street. They are of a crude pattern, characteristic of the place, and while the finish is rough the blades are hollow-hammered and seem to be serviceable. Photographs and picture postal-cards are abundant, and a visitor may buy some genuine antiques here. There are ancient tombs in Nazareth



GIRL WITH WATER-POT

from which are obtained some very good specimens of early glass, and these are sold much cheaper than in Jerusalem. Some souvenirs are manufactured here in olive-wood, though the more extensive shops are in or near Jerusalem. Here one may buy little terra-cotta water-jars and miniature hand mills. The daintiest and most portable souvenirs for sale in Nazareth are bits of lace manufactured by the girls of the village. There is an excellent school and orphanage maintained by the Episcopal Church Missionary Society, where the girls are taught to do this kind of work, and the products are sold at a very low price. The same kind of goods are sold upon the street by the young women of the village.

One of these young women who exposed lace for sale attracted my attention from the outset. She was always smiling, and when I asked her her name, she said "Naife" (I suppose that is the way to spell it); the first vowel sound is a very long i, and she pronounced the name in two syllables. I bought some lace from her, and met her afterward at every turn in Nazareth, always laughing and offering something for sale. As we rode out of Nazareth the next morning, I saw her sitting in a doorway of what was evidently her home, and she laughed when I called her by her name, and ran to get some lace to sell. The second afternoon we were back in Nazareth again, and Naife was at the camp awaiting us and ran forward to meet us. I was looking at her lace when an older woman came up, and handing me a bit of paper with a name written upon it, asked me in very good English if I could tell her in which tent she could find the lady named thereon. Quick as a flash Naife seized the paper, threw it on the ground, and tramped upon it; and when the older woman rescued the paper, Naife repeated the performance like the veritable little spitfire that she was. I interposed and rescued the paper, and took occasion to ask some questions of the woman who presented it.

She told me that she was unmarried, and that she and her widowed sister-in-law supported the children of her deceased brother by making and selling bits of lace. The times, always



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN

hard with them, have been peculiarly so this year, as the number of tourists is largely reduced. There are many widows in Nazareth, she said; many men die from exposure as shepherds and drivers and muleteers, and few men care to marry a widow, especially if she is encumbered with children. There are not many things which a widow can do to earn a

living for herself and her family. The orphanage offers fine opportunities for the children, but a woman who wishes to keep her household together has a hard battle to fight. The interest which I manifested in her story of the struggle which she and the other woman were having, led her to inquire whether I would consider the purchase of her sister-in-law's silk wedding-gown, which, being a widow, she could never wear again. I bought it from her, and was glad to assist her in making other sales.

Every one who comes to Nazareth speaks about the women there. Mark Twain has ridiculed those who speak of the "Madonna-like beauty" of the Nazareth girls. Nevertheless, it remains true that one sees better types of women there than anywhere else in Galilee, if not in Palestine. Being Christians, they wear no veils. The best place to see them is near the fountain from which the village is supplied with water. It is called the Fountain of the Virgin, from the assumption that Mary carried water from this spring, which is not at all improbable. Indeed, she must have done so, for there is no other fountain in Nazareth, and the whole village depends upon it for water to this day. The inevitable church is built above the spring itself, but the water breaks forth close by in a public fountain in the forks of the road. This is the one incontestably genuine place in Nazareth. Ever since Nazareth began to be a village this fountain must have been the daily source of supply for all its families. To and from the fountain is a constant procession of people bringing water, and this work falls especially upon the young women. It is thus a gathering-place for the young womanhood of the town, and the tourist can keep his camera in constant requisition obtaining types of Nazareth girlhood. I cannot say that Nazareth girls are strikingly handsome of face, but many of them are very graceful in their carriage. The carrying of water-jars upon the head is the best possible way of securing an erect figure, and remarkable depth of chest. When empty, the jars are carried upon the side; when full, they are not quite erect, but tilted at a slight angle, and are borne with

the utmost composure and unconscious grace. I did not discover any face here that met my ideal of a Madonna, but in the constant procession that went from the fountain up to the village, I saw her in imagination, bearing a water-pot, with erect form and dignity of mien, and holding by the hand a little Boy, who prattled as he walked by her side and asked questions beyond his years, and his mother "kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart."

We left our carriages at Nazareth, and continued our journey on horseback. Hundreds of horses were tethered near the camp waiting for us to select from them. The tour to find the horses took us through the camp annex, where the cooking was done, and among the camp baggage. There was something indescribably novel in the situation; and when a caravan of camels stopped close by, and we had to pick our way among them back to the tents, some of the ladies paused and attempted to classify their sensations.

"How do you feel about it?" asked one of them.

"I feel as if I belonged to a circus," was the reply.

Knowing that we had many days to spend in the saddle, I bethought myself early about the choice of a horse, and spoke to every dragoman and muleteer whom I met to see that I had a good one. It may be that the excessive number of cooks spoiled the broth; certainly it is true that when they brought together their joint wisdom on the horse question, they introduced me to the worst looking crow-bait in the lot. I asked what qualifications he had that commended him to their choice. They replied that he was very gentle. Certainly he looked it. I responded that that particular type of gentleness which he represented was precisely the one qualification which I did not require in a horse. I had been looking around a little on my own account, and had my eye on a little gray stallion, with a good deal of Arab blood in him, as I judged, and apparently plenty of spirit. I did not like his color very well; a gray horse goes ill with a black suit. The average minister of the gospel who can receive from his amiable hostess a fringed white napkin without a violent explosion

of wrath must be one who has learned to control his own spirit admirably. However, ours was not a dinner party, and I would rather brush white hairs from a black coat and be able to get there than to spend the day in equestrian practice on a horse that looked as though he might come uncoupled in the middle.

"What is the matter with the little gray stallion?" I asked.

"He is very hard to hold," was the reply.

"I would rather have one hard to hold than hard to propel," said I.

They assured me that my horse was very tough-bitted; that I would regret it if I chose him; but I looked the little stallion in the eye, and his eye was kind. He did not lay back his ears when I approached him, and his legs were smooth and clean and muscular. Against the advice of all of them, I took the little gray. Many other people changed their horses once or twice a day, but I rode mine from start to finish, and we grew to be good friends.

I soon found that my horse was, indeed, a hard one to hold. He had an ambition to head the procession, and he could not understand why I was unwilling to have him assume the lead. There were a few spirited horses in the caravan, whose Arab blood made it irksome to remain behind any other horse. They would gladly have gone to the head of the column, and then have raced with each other. My little horse tried to tell me again and again that I was very foolish not to let him manage the matter himself. I know that I was a disappointment to him, and at times he nearly rebelled; but in one thing I found that he had been greatly maligned, and in that he had my sincere sympathy—he was not tough-bitted at all. Instead, his mouth was very tender, but he had been ridden with so cruel a bit that he could not be satisfied to travel except with the bit in his teeth. The moment we started out, he would toss his head until he got a firm grip on the bit, and then he would put his head down and forge ahead with all his might. So I discovered that my horse was suffer-

ing under an unjust imputation, and I sympathized with him, for I, too, have sometimes been counted headstrong, and for a like reason not wholly just. Wherefore, I gave my horse all the freedom possible, and at the earliest opportunity changed the bridle. I was warned not to do this; I was told that no other bit would serve to hold him; but I secured the gentlest bit I could find, and spared my pony's tender mouth, and I think that he was grateful. The tough-bitted horse or man, so called, is often one to whom the world has seemed cruel by reason of his unusual sensitiveness, and not one who is vicious or full of wilful obstinacy. Wherefore, I bear record to the gentleness and kindness of my little gray stallion.

Throughout those days of weary travel he never kicked or showed a vicious trait, though sometimes suffering extreme provocation from other horses near. I spared him on the steep ascents, and walked beside him over the harder places, but I rode him over ditches and rocks, and down steep declivities, and he never slipped or stumbled. His only fault was too great ambition, and a tenderness of mouth, which caused him to be maligned, and these faults I count small when I remember his spirit, his patience, and his sure-footedness.



NAZARETH FROM THE ROAD TO CANA

CHAPTER XI

AMONG THE HILLS OF GALILEE

It is customary in Palestine to measure distances by hours and minutes instead of by miles and rods. From Haifa to Nazareth is twenty-three and one-half miles; from Nazareth to Tiberias is about eighteen miles, and the distance is given in the guide-books as five hours and fifty minutes. One can count three miles to the hour, if he is anxious to reduce the distances to miles, but it is always safe to make a little time allowance; for three miles an hour is rather fast riding in Palestine, especially in a company with ladies or others unaccustomed to riding. To make eighteen miles before noon involves an early start, and it is amusing to see how successfully one hundred and twenty pilgrims, constituting a single camp, can be gotten into the saddle at six o'clock in the morning. In our Palestine camp, we were called at five o'clock, breakfasted at five-thirty, and started at six. Thus we avoided the excessive heat, and got our harder half-day's work done in good season.

It is not so hard as it might seem to get a party of tourists up in the morning if the right means are employed. A camp mule loaded with sleigh-bells and cow-bells sounded the daily reveille. He trotted up one line of tents and down another until he had been driven several times around the camp, and was followed by camp attendants beating kettles and kettle covers and every unmusical instrument known to Bedlam. If a boiler factory could suddenly have been projected under each pillow it would not more surely have wakened every soul in our canvas city. But if any further persuasion were needed to get us out of bed and quickly dressed, it was the knowledge that in just thirty minutes the canvas-men would be at work at the tents. Joseph spoke of it as the daily march

around Jericho, between whose walls and the canvas sides of our tents there was a remarkable similarity in the speed of their tumbling. While one is lacing his shoes and getting out his tooth-brush, he hears men at the ropes, and no protest shouted in English avails to dissuade them from their determination to get the tent packed as quickly as possible, and on its way to the next encampment.

It is a great bother to have to inquire about the truth of



CANA OF GALILEE

things. It is much more convenient to believe what is told you and ask no questions. Tradition is a great settler of disputes to those who trust tradition. The argument in favor of tradition amounts to this, that any link of human testimony or conjecture of the present must have support. But if you lengthen the chain until the end of it is out of sight, it is safe to believe that there is surely a hook somewhere; but if not, the chain, if long enough, can somehow hang alone. Kafr-Kenna is the traditional site of Cana of Galilee. Dr. Robinson denies the claims of this village, and believes that the real Cana was Kana-el-Jelil, which lies nine miles north of Nazareth, and Hastings' new Dictionary of the Bible, with

other recent authorities, strongly supports Robinson's view. Now, this is a great annoyance, for Kana-el-Jelil lies off the road of the ordinary tourist, and it is much more convenient when scholars agree in supporting the claims of the more accessible sites. For myself, I believe in the genuineness of Kafr-Kenna, because this is the one I visited. Moreover, nobody in Kafr-Kenna doubts the genuineness of this, the traditional site. And a large proportion, if not a majority, of scholars favor this place.

We were riding along from Nazareth to Tiberias. It was a foggy morning, and the road was bad. We had crossed a high and rocky hill and came down into the valley past the spring where the Franks gained their victory over the Moslems on May 1, 1187. The fog began to lift, and we were able to see across to the left the ancient village of Gath-hepher, where Jonah was born, as we are told in 2 Kings, 14: 25. It is this historic reference to Jonah that assures us that the book of Jonah is not without some historic foundation. That, however, does not assure us what is the literary character of the book that bears his name, whether history or parable. Such a character as Jonah must have lived, though the book is not a book of sermons like the other books named for the prophets, but is rather the account, in part poetical, of the prophet's personal experiences, and is, therefore, quite unlike the other books called prophets. There seems to be no doubt about the place where Jonah was born, and if we had cared to ride twelve minutes off our route and back again, we could have seen what passes for his tomb; but we were intent on getting to Tiberias in time for a whole afternoon upon the lake, and inasmuch as there is far less evidence that Jonah was ever in this tomb than there is that he was swallowed by the whale, and as the whale is not on exhibition in Gath-hepher, we pressed straight on to Kafr-Kenna, which lies on the road to Tiberias.

Before we reached the village a Greek priest, who lives apparently on this side of the town, came running down and pointing ahead to the village called out to us, "Kahnah of

Galilee! Kannah of Galilee!" Our caravan strung out more than a mile along the road, and the priest was not the only one who came to intercept us at the village. A little this side of Cana, for such I like to think it to be, is a village spring, where a fine old sarcophagus serves as a watering-trough. Up on a hill to the right, I heard what I heard nowhere else in Palestine, the puff of a little stationary steam engine, run, I doubt not, with petroleum, for surely there is no fuel in that region to maintain such an industry. I tried to ascertain what business is carried on there, but no one of whom I inquired knew anything about it. I fancy it might have been a small sawmill and turning-lathe for the manufacture of olive-wood souvenirs.

The approach to Cana is interesting. It leads through olive orchards and gardens surrounded with cactus hedges. From the bleak hill over which we



MARY OF CANA

Photograph by Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

had come, the descent into this fertile valley was pleasing. Cana is on high ground, though not upon a hill, and the site is interesting, being at once fertile and conspicuous. The village itself is uninviting. The dirty, narrow little street has refuse heaps at every corner, and cow dung, which is the fuel of the village, is drying on the mud walls of the houses. This latter characteristic, which is not pleasant to mention often, is to be inferred in the descriptions of most of the smaller villages in Palestine. If there is one thing which more than any other distresses the sympathetic visitor accustomed to warm, comfortable homes, it is the dearth of fuel in these Eastern lands.

The Greek priest hastened ahead of us to the church, which he opened to show us an earthenware jar which is

declared to be one of the water-pots used for the miracle. The little church is comfortable, and left a pleasant impression upon our minds. The priest was courteous, and was quite willing to show us whatever he thought would interest us. He exhibited to us a fine old copy of the Gospels, woven, I think, into a kind of diatessaron, or continuous narrative. The people kiss the cover as they pass out after service, but are not encouraged to read the Bible in their homes.

Near by is the Latin church, in charge of the Franciscan monks, and occupying the site of a much older building, thought to have been the ancient synagogue. The father at the head of the establishment is much interested in archeology, and conversed pleasantly in German concerning his investigations. In his judgment, the water-pots were not filled from the common spring, but from a cistern of the house adjacent to the synagogue. This cistern he thinks he has found, and he showed it to us. Of course, the Franciscans also have one of the original water-pots, and a better collection of antiquities than the Greeks possess. It seems important throughout Palestine that all sacred spots should be preserved in duplicate, and where there are Coptic or Armenian congregations, besides the Catholic and Greek, it is necessary that there should be more. We were taken into the refectory, and the monks served us wine of the quality supposed to have been used at the wedding. I am not a judge of wine, being a life-long teetotaler, but I tasted of this to try its flavor. In my judgment, the quality would hardly justify a miracle.

In Cana, as elsewhere, we were besieged by beggars and by people having trifles for sale. One girl spoke to me in English, and offered me a bracelet, which I bought. I was pleased with her face; it was, on the whole, the best face I saw in Palestine. I asked her her name, and she told me it was Mary. She was an orphan, and had been educated at the orphan's school in Nazareth. I liked her face and also her name, and not having found a face in Nazareth that quite answered my requirements for a typical Madonna, a friend and I proposed to make a photograph of her; and as my own

camera was not at hand, my friend offered to photograph her for me. She consented on condition that she might put on her best clothing. When she came at length for her picture, she had rigged herself out in half-European dress, as unlike as possible to anything in which we wished to picture her. I am afraid the photograph will hardly show her as I wish it



"TWO WOMEN SHALL BE GRINDING AT THE MILL"

might, for in truth, she seemed quite changed in her Sunday clothes, and had become self-conscious, and far less attractive than at first she seemed to be.

The Greeks have a little school at Cana, and teach the children Arabic and French. The schoolroom, which we visited, was clean and cool, and they served us lemonade, and were glad of a little contribution. Of the six hundred inhabitants of Cana, half are Moslems, and the most of the remainder are Greek Christians, with a few Latins and a still smaller

number of Protestants. All of the inhabitants whom we met were courteous, which is not true of every village which we visited.

Cana is noted as the scene of Christ's first miracle, and it is pleasant to remember that, unlike the most of his mighty works, it was called forth by no great exigency of sorrow or distress. When once his public work had begun, the problem of human pain pressed heavy upon him; hunger and disease were everywhere present; but his first miracle had for its immediate object the increasing of human joy. Cana was the home of Nathanael, and of course his house is still pointed out. No Biblical reference that can be localized stands in need of a place claiming to have been its site. Mary had acquaintances and probably relatives in Cana, and it must have been a satisfaction to the first disciples of Jesus returning with him from the Jordan just after he emerged from the forty days in the wilderness, to find at once that they had mutual acquaintances in the family where the wedding occurred. The first call of Jesus for disciples had brought him five of them, who, like himself, were away from home in a season when fishing was slack, forming part of the crowd that attended the preaching of John at the fords of the Jordan. The six came together into Galilee and were guests at the wedding, where Mary seems to have occupied some special relation of intimacy, through kinship or acquaintance, so that the servants recognized her authority. Jesus had been gone from home a good while—forty days in the wilderness, and we know not how much longer. It is entirely possible that the shortage of provision for the wedding was occasioned by the unexpected coming of himself and five companions. Be that as it may, it is a pleasant thought that he counted a mere embarrassment on the part of his host and hostess a thing worthy of his consideration, and of the use of his God-given power. It is a reminder that the very best that God has is for the joy of our common life.

At Cana, I first saw a woman grinding at the mill, and I passed through the open door and watched the process. She

sat astride the nether stone, which was hollowed out a little to receive the coarse meal, which the motion of the stones constantly threw out, and which she gathered with her hand and put back again. I took hold of the wooden peg in the upper mill-stone, and turned it round and round, pouring the



GIRL CARRYING FUEL

wheat into the round hollow in the middle of the stone. It is hard work for one to do alone, for it is a long reach across the stone. Two people get on much better than one, avoiding the dead center which is experienced by a single grinder. When two women are grinding at the mill, and one is taken away, the one who is left has a hard task before her.

Across the street, and not far away, was an oven, and I followed a young woman who entered it. The interior is made very hot with the only kinds of fuel which they can

get, fagots and refuse. A thorn plant, making a kind of brush, which is cut and carried by the women on their heads, is the favorite oven fuel. The oven is low, having barely room for one to crouch within. The earthen or concrete floor has round holes, whose top is covered with a smooth stone or metal plate, and the bottom laid deep with clean pebbles or round, smooth stones. The oven is heated until the stones in these depressions are sufficiently hot, and the bread or other articles to be baked are placed upon them and covered up, not unlike the method of the shore clambake. The bread is baked in flat, thin cakes. Besides bread, the young woman was baking turnovers with some green vegetable between the crusts. She offered to let me taste them, but though they smelled good, they did not look inviting, and the place was too hot to stay in long; so I paid her bakshish and retired. It should be understood, of course, that no such investigation is undertaken without the payment of bakshish, and the visitor is very glad to pay, for it is in these unchanged customs of Bible times that one finds his constant commentary on the Bible itself.

Most of the cooking in Palestine is done in the open air, and with all possible saving of fuel. Many houses have no fireplace. In the most severe weather a little fire is built, and the smoke finds its way out through a hole in the roof. I do not know whether the same fire is used for cooking. The people seem to eat most of their food cold. Our muleteers were constantly fishing food out of the interior of their clothing, and after offering to share it with us, ate it as they walked along.

We had a second visit at Cana on our return next day, and ate our lunch under the olive-trees near by. It was then that we saw most of the village. On the first day we stopped only for a brief rest, and then rode on toward the sea of Galilee.

The scenery between Nazareth and Tiberias is less interesting at the outset than beyond Cana, but even from the first it was most attractive. The gradual lifting of the fog widened

the horizon little by little, and in time revealed to us the glories of Galilee at their best. By the time the sun was well up, and the chill of the early morning gone, the fertile beauty of the plain of Esdraelon appeared. Wild flowers abound and display themselves in great abundance; the wheat-fields are waving in their springtime green; and the landscape,



THE VILLAGE OVEN

though lacking trees, has many elements of beauty. The picturesqueness of the country increases as one leaves Cana and draws nearer the lake, and the country grows rougher till we reach the Mount of Beatitudes. Kurn Hattin, which rises 1,135 feet above the sea, is a low, double-topped mountain, crowning an elevated plateau. Tradition gives this as the scene of the Sermon on the Mount, and this may well be correct. On the plain just underneath this hill Saladin defeated the Franks on the 3d and 4th of July, 1187, and

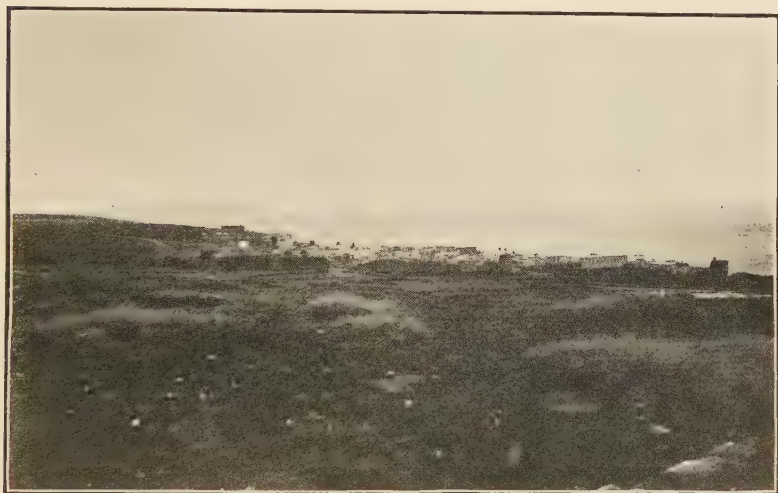
thereby brought to an end the power of the Latin or Christian kingdom in Palestine. It was a rocky and waterless spot where Guy de Lusignan, Christian king of Jerusalem, camped on the night of July 3. Already his men were practically surrounded; when the next day they joined their final battle they were disheartened and disorganized, and all but perishing with the heat and their great thirst. By evening their army was routed, their king a prisoner, and the Holy Cross the spoil of the infidel.

Colonel Condor thus describes the battle:

The sun in early hours, and in a treeless plain, is more terrible when its rays strike level at the face than even in midday, when the breezes begin to blow. All that long morning the Christians marched, their heavy mail heated by the July rays, without water, without shade, without daring to halt for food. Raymond of Tripoli led the first division, and in the center the bishops of Acre and Lydda bore the wood of the True Cross. The Templars came in the rear. The light-armed Turks and Arabs hovered on the flanks, and harassed the army with their arrows. They fired the sun-scorched grass and stubble, and long tracks of flame swept across the plain, and smoke obscured the way, and parched the throats of the Christians. In the afternoon they reached the village of Lubieh, standing on a limestone ridge, with a few olive and fig trees, but without a spring, and watered only from cisterns, which perhaps were dry. Nine miles of road they had traversed, and Hattin still lay two miles farther to the northeast. Furious assaults continued to be made upon them, and utterly exhausted, they halted for the night. They passed that night under arms, with smoke and fire around them, and saw at dawn the barren plain before them, and the enemy holding the springs. Many deserted and went out to beg for water from their foes, and one of these is said to have brought the news of the distress they suffered to Saladin. "Fall on them," he said; "they cannot help themselves; they are dead already!"

The battle began at dawn, and the old Turkish tactics were repeated. Whenever the knights charged down, the horsemen fled, and turned upon them when disordered. Templars, Hospitalers, and bowmen fought on with desperate courage, but many of the footmen broke the ranks, and cast away their arms, fainting with thirst and heat. The Moslem forces fell upon them, and half the army was slain and half was taken captive. The leaders, with only a hundred and fifty knights, gathered on the Horns of Hattin to protect the Cross, and strove to rally the flying army; but the arrows fell thick upon them, and the knights of Raymond of Tripoli raised the cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" and with his few followers, and Balian of Ibelin, he cut his way through the Turks, and brought the only remnant of the great army safe to Tyre. And so at length there were none left to fight, and the survivors of the little group on Hattin surrendered to Saladin.

This was neither the first nor the last time this field was fought over. In April, 1799, the French, under Junot, fought heroically at Lubieh, close by, against the overwhelming forces of the Turks. Junot, who had already distinguished himself under Napoleon in Egypt, and there had been made general of brigade, at the head of three hundred cavalry here put to



TIBERIAS

flight ten thousand Turks. It was one of the most brilliant episodes of the Napoleonic wars.

One has brief time to recall these stirring memories here. The country, which has grown steadily more beautiful, needs now but one added feature to complete it, and of this the tourist has long been thinking, and for its first sight eagerly watching. At length he rounds the crest of the hill and comes in sight of the lake whose vision puts to flight all historic reflections save those associated with itself and its immediate shores. For a long time as we have ridden we have been able to see the deep gorge that marks the Jordan valley—a gorge hewn out far below the level of the sea. The line of hills on the other side of Jordan show within what limits must lie the historic river and the lake from which it flows. Now

the lake appears, and as we sit in the saddle and look down upon the calm blue of the sea, we are impatient to be beside it. Still a rather wide *détour* is necessary to make the descent, otherwise the road would be too steep, and it is fully an hour after we sight the lake before we arrive at Tiberias.

Tiberias is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Jews, twelve hundred are Moslems, and about two hundred are Christians of various sects. It lies close to the lake, and occupies a narrow rim of its shore, though the plain would permit the building of a considerable city toward the hills. On the landward side there is a wall with towers. The modern wall, which dates from the middle of the last century, was seriously injured in the great earthquake of July 1, 1837. Even as it now is, it looks very formidable compared with other Galilæan towns. We camped on the north side of the village near the gate, and as we sat at lunch in the hot sun the muezzin of the minaret just within the walls gave the noon call to prayer. Above the wall rose a few palm-trees, and along the road wound a distinctly Oriental procession of camels and donkeys and picturesquely dressed people. The whole scene was the most distinctly Oriental of anything which up to that time we had seen. Not many Moslems live in Tiberias, however, nor yet many Christians. Tiberias is as marked a Jewish town as Nazareth is Christian. The Jews are mostly from Poland, and they believe that the Messiah is to rise up out of the waters of the lake, and land at Tiberias; meantime, prayers must be repeated at Tiberias at least twice a week to preserve the rest of the world from destruction.

Tiberias was built by Herod Antipas between 20 and 27 A. D. It was begun in our Lord's early manhood and finished just as he was entering his public ministry. It was in its glory when Jesus dwelt at Capernaum a few miles north. It was built by Herod Antipas, whom our Lord called the "fox." It was he whom the heroic John rebuked, and by him was beheaded. Herod suffered some remorse over this

bloody deed, and when he heard of Jesus, wondered if he was not John the Baptist, risen from the dead. He had no little curiosity concerning Jesus, and finally met him on the morning of his crucifixion. Pilate, who had been at enmity with



TELL HÛM; SHUKREY IN THE FOREGROUND

Herod, took advantage of the latter's presence in Jerusalem by sending Jesus to him under pretense of respect for Herod's jurisdiction over a resident of his own tetrarchy. Thus he conciliated Herod, who appreciated the compliment, but did not succeed as he had hoped in the evasion of responsibility for the death of Christ.

It is not known that our Lord ever visited Tiberias; there

was a strong prejudice against it in his day because a cemetery had been exhumed to make room for it.

On the south side of the city lie the famous hot baths for which the city was so noted in ancient times. The temperature of the water is about 144° Fahrenheit. It is very salt and bitter, with a smell of sulphur, and is said to be good for rheumatism and other ills. The deposit consists largely of the various carbonates with a minute proportion of muriatic salts. The baths were the famous natural feature of the place, and by reason of them in time even Jews found residence there. They came at length to possess thirteen synagogues there, and to count the place one of the four sacred cities.

The climate of Tiberias is beautiful in the spring, but very hot in summer, and the town is far from being healthy to live in. It lies 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the surrounding hills, 1,000 feet in height, shut out the invigorating breezes.

In Herod's day the city wall was three miles long, and was strengthened by a castle. It was this castle that preserved Tiberias. It was the one defensible place on the shore of the lake, and caused the city to be preserved when Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chorazin were destroyed. Josephus, when in command in Galilee, fortified Tiberias, but the town surrendered to Vespasian, who came against it with three legions of his troops. At the same time Kerak, otherwise known as Tarichea, an important town on the lake side farther to the south, was taken in a desperate fight. At this time the little lake actually witnessed a naval battle, in which the Jews were defeated with great mortality. Six thousand five hundred Jews fell in this battle of Kerak, and twelve hundred more, who were captured, were put to death by the Romans at Tiberias.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, Tiberias became the center of Jewish scholarship, and many famous scribes and doctors are buried in the city. Here, two hundred years after Christ, the Mishna was completed, and a hundred years later the Jerusalem Talmud. From these men we have the so-called

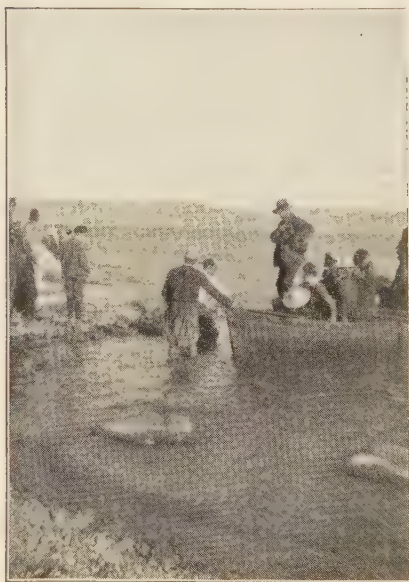
Masoretic text of Scripture, which was finally fixed under the influence of Rabbi Aaron ben-Moses ben-Asher. This school also passed upon some intricate questions of the old Hebrew canon, as the canonicity of Esther and the Song of Solomon.

Not only do we get our modern Hebrew texts from Tiberias, but indirectly we have our Latin translation from this city also; for it was a student of Tiberias from whom St. Jerome learned Hebrew, and so translated the Old Testament into the Vulgate. Christianity, which early obtained a foothold here, found much opposition in the early heathenism, and the later Judaism of the city, but flourished notwithstanding. By the fifth century there were Christian bishops in Tiberias. The Arabs conquered the town in 637, but the bishopric was reestablished by the Crusaders, but made subordinate to that of Nazareth.

Tiberias is noted for its fleas. It is a saying old as the city and quoted in every guide-book that the king of fleas lives at Tiberias. Our party did not escape his royal flea-ness, but we suffered more in some other places. The Palestine flea is small, but industrious. Beside him, the little busy bee is a sluggard. The bee at least suspends operations during the night; but the flea, after a hard day's work, is as ready for a night crusade as if he had rested the whole day long. Persian insect powder discourages the flea somewhat, and is a good thing for a tourist to take anywhere in Egypt or Palestine. I had also a powder which smelled of cloves, and which I dusted out through a pepper-box upon the bed and baggage and about my shoe-tops. I am inclined to think that it was a protection, and I should think that some ground cloves added to any reliable insect powder would be worth trying. I am far from promising that this or any other powder will secure complete immunity from Oriental fleas, but a half-loaf is better than no bread.

At Tiberias is a Scotch Presbyterian mission with three good buildings, one of them a hospital. Two cases in the male ward may be of interest. One was a man whose camel had picked him up with his teeth, taking him by the knee,

shaking him like a rat, and throwing him into a cactus hedge. This shows that the camel is not always the patient creature of the story-books; it does not show, what I suspect, that the camel has abundant provocation. The Syrians are said to be more kind to their camels than to any other animals, but that is saying little. The men are cruel to their beasts. Without



LANDING AT KHAN MINYEH

knowing the merits of the case in hand, my sympathies are with the revolting camel. I shall welcome any news of a revolt among overburdened donkeys, goaded oxen, and pack mules driven by the casting of stones.

The other case was that of a Moslem robber. He was attempting to rob a Christian village and was shot, and then brought to a Christian hospital to be treated. This illustrates how various are the means of grace. I do not know how grateful this bandit is, but a similar case was in

the same hospital not long ago, and when he was discharged he agreed to present the hospital with a cow, which he had learned that they needed. He was as good as his word, and soon stole a cow from another Christian village and drove her to the hospital. It can hardly be expected that every case treated in the hospital should result in an equal exhibition of gratitude.

They gave me the figures about the hospital—the number of patients inside, those visited in homes, and those treated in the dispensary. I forgot them all, and it matters little. The work is a good one, and there is a good deal of it, and

none too much; for the multitude, diseased, hungry, and in need, are still there, and the problem of helping them presses one sore.

The sea of Galilee is thirteen miles long and about six in average width. Its greatest breadth is eight miles. Its shape has been compared to that of a harp, with the northern end the larger, and the bulge to the west. Its northern end is more open to the wind, the southern end is more confined by the hills that define the Jordan gorge. The industries of the Lake of Galilee in Christ's day were agriculture and fruit growing, dyeing and tanning, fishing and boat-building. The lake was full of fish, and the fishing business, which was very profitable, was mostly pursued at the north end of the lake. The principal fish is a kind of mullet, and still abounds in the lake. We ate them

while we camped on the shore, and found them delicious and wholesome. We drank the lake water and found it pure and refreshing. The rabbis were accustomed to say, "Jehovah hath created several seas, but the Sea of Gennesaret is his delight."

It was a bright forenoon when we set forth for a sail on the blue expanse of the Sea of Galilee. A more delightful and exhilarating voyage we can hardly expect to enjoy again. From Tiberias we sailed directly to Tell Hûm, supposed by many to have been the site of ancient Capernaum. Our large company quite monopolized the available boats, which



EMBARKING AT "SEVEN SPRINGS"

had been secured for us some time beforehand. By the invitation of Shukrey, I accompanied him in the boat which he kept back until the last, and a very trim little vessel it proved to be. There was not a breath of wind when we first started, and the four boatmen pulled hard at the oars. I offered to take the helm, and when the men found that I could manage it, they were pleased, for they had set out to be the first boat in, and they appreciated all help that left them free with the oars. About two miles out from Tiberias a fresh breeze struck the lake, and we and the other boats shook out our sails and sped along with the wind over the quarter. Our boat proved able to sail a point or two nearer the wind than any other of the fleet, and to be a better boat than most of them. Besides these advantages, it was finely manned, while some of the other boatmen were manifestly lazy. So we sat on the gunwale and held the boat down while the sailors pulled the sheet taut. I threw a few dipperfuls of water on the sail, and the boatmen were pleased to see that I knew this method of increasing the speed, and shouted, "Very good."

We sailed to Tell Hûm, and were the first boat to land. The remains of a Christian church are here, in which are still more ancient materials, probably from a Jewish synagogue, believed by many to have been the one mentioned in Luke 7:5, and the one where Jesus preached and wrought his miracles. The absence of any such fountain as Josephus describes in Capernaum, is believed by George Adam Smith and others to militate against this site, and these scholars favor Khan Minyeh, on the most northern edge of the lake.

Tell Hûm is in charge of the Franciscan monks, who received us cordially. I have a photograph of the low monastery, with one of the monks waiting to receive us. In the foreground is Shukrey, whose portrait I am glad to include.

At Tell Hûm is a sty with some pigs in it, kept by the monks—an unfamiliar sight here since the day when the swine ran down a steep place into the sea.

Tell Hûm is the only place on the lake where there is

an attempt to identify ruins associated with Christ's ministry. The remains of the old synagogue, if it be such, are buried, but one may see a few large carved stones.

Leaving Tell Hûm, we rowed against the wind to 'Ain et-Tâbigha, the place of Seven Springs. Here we went ashore, and walked around the old aqueduct to Khan Minyeh, which



TRADITIONAL SITE OF BETHSAIDA

many scholars believe to have been Capernaum, and that largely because of the springs and aqueduct; and also because it best answers to the conditions described in the accounts of the feeding of the five thousand, and the movements of the people around the lake in connection with that incident.

Taking boat again, we came down by Magdala, the present el Mejdél. There is no doubt about the identity of the home town of Mary Magdalene, that most slandered woman of history, whose insanity has been assumed, without the slightest foundation, to have been proof of her immorality. But the

three cities which Christ denounced, because in them had been wrought his mightiest works and they had not believed the truth, have utterly vanished, and we cannot be quite certain of the site of any one of them. Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, which his work exalted unto heaven, have been cast down to destruction. We only know that the various ruins along the shore mark the sites of those once populous towns, but which ruin denotes any given one of the three we do not know, and apparently cannot learn.

Again our boatmen took the oars and started on the long homeward pull. They kept together by means of the rhythm of a song which they sung with exceedingly little variation in words or music. The burden of the latter was:

"Henna gael, henna, henna!"

and the oars were pulled with the stroke on the heaviest accent. The song, as Shukrey interpreted it, had something to do with the use of henna as a pigment for painting the finger nails, and implied its use by a bride, the singer warning some one that he would become his implacable enemy if he brought the henna. After a while the wind rose, and we hoisted the sail and sped homeward before the breeze that rose as the sun declined. It came in capfuls and irregularly, unlike the stiff wind before which we had sped on our northern journey. So the men used the oars at intervals, but when the sail went up for the last time they leaned back and rested, and sang another song, in which they gave thanks to Allah, who had brought the good ship safe back to harbor again, and we went to our tents and to our dinner of Gennesaret fish, invigorated and rewarded by the experiences of the day.

It requires no religious enthusiasm to invest with beauty the region about the Sea of Galilee. It is truly a beautiful country. There are few trees, and their absence is sorely felt; yet here and there stand groves of olives with their grateful shade. The hills beyond are barren, but those on the nearer side are fertile; some wave with grain, but in others the plow and the sower are busy, and along the way the wild-

flowers are abundant and beautiful; so the setting has sufficient verdure and contrast to make the nearer view delightful. But when one takes it in its perspective, it grows upon one to the point of complete satisfaction, and the weary rider looks from the blue lake below to the blue hills beyond, and from the green fields at hand to the seared and snowy crest of Hermon, with its crown of glistening white, and cries in his own soul: "This is the Galilee of my imagination, but more beautiful! This spot is worthy of all the sublime deeds which it witnessed when these hills and shores were trod by Jesus of Nazareth!"

I cannot imagine why writers describe this scene so calmly, unless it is that, coming to it, as most of them do, from the long and dreary ride across the Samaritan hills, they are fatigued beyond the power of enthusiasm. For myself, I have never read any description of the scene that seems at all adequate, and I am conscious how far short this hurried sketch must fall. But while many scenes in Palestine are picturesque, attractive, or of such historic interest as to stir one's emotions, this alone of all that I saw seemed to me to deserve the adjective sublime. It combines every element of landscape beauty, of scenic grandeur, of varied color and of historic interest necessary to kindle the imagination and satisfy the ideal, and leave on the memory an indelible picture of the best that can be seen in Palestine. Jordan, when one comes near it, is a muddy stream, narrow and uninviting. Jerusalem, however imposing in the distance, is a filthy and commonplace town within. Other sacred spots are overgrown with superstition, or disgraced by cupidity, or defiled by unhalloved associations, but the Sea of Galilee lies, as it lay in Jesus' own day, enshrined in the shores he trod, and sparkling in beauty such as gladdened his eye. It is the least spoiled and the most beautiful and sacred spot in Palestine. The Sea of Galilee witnessed his mature deeds and sublime words, and its associations are more intimate with specific incidents in his life, while its varied picturesqueness appeals to the esthetic sense. To one with no religious interest, the scene

is one of rare beauty; to one who has this interest also, it is sublime.

I brought from this spot one deep impression of the influence of Jesus on the lives of the men he met. I looked at our four swarthy boatmen, and tried to fit their features into gilt frames as apostles; I saw the fishermen washing their nets, and tried to imagine them with halos; and failing in this, I tried to make real to myself the transforming force that made such men as these same fishermen the preachers and teachers and evangelists of nineteen centuries. I am confident that no twelve fishermen now in Galilee could duplicate the Christian religion.



THE WHARF AT TELL-HÛM. PETER, JAMES, AND JOHN OF TO-DAY

CHAPTER XII

A RIDE THROUGH SAMARIA

The most direct route from Nazareth through Samaria lies by way of Jenîn, Sebaste and Nâblus. From Nazareth to Jenîn the ride is seven hours, and it is seven farther to Nâblus. For ordinary riding, it means two days, and in each day four hours in the morning and three in the afternoon. Here lies the roughest part of the journey through the Holy Land. The road from Nazareth to Jenîn lies across the plain of Jezreel, a plain of alluvial limestone soil of great depth. One wonders where the people live who cultivate that great plain, for few houses appear, and the villages are far apart, and apparently small; but the people are in the villages, and go an hour, or two hours if necessary, to the field. Such a plain could be cultivated with modern machinery, but none is used.

Caravans are less frequent here than toward Damascus; still they are met with occasionally. Those coming inward from the coast bear grain and kerosene oil. The latter is in five-gallon cans, two cans in a box; and while some is from America, more comes from Russia. One sees these boxes oftener than any other empty cases in Palestine. Olive oil is more expensive to burn, and petroleum is slowly making its way, though candles are still the staple light-producers. In many places one sees the Palestine maidens carrying water from the spring in their American or Russian cans. It is a strange twist of civilization by which the Yankee coal-oil can has displaced the ancient water-pot on the head of an old Old Testament Rebecca of to-day.

The roads across the plain of Jezreel are fairly good, except just after a rain, when they are almost impassable, or in times when the dust is blown by hot winds. When the plain is

once crossed and the hilly country begins, the roads become exceedingly difficult, and sometimes appear dangerous.

The village of Nain lies not far from the Nazareth road. It is a small, poor collection of huts, but one cannot ride through it without remembering the one scene in its history which has come down to us—the sad procession that came out of its gate bearing the body of the widow's son, and the glad return after Jesus had stopped the bier and called the young man back to life (Luke 7: 11-15).

Near by lies Shunem, where the Prophet Elisha had an occasional home (2 Kings 4: 8). Here lived the one woman whom the Bible calls "a great woman." These were the elements in her greatness: she was domestic, business-like, energetic and religious. It was she who established the prophet's chamber, and thus became a patron saint and prototype of those who practice religious hospitality. She was the mother of the child who suffered sunstroke, and whom the prophet restored to life and health.

Here, also, lived the heroine of Solomon's song, who was a Shulamite. (Song of Solomon 6: 13). Perhaps no portion of Scripture has been so manifestly misinterpreted as this honeymoon song of the Bible, which becomes simply impossible as a religious allegory, but which is sweet and wholesome as a song of pure love. The Shulamite girl, taken to Jerusalem and wooed by Solomon, who seeks her for his harem, remains true to her shepherd lover, whom, sleeping or waking, her steadfast heart seeks, and to whom at length, having shown herself proof against the blandishments of the rich old king, and the enticements of the women of his court, she is restored. The town itself is nothing to boast of, but the region about it is picturesque, and it is pleasant to visit a place associated with the memories of two such women as the dark but comely virgin of Canticles, and the womanly housewife and mother who opened her doors for the prophet of old.

By riding an hour farther on, one may visit Endor, where Saul consulted the witch on the night before the battle of Gilboa, in which he lost his life (1 Samuel 28: 7-20).

Eusebius, the father of church history, speaks of Endor as a large village in his day, but it is now a poor and wretched place. It is a pathetic memory, this of the close of Saul's life—a life full of strong elements and of strange inconsistencies. The very man who had attempted to drive witchcraft from his kingdom found himself constrained, when surrounded by the armies of his enemies, to seek the help of a witch; and he who had disregarded the advice of the living Samuel sought to obtain counsel from the shade of the dead prophet.

Not far from Gilboa, on the left of the road, is Gideon's fountain, so called, where an unsupported tradition locates the scene of the lapping of Gideon's soldiers on their way to battle, as described in Judges vii.

We soon came to a scene of undoubted genuineness. Zerín, with its mud wall and its thick growth of cactus, is the ancient Jezreel. This was an important city of the northern kingdom in the days following the death of Saul, when Saul's son, Ishbosheth, was contending with David for the kingdom (2 Sam. 2:8-9). During the years when this strife continued, David reigned as king of Judah, and Ishbosheth held sway here over the northern tribes. Jerusalem was still in the hands of the Jebusites. But David finally captured it, and established there the capital of the united kingdom.

Here Ahab and Jezebel built their marble palace, and here occurred the murder of Naboth, that bloody deed, which



"BAKSHISH!"

for its treachery and violation of the ancient provision for the inalienability of the soil, so shocked the people of Israel. The site of the vineyard of Naboth is still pointed out, though of course it is mere conjecture; and the one tower-like structure in the present village, very modern in its appearance, is shown to visitors as containing the window from which Jezebel was thrown down to be trampled by Jehu's chariot and left for dogs to eat.

The dogs are still there, equal to any task like that they performed on Jezebel's body. The whole population streamed out and demanded bakshish. The one thing that children are good for in Palestine is begging. "Bakshish" seems to be the first word learned by any Palestine infant, and before he is old enough to say the word, he is used as a pretext for its employment by some older person. A woman who sees a tourist coming, and is herself so sturdy and vigorous as manifestly to be in no need of bakshish, catches up the first baby she can find and rushes upon the stranger.

It is impossible to comply with all these requests, and hard to refuse or even to discriminate. One must give now and then at a venture for his own heart's sake, if for no other reason. But of one thing I am confident—the giving of bakshish is not the remedy for the poverty of the country. It has made nations of beggars in the Orient.

I had here an illustration of the futility of indiscriminate almsgiving. We were riding through Jezreel, and dismounted in the middle of the forenoon at the site of Ahab's palace. I had a bottle of malted milk lunch tablets on my saddle, and began to distribute a few among the members of our party. A mother with a wan baby pressed near, and I gave her a few. Instantly I was surrounded by a mob of youngsters demanding the tablets. I gave them right and left till the bottle was empty. A snap-shot of the scene would have made a fine advertisement for the tablets. But this was the result—the strong fought the weak and secured their portion, and came up with one hand outstretched and the other behind them, begging for more. I left the whole juvenile portion of

Jezreel fighting and sobbing, and hastened away lest I should be arrested for attempting to poison the village. Thereupon I took thought and resolved not to indulge again in indiscriminate charity. Nevertheless I still pity the hungry multitude. They are as sheep without a shepherd, and it saddens



PLOWING IN PALESTINE

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

one to think that the land where Jesus lived and which he loved receives so little of the benefit which has come to the world from his life among men.

There is some fertile country about Jezreel, though it becomes more hilly, and the farmers were plowing in the fields and on the hillsides. The plow is of the same primitive type used in Scripture days. The plowman holds to the single handle, and when he has put his hand to the plow, he cannot well look back if he intends to keep the share in the furrow.

It is as primitive an implement as could well be devised, but is said to be well adapted to the soil. Recent immigrants who have imported plows of foreign manufacture have not been successful with their crops. Now and then, when the plain is broad, as in the valley of Jezreel, we found a number of yokes of oxen, each with its plow, following one another in their furrow, as they did when Elijah went to call Elisha and found him the last of the twelve. Rarely, but still occasionally, one sees an ox and an ass yoked together, in spite of the prohibition in the law of Moses (Deut. 22: 10). In the fields where the wheat is up, women are at work gathering out the tares; but this work must be done before the wheat is high, lest with the tares the grain also be uprooted. Almost every custom, as we observed it, vividly recalls some word of Scripture, and the tourist will, if he is wise, carry his Baedeker's "Palestine and Syria" in one pocket, and a reference Bible in the other, and will find himself constantly turning from one to the other. Charles Dudley Warner, in his book "In the Levant," pauses a moment in the midst of his Scripture references to say that the reader has doubtless discovered that the real purpose of the book is to compel those who read his descriptions to read the Bible. Certain it is that one cannot visit these scenes intelligently without constant reference to the Scriptures.

We learn in a short time to accept our surroundings and forget the superfluous luxuries of other days, but sometimes an unexpected reminder of what we lack comes home with unutterable sadness. We dismounted one evening in Samaria, tired, hungry and thirsty, and started to refresh ourselves with the moderately cool water in the jars.

"Oh, for an ice-cream soda!" exclaimed one young lady; and the rest with one voice cried out against her, as one who had forfeited the right to live. None of them had thought of it before, but no one could forget it afterward. The thought was as tantalizing as the sight of a boy sucking a lemon before the eyes of a little German band. For days afterward the other girls brought railing accusations against

this one of their number for her indiscreet reminder of an absent luxury. I am confident that, whatever the rest of the party did, every girl of the Samaria party made a rush for a soda fountain as soon as she escaped the custom-house in New York.

Not all the principal villages of to-day are located on the sites of the ancient cities of Palestine. Jenîn is an important camping-place, for the water is good, and there are open places near the town where tents may be pitched, and olive groves near by for shade. It is called in the Bible Engannim, or "garden spring" (Josh. 19: 21; 21: 29). It is quite an important town, and the seat of government of a number of villages on the borders of Galilee and Samaria. It was a pleasant Sunday when we were there, and the governor of the village sent his son, a physician who had studied in the American



ILLEGAL AGRICULTURE

Photograph by Miss A. M. Matthews

college at Beirut, accompanied by a young student companion, to present his compliments to our camp, and invite a delegation to visit him. The governor's house, which is plain enough looking from the outside, is comfortable, though not luxurious, within. The governor speaks a little French and his son speaks more. He had read of our great ship, was interested in our large company, and expressed appreciation of our visit to his territory. We thanked him for his courtesy, praised the appearance of his soldiers, and the good order which we observed in the village. At the outset he offered us cigarettes. Those of us who called upon him were mostly ministers, and few of us smokers, but we let the servant light the little cigars, as we understood it to be courtesy to do so. Most of us let them go out immediately. Turkish coffee came afterward. It takes some time to make a call in state in the Orient. Soon after our return to camp the governor's son and the student came to return our call, and to pay the governor's compliments again.

While we were meeting the governor, the governor's wife, with some other Turkish ladies, received some of the ladies of the camp at a point a little remote from the road toward the village. No men were invited to this reception. The ladies were unable to carry on any extended conversation, but described the governor's wife as pleasant and attractive. She and the ladies with her were very much interested in the camp, which, however, they could not visit because there were men there. These ladies, face to face with our ladies, uncovered their own faces. Had they met us they would have veiled themselves closely and beat a retreat. One question the governor's wife made our ladies understand. Had they no homes? She could not understand why, if they had, they were wandering thus.

The veil that is worn by Mohammedan women in Palestine is inexpressibly hideous. It is made of thin, figured goods, wrought in designs of flowers and foliage. These spots of leaves and petals appearing where one expects to see human features, have a suggestion of disease or deformity,

from which one cannot easily free himself. In Egypt the women wear a veil which comes just below the eyes, and is held up by a little hollow cylinder with three saw-tooth wheels upon it, which do not permit it to drop below the nose. What diabolical whim of fashion ever devised this bit of brazen machinery as an article of feminine adornment, I cannot



MOSLEM WOMEN OF PALESTINE

imagine, but it certainly is not as repulsive as the Palestine veil, which covers the entire face with its blotched and spotted surface. Any one who compares the pictures of the two will observe how much better an opportunity for flirtation the Egyptian costume gives than that of Palestine. Of course it is only the ladies of these countries who wear these veils at all; the laboring women go with bare faces, and in general nature has done enough to protect them from the admiring glances of the opposite sex. However, as if something must be done to disfigure them, they commonly indulge in tattoo-

ing; and their beauty, which was none too great before, is not improved by the process.

Leaving Jenîn, we followed through fine olive groves and over a rocky hill to Dothan. It was here that the prophet Elisha had his home (2 Kings 6: 13). From this place he directed the counsels of the king of Israel in his warfare against Benhadad, king of Syria. It is a very interesting story which is recorded of the attempt to capture Elisha, of the terror of the prophet's servant, and of the vision of the chariots of horses and fire round about the prophet. One rubs his eyes hard and looks about him trying to make that vision real to-day, and wonders on which of these rocky hill-sides the young man beheld that inspiring scene. The story is a beautiful one, and shows the gentler side of the prophet's nature. When his captors had been smitten with blindness, he became their guide and led them to Samaria, where the king of Israel, overjoyed at his good fortune, wanted to put them all to death. It was a beautiful answer, and one quite at variance with the methods of warfare in that day, which the prophet gave him:

Thou shalt not smite them: wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master (2 Kings 2: 22).

So the king of Israel made a feast for them instead of putting them to death, and sent them back to Damascus. Nor was his generosity thrown away. It brought the war to an end. "The bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel."

Dothan has still more ancient memories. Hither came Joseph, then a lad, seeking his brothers, with refreshment sent down by his father. Joseph had sought them first in Shechem, a considerable distance to the south, but learned that they had moved their herds to Dothan, in search of better pasture. So he followed them here, and they plotted against his life. The counsel of Reuben interposed and prevented his murder, and caused him to be cast into a pit. Of course

the identical pit is still shown, and is to be taken with the customary saline solution; but here, beyond reasonable doubt, was the plain where the event occurred, and over the hill to the south we travel the road along which the camels passed as the Midianites moved on toward Egypt. The road has worn itself down through many feet of rugged rock, where the caravans from Galilee to Jerusalem and from Damascus to



DOTHAN

Egypt have passed for unnumbered generations. Over this hill and over this plain walked the sobbing lad, going down into slavery in Egypt, and to his great career as prime minister of Egypt and saver of his own people. It is one of the finest stories in literature, and the character of Joseph is one of the most admirable, not only for his prudence and statesmanship, but also for his chastity and magnanimity, in both of which he rose so far above the standards of his age, and exhibited so conspicuous a contrast to the recorded events in the lives of his brethren.

Before closing the account of this part of our journey, I must revert to an incident of our Sunday evening in Samaria.

At Jenin we had a twilight service which combined some

unusual elements of interest. In the hollow square inside our camp we assembled, facing the great dining-tent, which stood at the west end of the camp-ground. I doubt not we ourselves made a picturesque company, and the services would have been impressive had we been there alone; but especial interest was attached to it in view of the large attendance which we gathered from the village. The people were all about when the singing began, but came nearer when they heard the music. Our guards kept them away from the sleeping-tents, for the most of the people were thieves; but the open space toward the four-fold dining-tent was packed with them, and in the angles to the right and left, where there was a gentle slope, their faces rose in tiers. A Nubian soldier, black as midnight, stood near the speakers on the right, and the native guards in their various costumes and with their antiquated weapons, stood about in interesting attitudes. A group of men from the village in semi-European garb, but with the inevitable fez, represented the official life of the town, and the natives exhibited a bewildering variety of costume.

The singing was fairly good, and considerable in volume; the tunes were very unlike the monotonous minor, ranged over a few notes on the scale, which is the only native music that we heard. The most of the natives assembled could not have understood a word of that which they heard, yet their attitude was one of curiosity, not wholly devoid of reverence, and we wondered what impression of the beauty of the worship of the true God might find its way into their darkened lives. Above them and the white tops of our tents, rose the Samaritan hills; and still beyond, in plain sight, but in deeper shades, lay the hills on the other side of Jordan, and still above this the purpling colors of the sunset deepened into twilight. Surely no one of us sought his tent that night without a feeling of solemnity, and an indelible memory of one of the most impressive services ever attended by any of our company.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ANCIENT SAMARITAN CITIES

The most interesting town which we visited between Nazareth and Nablus was Sebaste, the ancient Samaria. It is set on a hill, with a fine, large threshing-floor above it, and here we gladly rested and ate our dinner. The hill rises three hundred and thirty feet above the level, and is terraced and conspicuous. King Omri purchased this hill, and there built his home, and it thus became the capital of the northern kingdom (1 Kings 16:24). In the days of its strength, it was probably larger and more important than Jerusalem. It was the fall of this city, in December, 722 B. C., which brought to an end the northern kingdom and the carrying away of a portion of the ten tribes.

Around no other subject in history has there been so much of speculation as about the loss of the ten tribes. Only a very small portion of the population was carried away. Sargon himself records the event. It was he who completed the capture of Shalmaneser IV. Sargon says:

The city of Samaria I besieged. Twenty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety inhabitants of it I carried away captive. Fifty chariots in it I took for myself, but the remainder of the people I allowed to retain their possessions. I appointed me a governor over them, and the tribute of the preceding king I imposed upon them.

It is evident that this was only a fraction of the population of the land. Twenty years before Sennacherib had taken 200,150 captives from the two southern tribes, or nearly eight times as many people as Sargon took from Samaria. But the small number in exile under Sargon included the people of prominence and wealth, and broke the national spirit. The great majority of the ten tribes were never lost, save by assimilation with the Assyrians, who were moved in by Esar-haddon.

If the great body of people who remained in their own land could thus be assimilated by the immigrants, it is little wonder that the handful of exiles who were scattered in Assyria were absorbed into the population of that great empire. There probably is no literary fiction with a smaller historical basis than that of the so called lost ten tribes.

In the time of the Maccabees, Samaria was again an important city. Its fine location made it almost impregnable. As in Elisha's day it had held out long against the Syrians, until the people almost starved, and even had compelled the Assyrian army to spend three years in its capture, so it resisted the patriotic Jews under John Hyrcanus for a full year. It was rebuilt by Gabinius, the successor of Pompey, and was presented by Augustus to Herod. Herod changed the name. Omri had called it Shomeron, that is "the watch tower," the same as the German Wartburg. Herod named it Sebaste, the Greek for Augusta. The town of Herod probably covered the entire hill. There still remains a quadruple line of columns, following what was once the main street, to the length of a mile or more. This is the most extensive and interesting ruin which we saw anywhere in Palestine, and seems to offer a fine field for future exploration.

At the end of the colonnade on the farther side of the hill is the site of the ancient gate of Samaria, where the lepers are supposed to have sat in Elisha's day (2 Kings 7:4). The poor fellows were, if possible, a little nearer starvation than the people of the city, and in their extremity resolved to go over to the Syrians, in hope that by some all but impossible impulse of mercy they might be permitted to escape alive. They found that the Syrians had fled in a panic, through the rumor of an alliance of the Hittites and Egyptians against them. They found the deserted camp with an abundance of provisions and at once fell to feasting. "Why sit we here until we die?" was the question which they had asked themselves when they made the desperate resolution to go to the camp of the besiegers; but now in the midst of their feasting they exclaimed, "We do not well; this day is a day

of good tidings, and we hold our peace." And so they cut themselves short in their first selfish impulse to turn the discovery of the raising of the siege to their own advantage, and instead brought the good news to the people within the city.

The people of modern Sebaste are ignorant and bigoted. They stand in their door as the tourists go past, making uncomplimentary remarks about them. One of the women



ANCIENT SAMARIA OF TO-DAY

addressed to the ladies of our party a speech, which our dragoman thus interpreted:

"You are fine ladies, and wear good clothes, while I have to work; but you ride on horseback ten days and are tired, while I will walk a hundred days and carry a burden and not be tired."

She certainly told the truth; and it may not be wondered at that she resented a little the better clothes of the American women, or that she should desire to taunt them with her own superior strength.

Ruins of the splendor of ancient Samaria are scattered all about the modern village, and here one may buy tear-bottles from the tombs, and copper coins of the Roman period. These are enough cheaper than those at Jerusalem to make it pay one to carry a few.

We are reminded that Samaria has a place in Christian history. Philip the Evangelist preached here (Acts 8: 5), and afterwards there was an important church here with a Greek bishop in charge. Jerome tells us that John the Baptist was buried here, and while that is far from being satisfactory evidence, it is quite enough to justify the pointing out of his tomb. With John are said to be buried Elisha and Obadiah, who is referred to in 1 Kings 18: 3 as the governor of the house of Ahab who fed a hundred prophets of Jehovah during the time of Jezebel's fanatical persecution against them. These three tombs are in a crypt which may be seen by means of candles through the holes in the rock. It is a close, stuffy place with little to see.

Above the tomb stands what was originally a Christian church, but is now a mosque. It is well built in solid Romanesque style with Gothic arches in the apse. This church was erected by the Knights of St. John, in honor of the Baptist, whom they count their patron saint. It is one of the best specimens remaining of the architecture of the Crusaders. Here is a Moslem school, in which boys are taught to read the Koran and to work sums in arithmetic. Visitors are welcome to the school and may go about without much restriction, but of course must not touch copies of the Koran which are lying about. The little rascals are anxious to sell copies of their school work, in return for bakshish, and the teacher is willing to receive bakshish in exchange for some of the reed pens which he makes for the boys.

We came down the hill from Sebaste, and finding the main roads bad, struck off through the fields, following one of the dragomen. The dragomen are perfectly lawless about crossing people's property, and have as great disregard for a green wheat-field as they have reverence for bread itself. If a Moslem

finds a piece of bread in the road, he picks it up and reverently presses it to his forehead and lays it upon a stone by the wayside for the birds, saying as he does so, "We must not trample upon the gift of God." It is a beautiful thing to see this act of reverence on the part of the Mohammedans, which reminds us Americans that we are far from being care-



READING THE GOSPEL STORY AT JACOB'S WELL

Photograph by Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

ful in our use of the necessities of life. The same Mohammedan, however, has little regard for bread growing in the wheat-field, and gallops his horse through it on the slightest provocation.

Turning through some olive orchards and across a cultivated plain, we wound up a hill, the steepest hill we had climbed, and by the side of a ravine the deepest that we skirted anywhere in Samaria. The path was not intended for horses, and many of our party shuddered as they went near to the edge of the deep valley. We learned that it had not been the intent of

the conductor that we should come this way, but that we had come through the recklessness of one of the dragomen. After something of a ride through this broken country, we emerged into the great Damascus caravan road, and ahead of us lay Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. We turned our horses' heads toward the open between the two great hills, and moved along now with some rapidity over a really good road. On both sides of the way lay fertile fields, and here and there were olive groves. We saw one olive grove in which every tree had been girdled. We wondered at it, and asked one of the dragomen. He replied in the language of Scripture, "An enemy hath done this." In this we saw an evidence of the implacable spirit of revenge and hatred which lies deep in the hearts of these Syrian people.

Some ancient conduits convey water from the hillsides, and there were women digging ditches in the fertile spots for irrigating purposes. A good many people met us in the road, and we had every indication that we were approaching an important center of population.

Nâblus, the ancient Shechem, is one of the most interesting places in the Bible, and one of the oldest of Palestine towns. Jacob bought a farm here from the children of Hamor and paid for it with a hundred pieces of money, and here he erected an altar, which he named "God, the God of Israel" (Gen. 33: 18-20). Afterward Jacob removed to Bethel, where he had erected his earlier altar to God; but he retained his possessions in Shechem and hid his treasures there (Gen. 35: 4).

After the Exodus, Shechem was the scene of many solemn assemblies. When the Israelites had crossed the Jordan and entered the land, the people stood divided, half upon Mount Gerizim and half upon Mount Ebal; the blessings of the law were read from Gerizim and the cursings from Ebal, and in response to each, the people said, "Amen." The cursings for the most part related to practical and wholesome duties. That man was cursed who scorned his father or his mother, or who removed his neighbor's landmark, or who caused the

blind to wander from the way, or who perverted the judgment of the stranger, the fatherless, or the widow, or who worked anything abominable or unclean, or who smote his neighbor secretly, or who took reward to slay an innocent person; while the blessings pronounced on those who should continue in the words of the law of God were full of beauty and of hope (Deut. xxvii, xxviii, and Josh. 8: 32-35).

Again Joshua gathered the nation together at Shechem before his death, and in the most solemn manner called upon the people to choose between God and Baal, and there proclaimed his own steadfast loyalty to the God who had brought them out of Egypt. One feels the solemnity of these memories as he rides between the two great mountains. Along this highway has wound the procession of the ages. This was a sacred spot as far back as the dawn of history.

The people of Nâblus are largely Moslems, and are fanatical and quarrelsome. Commercially, the town seemed the most important we had found in Palestine, and the streets were far more attractive than those of the villages that we had left just behind, but the people were unfriendly, and either ignored us entirely or tried to sell us articles at high prices, or muttered imprecations at us. Nâblus is not as good a place to make advantageous purchases as the smaller villages to the north, though one has a greater variety to choose from, and more competition, and the bazaars possess that interest which all Oriental shops display to the bargain-hunting tourist. One can buy nearly anything there which can be found anywhere in central Palestine. Many of the streets are entirely arched over with houses built above them. These make dark tunnels through which one must pass in going from place to place.

Not far from the tomb of Joseph is the village of Sychar, where the woman lived with whom Jesus talked beside the well. The modern name is 'Asker, and it has little to recommend it in its present condition except a good spring. The presence of this spring is the only thing that causes any doubt about the genuineness of the village; for why, some scholars

ask, should the woman have gone past so good a spring to draw water at Jacob's well, which is farther away? Perhaps this was not the village after all; let us hope so.

Jacob's well is one of the most interesting spots in all Palestine. Of its genuineness there seems no reasonable doubt. It is fully described in "Robinson's Researches," and in almost every modern treatise on Palestine. It is bored through the solid rock, and is covered with an arch, above which stood a church built in the fourth century. It is nine feet in diameter, and its depth is variously estimated. I drank of the water, and found it good. Here we assembled and read the account of the Lord's journey through Samaria, and how he talked with the woman by the well, and told her of the water of life. It is the one place in all Palestine where we are able to say, "Here our Lord sat."

The Greeks have possession of the place now, and it is inclosed with a wall, and a garden under cultivation seemed to exhibit signs of more extensive improvements in prospect. About the well itself, however, are only ruins of the old church, and I hope that it will be a good while before much building is done about the place.

Beyond Nâblus, toward Jerusalem, and near to Jacob's well, lies the reputed tomb of Joseph. It is an ordinary Moslem tomb, with a rounded top, neither more nor less interesting than those of its class. It is in the care of dervishes who never speak. There are many kinds of dervishes, howling dervishes, wailing dervishes, and I know not how many kinds besides; the dumb dervish is rather an interesting variation. Prohibited from using their tongues, however, these dervishes devote themselves to literature and produce written charms, to avert the evil eye. The "evil eye" is a real and terrible thing in Palestine superstition. The man who with a glance can do you harm may loom above the horizon at any moment. Wherefore, it is well that there should be numerous antidotes for his influence. These abound, in blue beads to tie around the horses' necks, and in various charms and medals worn by the people; but a written prescription from the tomb of

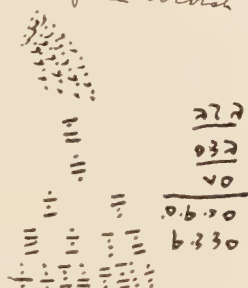
Joseph is supposed to possess special sacredness, and I am very glad to have a copy of the genuine article. Although he did not speak, the dervish found means of indicating that he was not above accepting money as a return for the prescription, and I left him well pleased over the sum which I gave him. I think I got my money's worth, for I saw all manner of evil eyes in Palestine, and have brought away no visible marks of their malign influence.

If we could know that this is really Joseph's tomb, it would indeed be an interesting spot to us, for Joseph's body was brought up from Egypt in obedience to his own request and buried in this place. If this is not the tomb, then at least the tomb is near here.

What a funeral procession this man Joseph had! There is none like it in history.

The children of Israel were making their hasty flight from Egypt. There were years of wandering before them, and behind was a pursuing army. They were carrying as much as possible of their own belongings, and were further encumbered by those contributions, by which they were hoping to make good something of the unrequited labor of four hundred years. They had flocks and herds also, and each man besides his care for his own household had responsibility for the common subsistence and defense. Yet, in their haste of flight and excessive burden, they found time and strength for an added load. The body of Joseph, buried more than a century before, they had exhumed, and now carried with them.

*Charms for the evil eye
Purchased at Joseph's
tomb, March 12, 1881
from Dervish*



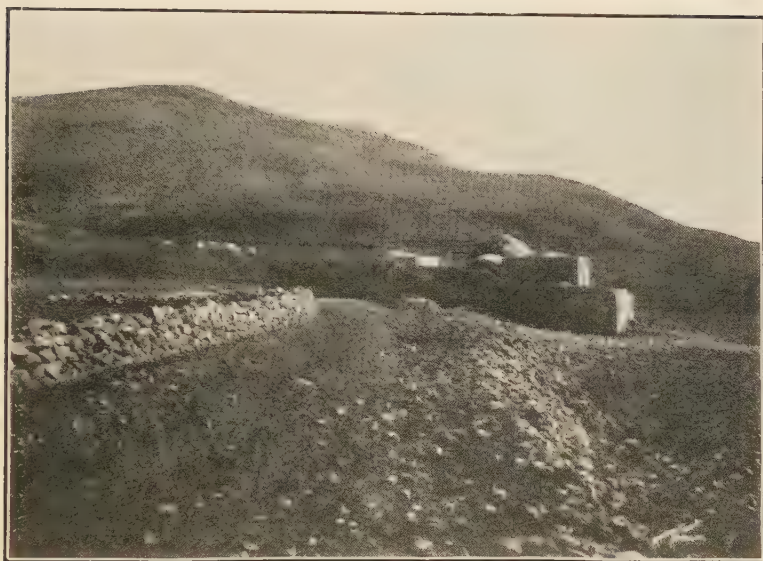
CHARM FOR "EVIL EYE"

The record is eloquent, because it is a witness to human fidelity extending over centuries.

And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died, being a hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.

They put him in a coffin in Egypt, and they did not forget him. Being dead, he yet spoke to them in his dying request, and the memory of his children's pledge was the best promise of an escape from Egypt. His body lay in some almost royal tomb, but through the years that intervened between his death and the Exodus, his soul went marching on. Long before Moses was born, the dying words of Joseph uttered a prophecy of deliverance from bondage. When the yoke pressed sore upon the shoulders of his people, they remembered that Joseph had charged them concerning the land of promise. When they were making bricks without straw, they remembered that the grand sarcophagus where Joseph lay was only a temporary habitation for a body that could have no final resting-place save in the land that was his father's, and was to be his children's. The ancients spoke of their sages of the past, and said of them that, "They rule us from their urns." So the dead body of Joseph ruled during the long, cruel period of oppression before Moses came; the spirit of him who had been prime minister still held sway, though the new Pharaoh and his dynasty knew not Joseph. King after king lived and died. Rameses I and Seti, and Rameses the Great, the kings of Egypt's nineteenth dynasty, were embalmed and laid to rest, each in his richly decorated mausoleum near the banks of the Nile. Far down the river Joseph's body rested, and the mighty hope which had been his for his people continued, though almost despairing, like a smothered fire in the hearts of the children of Israel.

We lose sight of Joseph's body after the Red Sea is crossed. A whole generation died and left their bones in the wilderness. Joseph's body might have been buried with these, for why should the whim of a dead man be held sacred



JOSEPH'S TOMB

through the vicissitudes of forty years? Yet, when Jordan is also passed, when Jericho is fallen, when the people of the land have been driven out, and Israel finds rest in the land promised to Abraham, we find a single verse which tells the whole story of forty years:

And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in the parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem for a hundred pieces of money: and they became the inheritance of the children of Joseph (Josh. 24: 32).

Joseph might have had a splendid tomb and monument in Egypt. Pyramids, already hoary with age, were there testifying to the high esteem in which the noble dead were held in the land of the Nile. His sepulcher might have been among them, but it was not.

It was his determination never to let his people rest in Egypt or in the wilderness which made his bones restless in their Egyptian tomb. At scores of times in the forty years of desert march and sojourn, the query of the living was,

whether it was worth while to march on. Each well in the wilderness with its oasis was an invitation to remain. Each space of grass for their flocks raised anew the question of farther progress; but besides Moses, with his inflexible will, there was a silent member of the company, whose voiceless protest against content with the wilderness could not be gain-said or argued down. They might make homes for themselves there, but where would they bury the body of Joseph? For him there was no resting-place short of Canaan, and hence no home for his children. Thus Joseph's dying request became an eloquent testimony to his own faith in the deliverance of his people; an effective estoppel against content in Egypt or the wilderness; and a powerful incentive to the fulfilment of the hope which he cherished for the nation.

Well may that nation honor the tomb of Joseph!

Nâblus is a corruption of Neapolis, and means "the new city." The old city was Shechem. Besides the events which we have been recalling, there is another chapter of history which deserves our recollection.

After the fall of Samaria, in 722 B. C., the country had a period of troublous and unsettled conditions. The Assyrian monarch, weary of the constant outbreaks and rebellions which had vexed him in this region, determined to obliterate every vestige of its political life by transporting its influential people into other provinces of his kingdom, and bringing into the country immigrants in sufficient numbers to change the character of the population. There were not enough of them in any one place to have any national life of their own, and they were probably people who had made trouble where they had been. Doubtless, also, they were as homesick in Palestine as the Israelites were in Babylon. At the outset they had little commercial prosperity, and did not succeed on the rough farms where they were placed. The waste places grew larger in spite of them, and the wild beasts increased in numbers and ferocity. They attributed these disasters to the fact that "they knew not the manner of the God of the land," and

they sent a pathetic request to Esar-haddon, king of Assyria, saying:

The nations which thou hast removed, and placed in the cities of Samaria, know not the manner of the God of the land: therefore he hath sent lions among them, and, behold, they slay them, because they know not the manner of the God of the land (2 Kings 17: 26).

The Assyrian king, who cared little for the religion of his provinces so long as tributes were regularly paid, caused one of the Hebrew priests to be sent back to reëstablish the worship of Jehovah. He set up a shrine at Bethel, and the old worship was resumed with modifications, in which survived the essential characteristics of their various former religions.

They feared the Lord, and served their own gods, after the manner of the nations whom they carried away from thence (2 Kings 17: 33).

It is a very remarkable narrative contained in this chapter, showing how the worship of Jehovah survived in many and strange forms in that portion of the land where always there had been much latitude in the form of religious observance.

For nearly two hundred years this system, or congeries of systems, prevailed; and when Assyria and Babylon gave place to Persia, and Zerubbabel and his companions returned from Babylon, in 537 B. C., this people were quite ready for any new modifications of their religious system which the newly returned exiles might have to suggest. They sent their representatives to Jerusalem, saying:

Let us build with you: for we seek your God, as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto him since the days of Esar-haddon king of Assur, which brought us up hither (Ezra 4: 2).

This was a courteous, and doubtless a well-intended request, but it was scornfully rejected. Zerubbabel and Jeshua saw in it a peril to the pure faith which they had come to reëstablish; moreover, they had confidence in the continued help of Cyrus and the favor of Jehovah, and were perilously self-reliant, so they answered:

Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God; but we ourselves together will build unto the Lord God of Israel, as king Cyrus the king of Persia hath commanded us (Ezra 4: 3).

There is no reason to suppose that these representatives of the various faiths that worshiped Jehovah were confined to Samaria. Probably by this time they had scattered themselves pretty well over the land, for Judah had long since met the fate of the northern kingdom, in the fall of the temple and of Jerusalem, in 586. But the center of this mixed worship was at Bethel, and it had been longer established in the northern than in the southern portion of the land, so Samaria was its natural field of operation.

Disappointed in their attempt to make friends with the newly returned exiles, and with some reasonable fear lest their haughtiness and confidence in the exclusive protection of Jehovah boded ill for themselves, the Samaritans sent a delegation to the court of Cyrus to frustrate the purposes of the colonists in Jerusalem. The story is told succinctly in Ezra 4: 4-6.

Then the people of the land weakened the hands of the people of Judah, and troubled them in building, and hired counselors against them, to frustrate their purpose, all the days of Cyrus king of Persia, even until the reign of Darius king of Persia. And in the reign of Ahasuerus, in the beginning of his reign, wrote they unto him an accusation against the inhabitants of Judah and Jerusalem.

This is one of the most interesting stories in Old Testament history, and one not very familiar to ordinary Bible readers, but it is told with great precision, even to the names of the lobbyists, and it is evident that the lobby was maintained for fifteen or eighteen years. The arguments which they used are given in full. The Jews had returned, not to build a temple, but to construct a fort. Their real ambition was political independence. If they succeeded in constructing a walled city they would cease to pay tribute. The king had only to search the records of his predecessors to find how troublesome Jerusalem had always been. Its destruction had come about through its incorrigible sedition. If now the city were rebuilt, it would result in the ultimate wresting of the entire province from Persia. Their letter to Artaxerxes is as follows:

Be it known unto the king, that the Jews which came up from thee to us are come unto Jerusalem, building the rebellious and the bad city, and have set up the walls thereof, and joined the foundations. Be it known now unto the king, that, if this city be builded, and the walls set up again, then will they not pay toll, tribute, and custom, and so thou shalt endamage the revenue of the kings. [We request] That search may be made in the book of the records of thy fathers: so shalt thou find in the book of records, and know that this city is a rebellious city, and hurtful unto kings and provinces, and that they have moved sedition within the same of old time: for which cause was this city destroyed. We certify the king that, if this city be builded again, and the walls thereof set up, by this means thou shalt have no portion on this side the river (Ezra 4: 12-16).

This letter told essentially the truth. Independence was exactly what the Jews were striving for, and the Persian kings, to whom all this ancient history was new, gave the letter due consideration, and forbade the rebuilding of Jerusalem. It was not until there came another revolution in Persia that the Jews had opportunity to continue their work.

With the rebuilding of Jerusalem, Judah became more firmly established in the worship of Jehovah, and doubtless the Samaritan worship declined. The people of the land began to intermarry with the Jews, and Nehemiah, who came on later, employed drastic measures to break up these compromising unions. At this time, Manasseh, a priest, having married a Samaritan princess, refused to leave his wife, and was expelled from Jerusalem. Nehemiah tells the story:

And one of the sons of Joaida, the son of Eliashib the high priest, was son in law to Sanballat the Horonite: therefore I chased him from me (Neh. 13: 28).

The father-in-law of the deposed priest, Sanballat by name, built for his son-in-law a temple on Mount Gerizim, where from this time on the Samaritans had their own worship.

This is a most interesting piece of history, and gives us the origin of a sect that still exists in Nâblus, the ancient Shechem.

The Samaritans took with them the Pentateuch, which they recognized as the one inspired law. It is practically identical with the Jewish Pentateuch, but the Ten Commandments are consolidated into nine, and the tenth is added in a

verse taken from Deut. 27:4, with Ebal changed to Gerizim, so making the command to establish a place of worship on Mount Gerizim one of the Ten Commandments. Thus they prove that all worship centering in Jerusalem is heretical, and by changing Jerusalem to Gerizim in the Pentateuch, prove that the latter is the one authorized place for the worship of Jehovah. Manasseh had Sanballat behind him to enforce the new form of worship as the state religion, and as it was still the worship of Jehovah, it was readily adopted by the people of the middle and northern parts of Palestine. It is hard to see what else they could have done, if they were to worship Jehovah at all, since they were prohibited from having any share in the worship at Jerusalem.

The two sects lived side by side in their two little capitals of Shechem and Jerusalem. One had its Gerizim and the other its Zion, and each had its only genuine law of Moses. Each could prove the other utterly wrong by its own Pentateuch, and there was abundant higher criticism in each sect to show just where the other had tinkered with the text. Modern scholarship has never had the slightest doubt regarding the matter, for the changes in the Samaritan texts are so glaringly unhistorical as not be open to any reasonable doubt. However, it was easy enough in that day to prove to the full satisfaction of the people of Samaria that theirs was the only authorized edition of the Books of Moses.

This hot discussion had gone on for four and a half centuries at the time of Jesus' ministry, and still the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. It was a direct rebuke to Jewish narrowness when Jesus chose a Samaritan as the hero of his parable of the man falling among the thieves. More than once in his works of healing he showed how little sympathy he had with the old historic quarrel. Still, he was ready to affirm that the Samaritans worshiped they knew not what, and that salvation was from the Jews, who had preserved in its historic continuity the worship of Jehovah.

When Jesus was passing through Samaria, he was sometimes refused shelter by its inhabitants, but he was ever kind

to them. He sat on Jacob's well, and talked to the woman there, and she propounded to him the old test question:

Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship (John 4: 20).

The question was more than four hundred years old then; it is nineteen hundred years older now, but still it is the test



YAKOB, SAMARITAN HIGH PRIEST

question between the Jews and the followers of the deposed priest Manasseh.

The following account of the holy manuscript of Nâblus is copied from Smyth's "The Old Documents and the New Bible."

It had often been noticed with some curiosity, especially at the Reformation times, in the disputes about the Hebrew Bible, that in the works of certain old fathers, Origen, and St. Jerome, and Eusebius the historian, and

others, there were references to "the ancient Hebrew according to the Samaritans," as distinguished from the "Hebrew according to the Jews," and notes made of certain discrepancies existing between them. What could these references mean? No one in Europe knew anything about a Samaritan Hebrew. Was it merely an error of these ancient fathers, or did there somewhere exist a Hebrew Bible differing from that which had come down to us through the Jews?

As time went on, and nothing was discovered about it, it gradually began to be forgotten, or relegated to the region of ancient fiction, until one day early in the seventeenth century when Biblical students were startled by the announcement that a copy of this mysterious document had arrived in Europe, having been discovered by a traveler among the Samaritans of Damascus.

It was a very venerable-looking manuscript, written in the unfamiliar ancient Hebrew letters, and for that reason at first very difficult to read.

Soon afterwards another copy was found in Egypt, but was captured by pirates, with the ship that was bringing it to Europe. Before 1630 Archbishop Ussher had obtained six others, and now there are altogether about sixteen Samaritan manuscripts in the European libraries.

The most famous copy in existence is the Synagogue Roll at Nâblus, where the Samaritans, now but a few hundred in number, still cling to the ancient seat of their race. It is guarded with the most sacred care, and never exhibited even to their own people, except on the great Day of Atonement. A few Europeans have, however, managed to get a sight of it, and from their accounts we learn that writing which seems very old is on the hair side of skins twenty-five inches by fifteen—according to the Samaritan account, the skins of rams offered in sacrifice. The manuscript is worn very thin, even into holes in many places, and it is a good deal messed, as if with ink spilled over it, so that a large part is almost illegible. It is kept in a cylindrical silver case, ornamented with engravings of the Tabernacle and its furniture, and the whole is wrapped in a gorgeously embroidered cover of red and gold. The Samaritans assert that it is nearly as old as the days of Moses. They say—and one Russian traveler asserts that they are right—that an inscription runs through the middle of the text of the Ten Commandments:

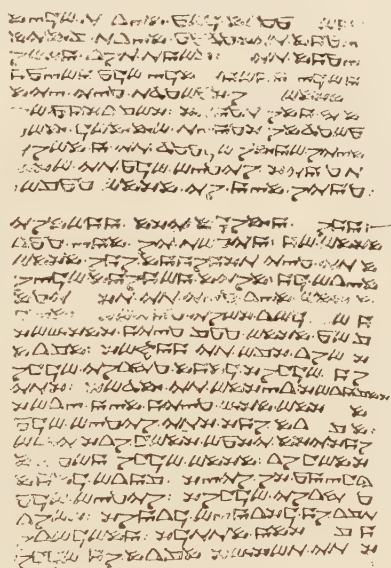
I ABISHUA, SON OF PHINEHAS, SON OF ELEASAR, SON
OF AARON THE PRIEST UPON THEM BE THE GRACE
OF JEHOVAH! TO HIS HONOUR HAVE I WRITTEN
THIS HOLY LAW AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE TABERNACLE
OF TESTIMONY ON MOUNT GERIZIM, BETH EL, IN
THE THIRTEENTH YEAR OF THE TAKING POSSESSION OF
THE LAND OF CANAAN. PRAISE JEHOVAH!

The inscription, however, has been looked for since, but in vain. Without entering too minutely into the question, all that we need say here is, that if it is or ever was in the manuscript, it does not deserve the slightest credit. (Pp. 118-120.)

The claim of such antiquity is indeed preposterous, but scholars believe this codex to be nearly if not quite as old as the Christian era. Our oldest texts of the New Testament go back only to the fourth century, and those of the Old Testament are very much more recent. This Samaritan codex is probably the most ancient text of the Pentateuch that exists to-day. Tourists who wish to see it have that privilege for a franc, but on all ordinary occasions a duplicate text, several hundred years later, is shown.

On our visit to Shechem, we were fortunate in being shown both of these manuscripts, and I am glad to have a photograph, made some years ago, of Yakob, the present high priest, standing beside the ancient scroll.

The manuscript is fifteen inches wide, and must be more than a hundred feet in length. It is wound on two rolls, inclosed in a silver case, double hinged at the back, so that it may be opened and shut. I do not know the number of skins which it contains, but a Hebrew Pentateuch, which I purchased in Jerusalem, formerly used in a synagogue there, contains the skins of fifty-two rams. The attendants at the Nâblus synagogue sell little tin facsimiles of the case with brief extracts from the texts inside, in imitation of the original. They also sell little manuscript books in the quaint old characters, entirely illegible to the ordinary Hebrew scholar. The dialect differs little from their Palestine Aramaic. The character is an independent development of the old Hebrew writing as it was when the Samaritans first got their Penta-



LEAF FROM OLD SAMARITAN
MANUSCRIPT

teuch, and is very unlike the square Hebrew characters familiar to modern students.

I was very greatly interested in these old manuscripts, and tried to have some conversation with the priests about them, but we were unable to speak many words in each other's tongue. I obtained one of the little square bound booklets containing seventy-one pages of the manuscript. The book is about three by four and one-half inches in size, and the writing covers about two and one-eighth by three inches on each page, and is ruled in with red and blue pencil. The writing is done with the regular Syrian pen. I also procured a complete page of a very old manuscript, and a fragment of their parchment much older still, how old I can only conjecture. The page reproduced will show the general style of characters employed.

I bought these with some eagerness, and I suppose the purchases indicated to the priests that I was likely to be interested in something more extensive; so while the others of our party were examining the synagogue, I followed the beck of one of the younger of the priests, who took me through the court of the synagogue and the connecting court of the high priest's house, and up an outer stair into an upper room. The women of the household ran in as if suspecting the young priest of some unlawful design, and made vehement protestations against what they judged he was about to do. He drove them out, barred the door and drew from under the bed a modern copy of the ancient Pentateuch in a long double roll. He demanded a fabulous price for this, and for a time I was wholly unable to get his measure of value, but the word "bun," I discovered at length, meant English pound, and he wanted a good many of them for the manuscript. I offered him smaller sums, and took out the money. He looked at the gold with some eagerness, but emphatically refused. He produced a tin case, a crude facsimile of the silver case below, in which the manuscript belonged. When it became evident that we could not come to terms, he brought out another and shorter roll of the same width. I judged it to be one of the

five books, and succeeded in getting from him the information that this was "B'reshith," the Hebrew title of the book of Genesis, and its opening words, "In the beginning." He offered this for the gold which I had in my hand, and I agreed, upon condition that he should include the case. After a good deal of bargaining, he consented, and putting the book of Genesis into the case handed it to me, but indicated by signs that I must put it under my coat and not be seen leaving the synagogue with it. It was too large to put under my coat, and so he put it under his flowing robe, and hastened down the stairs with it and into one of the dark, overarched streets, darker now by reason of the fast-approaching dusk. Here, with every air of mystery, he handed over the case, and I paid him the gold.

Twilight is very brief in Syria, and the night comes rapidly when once the sun is down. I was at the upper end of the city, and had not as yet seen our camp, nor did I know its exact location. All our party had gone back, and the dragoons with them, for my negotiating had been of long duration. If ever there was a labyrinth on earth, it is Nâblus in the twilight. The streets are short and crooked, and end in blind alleys that lead to nowhere; and the dark tunnels are not inviting-looking places even at midday. One loses all sense of direction in winding about, and I found it quite impossible to distinguish a single landmark which I had seen on my way to the synagogue. I think I returned by a wholly different way. My only guide was the slope of the ground. I knew that the streets gradually descended toward the place where we had left our horses on their way to the camp.

Some of our people passing through the streets that afternoon had stones thrown at them, or were otherwise insulted; and I attracted a good deal of attention passing through in the twilight with a large tin manuscript case in my arms. I could not ask directions, but I was not molested, and found my way at length to the point where we had entered the city, and then followed the road to the farther side of Nâblus, where it wound between the mountains, and so came upon our camp.

Happy as I was to have made this purchase, I could not help regretting that I still had only a fragment, though a complete book, of the ancient text. But the next morning brought me good fortune. One of the other young priests, as I suppose him to be, whom I had seen in attendance at the synagogue the day before, came early to the camp and sought me out. He had brought under his robe the same manuscript which had been offered me the night before, and now at a considerably cheaper rate. Even then it took a good while to make the bargain. Such transactions proceed slowly in Palestine; but after a time we came to terms, and he went back to the synagogue with some more British gold and I went on with my cherished purchase. I rolled up the manuscript in cloth, and wrapped the case and all in my steamer rug, and so conveyed it to Jerusalem, where I packed it and sent it home. The picture which I present shows the manuscript in its case, and the book of Genesis partially unrolled beside it. Like the original codex, these scrolls are fifteen inches wide, and the one containing the Pentateuch is one hundred and six feet long. It shows some signs of use, and in one place has been worn in two, but without damage to the text. It is, of course, entirely modern, but I doubt not is a faithful copy, and has been used in the official worship of this ancient, interesting sect.

When Dr. Robinson was in Palestine in 1838, he asked the priest what sum would buy a copy of the Pentateuch, and was told, "Fifty thousand piastres"; that is, two thousand five hundred dollars. Again, in 1852, he was courteously received by the Samaritan priests, who offered to dictate their commentary to an interpreter, but refused to sell a copy of the Pentateuch itself for any sum whatever. Dr. Robinson adds, "Perhaps the time will come when the offer of a high price will remove their scruples."

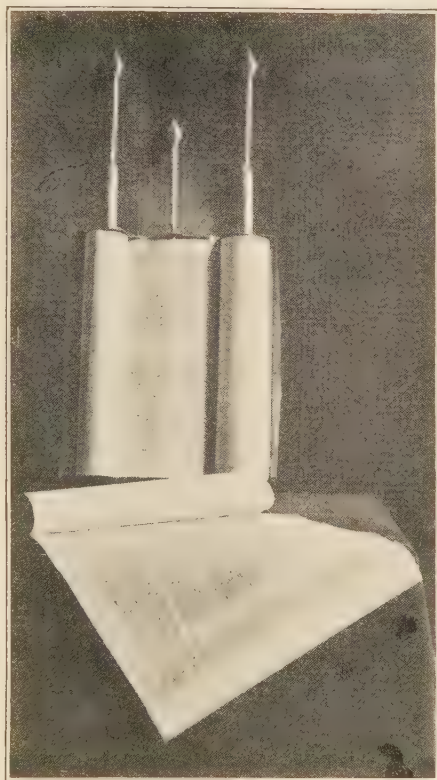
I do not know any reason why the Samaritans should observe secrecy in the selling of such a manuscript. Their sect is very small, and their tithes are insufficient to support the high priest and maintain their school. It would seem to

me an honorable and worthy thing for them to announce that they were ready to sell copies of their Pentateuch, and devote the proceeds to the maintenance of their school. However, the transfer was effected with great show of secrecy, real or pretended, and the air of mystery added much to the zest of the acquisition.

After my return from Palestine, I chanced to notice in "Innocents Abroad" a sentence which stated that Mark Twain when there had procured from the high priest of this ancient Samaritan community, "at great expense, a sacred document of great antiquity and extraordinary interest," which, said Mark Twain, "I propose to publish as soon as I have finished translating it." Wondering if Mr. Clemens had any experience similar to my own, I wrote to him, asking him whether he

also had a Samaritan Pentateuch, and have received his reply, stating that he had not seen a copy of "Innocents Abroad" for many years, and that all recollection of buying the manuscript referred to has entirely passed from his mind. I presume that what he bought was some of the smaller souvenirs, as he could hardly have forgotten a purchase like mine.

The Samaritan community keeps up this worship not only



SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH AND GENESIS
(Purchased by the author at Nâblus)

in the synagogue in the city at the foot of Mount Gerizim, but also at stated seasons upon the summit, especially at pass-over time, when the entire community spends several days in the camp, and the white lambs, roasted in the pit, are eaten by the whole company, with a literal obedience to the regulations commanded in the book of Exodus, which the Jews had outgrown even in Christ's time. It is the only place on earth where this has been done uninterruptedly since the time of Christ. The community is now very small, and is diminishing. The policy of forbidding intermarriage with other nations has resulted in the gradual diminution of the sect. There are only about one hundred and sixty-five people who now profess this faith, and they expect to continue a distinct body until the Messiah comes, which, according to their computation, will be six thousand years after the creation, or near the end of the next century. Their present lack in the community is marriageable young women. It is possible that I shall win some one's life-long gratitude by this announcement.



JACOB'S WELL

CHAPTER XIV

SHILOH AND BETHEL

"He must needs go through Samaria." How often we thought of the passage! Jesus several times came and went this way between Jerusalem and Nazareth or Capernaum. Weary, travel-stained and thirsty, he trod this same rough road as he journeyed to and fro. We also went through Samaria, and came into Judæa, whose principal tribe was Judah, the tribe of the lion.

Shepherds were about us keeping their sheep on these rocky hillsides as Joseph's brethren kept theirs here. Along the way we saw shepherds carrying lambs upon their shoulders; here, too, I saw one with the heads of two little kids projecting from his bosom, and I remembered the words of the prophet concerning the Good Shepherd:

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young (Isaiah 40: 11).

Palestine villages are much alike inside. There is a spring or well in or near the village, and this is the social center and fountain of life of the town. The houses are flat, contiguous, and without windows in the rear, so that they form some pretense of a wall, which often is pieced out with hedges of cactus. Through the center of the town runs a little narrow street—dusty in dry weather, muddy in wet weather, and dirty in all weathers. Upon the roofs of the houses are bundles of fagots drying for use in the ovens, and piles of less pleasant fuel are often stored with them. The houses are one story high; the better ones of stone, and the poorer ones of mud. The roofs are nearly flat, and are used as a resting-place in the evening, and as points of observation at other times. They are made of earth or cement, and one passes

easily from roof to roof. The little courtyards are uninviting. Poverty is written large over the face of things. The tourist cannot see what the people live on, although when he passes along the roads and sees the comparatively large fields and no people in them, he wonders where are the men that till them. It is the exceptional thing to see a man employed. The women and children are all beggars, and it is just as well



"WHEN HE PUTTETH FORTH HIS OWN SHEEP, HE GOETH BEFORE THEM"

that tourists do not understand all that they say about the visitors.

The villages are so huddled, and the streets so narrow and crooked, that one can rarely obtain a photograph of an interior; but I found in Jerusalem such a photograph, with enough of open space in it to show something of the construction of the village. The picture bears no name, but I think I recognize the village as Turmus 'Aya, and from this one all may be judged.

Jerusalem was not the first place in Palestine where a national sanctuary was located. Shiloh was one of the most ancient shrines of Palestine. It is a ruin now, but here stood the temple of Jehovah in the days when Samuel ministered

before Eli, and heard the voice of God. That is a beautiful story in itself, and beautiful also as an introduction to the history of Samuel, the last of the judges, and, with Moses and Nehemiah, one of the three greatest statesmen of Israel.

There is little to see in Shiloh now but ruins, and these



A TYPICAL SAMARITAN VILLAGE

are not very extensive. Some catastrophe had befallen the place in Jeremiah's time, as is recorded in Jeremiah 7:14; 26:6. Jerome refers to the place, but it was a ruin in his day. It was at Shiloh that the annual festivity occurred at which the Benjaminites stole their wives, as told in Judges xxi. The field is still pointed out where the dance took place. It ought not to be hard to identify this, for the directions for finding the place are very explicit. The men of the other tribes had sworn, saying, "Cursed be he that giveth a wife to Benjamin." They afterward regretted this oath, but could not prove false to it, so they connived at the wife-steal-

ing, and told the young men just where the dancing would take place.

And they said, Behold, there is a feast of the Lord from year to year in Shiloh, which is on the north of Beth-el, on the east side of the high way that goeth up from Beth-el to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah (Judges 21: 19).

Any enterprising young man could have found the place with directions so explicit. We had come from Shechem and



THE SITE OF SHILOH

were on our way to Bethel. We had eaten our lunch at the desolate hamlet of Lebonah, and if there had been any festivity on the east side of the highway toward Shiloh, we could have found it. The young men of Benjamin followed directions. The maidens came and danced according to their custom, and the young men, lying in the vineyards awaiting favorable opportunity, each ran out and stole a wife, and ran home with her. The account ends with the apologetic statement that, "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes" (Judges 21: 25).

We really need these old-time romances to brighten up the

present desolation of the region. It is stony now and lifeless. The visitor rides up to Shiloh through a narrow lane between rough stone walls, and may easily see what little is left of the ancient place without dismounting from his horse. There has been a mosque here, and there are the remains of buildings of some architectural pretensions, but there is nothing which we may certainly identify with the scenes here enacted.



OUR CAMP AT TURMUS 'AYA

Here it was that Eli guarded the ark of God; here he sat at the gate of the city when his sons had taken that holy thing forth to battle; and here he fell and broke his neck when he learned that the ark had been taken.

One pauses here to reflect on the character of Samuel, who at this time rose into prominence in Israel. It was he who saved the nation, and bridged over its transition from the anarchy of the time of the judges to the stability of the monarchy, which, though it was against his protest, he did so much to make secure. The great men of earth have been those who have bridged the transitions of history, and have faced its crises alone. Samuel was one of these—a patriot, an educator, and a statesman of the very first order.

We journeyed on to Turmus 'Aya, situated in a much more fertile place than Shiloh, and reached by riding through the wheat-fields. There we spent the night. This village, situated in a rich agricultural district, possesses neither school nor church nor mosque. It has a flat-topped house of some size, in which the sheik lives, and from the roof of this we had a good view of the surrounding village. In getting to and from this point of vantage, we were besieged by as furious a set of little beggars as ever started on the highroad to the gallows.

Here it was that one of our party made himself famous by collecting bakshish from the sheik. That official was much interested in a field-glass which the tourist had, and desired to see it. He looked through it with great satisfaction, and returned it, but the tourist held out his hand and said, "Bakshish." The sheik heard him in astonishment, and the tourist repeated the demand with increased emphasis. Then the sheik reached down in his pocket and produced an old copper coin and handed it over.

Our company, however, paid its usual bakshish to the sheik. Wherever we went in Palestine we were mulcted for the benefit of these officials, and the company of cutthroats whom they command. Everywhere we were compelled to hire a guard. To be sure, we had men enough with us to defend us against any attack that was likely to be made upon us, and no one would have been so likely to attack us as the guards themselves, who seemed in every case the most disreputable brigands in the neighborhood. We paid them to stand guard over themselves, and to protect us against themselves. It is a species of highway robbery which every one understands, but to which all tourists submit. The guards come out with their rusty old flintlocks, and sometimes discharge them once or twice during the night under pretense of shooting at a jackal or hyena, and so making it appear that their presence is a real advantage. A Texas cowboy with a pair of American revolvers would clear out a whole brigade of them.

The next morning we came to Bethel, whose present name is Beitin. The name means "the house of God," a name given to it by Jacob when he slept here while fleeing from his brother. It was here that he saw the vision of the angels, and anointed the stone which had been his pillow, and made his vow to be faithful to God. In the division of the territory among the tribes, Bethel was assigned to Benjamin, and later was captured by the northern kingdom, and became the site



OUR PARTY AT BETHEL

of this most important sanctuary. When Jeroboam seceded, after the death of Solomon, he caused a golden calf to be erected here, and the worship of Jehovah was carried on with that symbol. It was to this place that Amos came, a valiant prophet from the southern kingdom, to deliver his message against the sins of the time. There are about three hundred and sixty inhabitants in Bethel as it now is.

One wearies of saying what must be said again and again of these villages, that this is a filthy and squalid town. There is poverty, and hunger, and cold, with deformity, real and feigned. There is little inspiring in the place itself, or in the people who inhabit it. A beautiful spring is near, how-

ever, with a fine reservoir, and the country is more fertile than some portions through which we have passed.

We rested here a little while, and before we mounted our horses we sang a stanza of the hymn forever associated with the memories of this place—"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We lunched on the last day at Bîreh; and here we struck a good road, which brought us to Jerusalem in a few hours. Jerusalem looked exactly as I expected, excepting that it is built out farther on the north, and with newer buildings. We approached it from the north, and then, keeping to the left, came over Scopus and Olivet, and so saw it successively from the very best possible points of view; and before night we were able to say, "Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

CHAPTER XV

JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY

Our first knowledge of Jerusalem is in connection with Melchizedek, king of that city, and the priest to whom Abraham paid tithes. The city came into prominence in political history during the reign of David. Up to this time it had remained the fortress of the Jebusites, who believed it to be so secure that the blind and the lame could defend it. After capturing this stronghold, David moved his capital here from Hebron, and established a city which included the southern end of the present town, together with somewhat more of territory to the south. Jerusalem is surrounded on three sides by deep ravines, which make it easily defensible, and probably account for its location. When captured, it has always been captured from the north, unless an exception be made in favor of David's own assault upon the place, when the attack was made "by the watercourse."

The present population of Jerusalem is 60,000, of whom 7,000 are Moslems, 4,000 are Latins, 6,000 orthodox Greeks, 14,000 Mohammedans, 1,000 Armenians, and about 30,000 Jews. The latter have over seventy synagogues, and the number is increasing. Much has been done to induce Jews to return to Jerusalem, and with some success. Money is collected in various parts of the world to be distributed among the poor Jews there. About a thousand of the Jews are American citizens, but many of them have never seen America.

The climate, on the whole, is moderate; extreme heat and cold are not common, though the heat is felt severely, by reason of the glare of the sun and the absence of shade, and the cold causes considerable suffering, on account of the lack of fuel.

It is a weary horseback ride across Samaria to Jerusalem,

and takes a week in the saddle. But it is worth while if one has strength. If not, Jerusalem can be reached by rail from Joppa, and it is a good way to go. And Jerusalem is worth visiting, spite of the beggars, the filth, the fleas, the superstition, and all the rest; it is a city hallowed by more sacred associations than any other on earth.

The modern Jerusalem is a walled city inclosing the southern half of a divided hill, the valley between the two parts extending north and south. The higher of these elevations, popularly known as Mount Zion, is 2,593 feet above the Mediterranean, and the other, Mount Moriah, is 2,440 feet.

The valley separating the two hills is known as the Tyropœan or Cheesemonger's valley, once a ravine of considerable depth, and spanned by a bridge from the temple area to the hill opposite, which is now so filled with rubbish and built over with houses as almost to have disappeared.

The latitude of the city is $31^{\circ} 47'$ north, and the longitude $35^{\circ} 14'$ east. Measuring in a straight line, it is twenty-two miles from the River Jordan and thirty-two miles from the Mediterranean. The Dead Sea, which is in plain sight from the higher buildings of the city, is eighteen miles distant.

Viewed from the Mount of Olives or from Scopus, the city presents an imposing appearance. The wall of the city is thirty-eight and one-half feet high, has seven gates and thirty-four towers, and is two and one-fifth miles around. The walls rise from the brow of a hill which itself ascends sharply from the valley, and give to the town an appearance of great strength. The flat-roofed houses, surmounted by domes and minarets, give an impression of solidity, with variety and richness. The town within the walls covers two hundred and nine and one-half acres, but the city extends outward in several directions, especially to the west and north. The cleanest and best part of the city is that outside the walls, the section northwest of the town being occupied largely by foreigners, and having much the aspect of a European town. Outside the Jaffa gate are the railroad station, and a considerable business district. This gate is the real commercial center

of the city. Just inside is an open space about the so-called Tower of David, on which front the American consulate and several of the best business houses.

The hill on which Jerusalem is built is composed of limestone rock. It grinds into a very fine dust, particularly irritating to the eyes. In dry weather it is freely blown about by the winds, and in the rainy season it makes a very slippery and sticky mud. Some effort is made to lay the dust in the



THE DAMASCUS GATE OF JERUSALEM

dry season by the street-sprinklers of Jerusalem, Arabs with goatskin water-bags, who go slowly through the streets squirting water upon the pavements from the neck of their leather bottles.

The city has always possessed a meager water supply. It has but one spring, and this is wholly inadequate to the city's needs. Within a few months water has been piped into the city, and is now to be had in moderate quantities. There are several pools in and about the city, some of them mentioned in Scripture. The pool of Hezekiah is just within the walls, and the pool of Bethesda is believed to have been discovered by recent excavations, and is interesting as showing how one

church has been built above the ruins of another, and a third on top of the ruins of the second, as the filling up of the valley has raised the level. In the valley of Urtas, outside the walls, are the pools of Solomon. To the south is the pool of Siloam, into which flows the only living spring, known as the Fountain of the Virgin; and still south of this is the old pool, into which now flows the sewage of the city.

Jerusalem abounds in cisterns. These are great bottle-shaped reservoirs hewn out of rock, narrow at the top and widening out below. Not only roofs but the court-yards are used for the collection of water. Excepting for such impurities as the water gathers from the roofs and flagging, it is not at all unwholesome, and in ordinary years proves adequate. In all its various sieges, Jerusalem has rarely suffered for lack of water. An investing army may clog a spring or destroy an aqueduct, but they cannot prevent the rain from falling on the just and unjust alike; hence it has been true in the past that Jerusalem's very poverty of water has been her strength in time of war, for the insufficiency of any natural supply has caused extraordinary provisions in the way of reservoirs and cisterns.

It was anxiety concerning the water supply that caused King Ahaz to inspect the aqueducts on the eve of his expected attack from the combined forces of Syria and Israel (Isa. vii). Isaiah went out to meet him "at the end of the conduit of the upper pool in the highway of the fuller's field." Ahaz was evidently planning to gather all available sources of supply, and in this doubtless succeeded; but the city was better provided with water than it was with moral earnestness. Isaiah later said:

Ye gathered together the waters of the lower pool. . . . Ye made also a ditch between the two walls for the water of the old pool: but ye have not looked unto the maker thereof, neither had respect unto him that fashioned it long ago (Isa. 22: 9-11).

In such a time Jerusalem compared herself sadly with those cities that had a natural supply of water; so Isaiah said that the king looked longingly at the power of the kingdom of the

great river Euphrates, and was about to mortgage the future of his kingdom for fear the city could not withstand a siege, despising "the waters of Shiloah that go softly," and imploring the help of the river of Assyria. Wherefore, Isaiah declared that the king would bring the river down upon



INSIDE THE JAFFA GATE

him to his sorrow, making a flood that would overflow the land of the prince of the future.

The meaning of this is plain enough. Meager as the city's resources were, its powers of endurance in time of siege were great, and it ought to have relied upon these and upon the help of God rather than procure assistance at such fearful cost against powers that were themselves short-lived. If Ahaz invoked the help of Assyria, it would be at the cost of heavy annual tribute, that would burden princes yet unborn. Isaiah

was right about it; the water supply was adequate for such a siege as the city would then have needed to sustain. It often suffered for food, but seldom was short of water for drinking.

There is no excess of water for washing purposes, however. The city does not abound in bath-tubs, and the people give the most indisputable evidence of the lack of bathing. The Jews are true to their tradition neither to eat nor worship save as they wash oft, but the ceremonial cleansing of a Jew is a decidedly superficial thing. Outside the door of the synagogue is a little faucet, which, being pressed from below, emits a stream of water in diameter like that of a knitting-needle, and in volume just sufficient to moisten the tips of two or three fingers. This satisfies all the requirements of the case. Outside the mosques are places where Mohammedans are expected to do some honest washing before they go in to worship. They approach an ablution much more nearly than the Jew, but even the Moslem compromises the matter somewhat in Jerusalem. There are certain kinds of uncleanness that are more or less picturesque, but there is one which I never could witness without feelings of profound sadness—the unwashed eyes of children in Palestine and Egypt. It is no more noticeable in Jerusalem than elsewhere, but it is quite as much so.

It is the city inside the walls that appeals chiefly to the tourist. Entering at the Jaffa gate near the middle of the city on the west side, one leaves upon his right the ancient Tower of David, so called, and walks straight east on David Street to the middle of the temple area. To his right as he enters is the Armenian quarter, and toward the left is the Christian. The Mohammedan quarter lies in the northeast section of the city, and the Jewish in the south, between the Armenian quarter and the temple area. All the places of interest are easily found, and while the streets are narrow and crooked, it is not very difficult to keep the general direction; and the city is so small that it is quite impossible for one to lose himself very long. The streets are represented as being dangerous at night, and there is little occasion for one to use them in the

evening; for everything shuts up when the sun goes down. But I found no reason to think that a stranger who has any business to be abroad at night may not go where he needs to go by exercising ordinary prudence. I am satisfied that many of the stories told of the dangers of moving about in the Orient are fabricated in the interests of guides who wish to make their services indispensable. Still I am far from maintaining that a stranger should go much alone at night in the unfamiliar portions of any Oriental town. It is usually safe for a vigorous man to go wherever he has a reasonable errand and exercises common prudence, but a mere curious searcher for sensations might easily find all he was seeking in some quarters of Jerusalem where the people are fanatical and not too fond of the intrusion of strangers.

No wheeled vehicles are found within the city walls except carriages from the station which drive barely within the larger gates to the public buildings close at hand. Carriages in sufficient numbers are found at the railway station, and these convey the tourists to the hotels at break-neck speed. It would be hard to find more reckless drivers than those in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. They stand up like charioteers and ply the whip and shout at each other while their horses run. Within the walls, merchandise is transported on donkeys



JERUSALEM WATER CARRIERS

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

and camels, and pedestrians must crowd against the sides of the buildings to let them pass. The sightseer must make his way about on foot, and the condition of the streets makes daylight the desirable time for investigations. There are no sewers in the city. Jerusalem cannot be adequately described in polite society.

The streets are not the only topsy-turvy things in Jerusalem. The calendar is as great a maze as the business portion of the town. There are four separate Sabbaths—Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan and Coptic. The Copts have a calendar with twelve months of thirty days each, and one short month of five days, which become six on leap year; the government uses the Julian calendar, which is thirteen days later than the Christian; the Mohammedans begin their era with the Hegira of Mohammed, July 15 or 16, 622, so that this year (1902) is the year 1320 with them; while the Jews reckon from the supposed date of the creation, and count this year 5663. The Armenians reckon from the supposed beginning of their language, and count this year 4395, or from their first king, which would make the year 1351. The Jews, as well as the Copts and Armenians, have both a civil and a religious New Year, so that Jerusalem has four separate Christmas Days, and about seven New Years. A calendar to be of service in Jerusalem must have some twelve different showings, six each in French and Arabic. A plain American must look at them all, and the moon's phases, and the various lists of feast days, and guess whether it is Sunday or not. A page from a Jerusalem calendar will illustrate the difficulty of the situation. It is not my intention to introduce puzzles into this volume, but I am considering the wisdom of opening a guessing contest on the question what day of what month and what year is intended to be set forth on this innocent leaf from a modern calendar as used in Jerusalem.

The visitor to Jerusalem speedily becomes aware that the city is not lacking in commercial enterprise. He is met at the railroad station, or on the highway, by agents of the various shops, thrusting into his hand advertising cards telling where

to buy olive-wood souvenirs and photographs. This is something which the visitor wants, and he is glad of this degree of activity on the part of the venders, but this is by no means the extent of their interest in him. Representatives of the various stores are in the hotel corridors with articles to sell, and others wait in the street outside shouting to him not to



A STREET IN JERUSALEM

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

buy goods in the hotel, as he will have to pay more money for them. This warning, while not wholly disinterested, is one that the visitor will do well to heed. When the tourist sets forth to make discoveries he is instantly waited on by agents who offer to take him anywhere he wants to go free of expense, and especially invite him to visit the shops.

I quickly fell a victim to one of these representatives. He was a lad of about fourteen, well dressed, and with beautiful, deep, dark eyes. He is poor, so I was informed, and has parents dependent upon his labor. He speaks several lan-

guages, and his English is exceedingly soft and persuasive, with a little hesitation as to the precise word, and a straight look into your eyes.

"Will you come with me to my-a shop?" he asked; "or will you let me show you what you wish to see? I will show you anything, only go with me to my-a shop. I do not want your bakshish," he said, when I declined; "I am-servant of my-a shop."

I was headed toward the Jaffa gate, and his shop lay on my route, so I went with him for a preliminary look inside. He who enters a store in Jerusalem is a marked man from that time forth.

On one pretext or another the proprietor sends a man with him to show him whatever he wishes to see, or to find whatever he is seeking. They will not let him out of sight of one of their representatives if they can help it until they know that he has made his purchases. If he goes into another store they

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LEAF FROM A JERUSALEM CALENDAR
By Courtesy of The Oaks Magazine

find it out, and they will know precisely what he examined there, and have one like it ready to show him, a little cheaper, when he comes into their store again. They have a number of clerks near the door, who rush out and all but drag the customer in, and they drive bargains more relentlessly than in any other city that we visited. A few stores connected with religious or philanthropic societies do not engage in this unseemly rush for trade, and these are more reliable than those that employ the spotting system, but even these must meet the competition, and are sorely perplexed by reason of it.

The visitor is anxious to see the sights inside the walls. The mosques of Omar and El-Aksa; the Via Dolorosa, and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher; the pool of Bethesda and that of Hezekiah; the Jews' wailing-place, and the arch of Robinson—these he ought to visit more than once, and he will see a good deal of the city as he does so. From the top



STREET ARABS

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

of some high building he will get a bird's-eye view of the city, and this he should do early, for having done so he can readily find his way to the more important points. The best places for this outlook are the great Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, dedicated by the Emperor William, and the German synagogue, from whose top is an excellent view. Having done this, he may well plan little excursions to the chief points of interest, and he is likely to have the good fortune to lose his way enough so that he never goes and comes by quite the same course, and thus in a very few days he becomes familiar with Jerusalem's chief points of attraction, and has some slight knowledge of all its principal streets.

He who enters Jerusalem at the Jaffa gate and walks straight ahead through the narrow streets, with their Oriental bazaars, their camels, and their thousand smells, comes at length to the temple area on the opposite side of the city, upon which stand two great mosques. One of these is the Mosque of Omar, said to cover the site of the temple; but the



GAMBLING

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

temple really stood to the south, and nearer to the place where the Mosque of El-Aksa stands. The latter is interesting within, but the former is one of the chief attractions of Jerusalem. It is octagonal in shape, surmounted by a dome of exquisite proportions, and is one of the most attractive architectural structures in the world.

We visited the Mosque of Omar under the guidance of our good dragoman Shukrey, and were met by one of the sheiks of the mosque who took us in charge. At the door we were given the usual great leather slippers to put on over our shoes,

and these are worn through both mosques, and left at the door of the Mosque of El-Aksa.

The sheik who took us in charge was a pleasant, easy-going old fellow, who believes implicitly all the stories which they tell about the mosque, or seems to. Under his guidance we saw the great rock which stands in the middle of the



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

mosque. It is the veritable top of the mountain, and is said to be the place where Abraham offered up Isaac, though the Samaritans declare that this occurred on Mount Gerizim, and Dean Stanley agrees with them. The stone is fifty-six feet long and forty feet wide, and the Mohammedans count it particularly sacred. A large circular hole near the southern end of the rock seems to have been used in connection with the ancient sacrifices, being perhaps a conduit for the blood to flow into the valley beneath. From this rock, say the Mohammedans, Mohammed ascended into heaven. The rock started to go with him, and was kept on earth only by the strong grasp of the angel Gabriel, whose finger marks are still

shown on the rock. I wondered whether the old sheik really believed these to be the finger marks of Gabriel, and I rather think he did. We have all heard of the coffin of Mohammed, suspended between heaven and earth. It is this rock that, in reality, gives rise to the tradition. The angel Gabriel succeeded in stopping it, but did not get it back into place, and it still hangs without support. To prove this we were taken downstairs into a little chamber under the rock and shown that it is possible to get under it. At the farther side of this little recess is a white plastered wall, upon which the sheik raps to show that it is hollow behind, thus professing to prove that the rock has no support. The partition was built, so they told us, out of consideration for timid women who, when permitted to enter the cavern, suffered great nervous shocks when they saw that there was nothing to hold up the enormous mass of rock above them. For their sake the plaster partition exists, and who dare say that the forty feet beyond it is not mere empty space? No Mohammedan cares to inquire behind the partition, and no Christian dares.

It is really beautiful to behold this concession to the timidity of women. It was the only concession that I noticed on their behalf in any of the mosques that we visited. In Mohammedan mosques and Jewish synagogues and the British House of Commons the women are kept behind a screen, and are tolerated on the theory that their presence is not recognized. It is quite touching to see how for their sake a partition has been constructed just where it helps out the boldest of all ecclesiastical lies. In the Orient it seems women are not quite useless, while in the civilized world it is the men who must be thankful they still have a place.

In the Mosque of El-Aksa one wanders about over a good deal of territory, but the place has no focus, as that of Omar has. There is no pulpit, no altar; the worshiper faces toward Mecca and prays. When he reads the Koran he rocks back and forth and chants in a sing-song tone without understanding a word of what he says. When he prays he prostrates himself repeatedly with his forehead to the carpet, advancing

at intervals to other squares in regular order. The mosques in general are less attractive places than one expects to find. The decorations are comparatively cheap. There is an excess of stucco and of tinted calcimine. The worshipers, what few there are, are apparently devout, and I doubt not in most cases really so. But I could wish there were more of them, rather than less. If our churches were as empty as the



THE UNSUPPORTED ROCK

mosques, we should be well-nigh unto despair. The chief business of many of them seems to be the renting of slippers.

The Mosque of El-Aksa contains two pillars, between which, if a man can crowd himself, he is sure to get to heaven. On certain days when there were crowds in Jerusalem, these pillars occasioned a good deal of disturbance on the part of those eager to get between, and more or less sorrow to the fat people who tried them in vain. Somebody got killed once in a riot, or because of too strong effort to get through—I have forgotten which—and so the pillars are inclosed now with iron pickets. One can see that the attrition of so many hundreds of thousands of the faithful has worn away the

pillars a little, so that a somewhat fatter man can now get through than could have succeeded some centuries ago. Thus we observe that even with the Mohammedans there are marked tendencies toward liberalism, and an inclination to make it easier to get to heaven. Inasmuch as this is closed, however, there remains yet another way of being sure of one's salvation, and one which, to a corpulent person, is a cheaper method. In the Mosque of Omar is a stone with certain nails in it. There once were thirteen of these, or at least there are thirteen holes, but one by one the nails have been drawn out by spiritual power and flown away to heaven. Shukrey, who interpreted all traditions to us with rare tact and good sense, told us the purpose of this stone, while the sheik, watching him narrowly, turned to us at the close of every sentence with an emphatic "Yes, yes." Shukrey said:

"Now this is the way our friends have to get a little money. They say that there were once thirteen nails in this stone, and that they have all gone but three and a half, and when these go, the world will come to an end; and they say that whoever puts money on these nails will go to heaven."

To this the sheik emphatically responded, "Yes, yes, go to heaven sure!" Thereupon he squatted beside the stone, prepared to take charge of the money that should be deposited.

One of the gentlemen began by laying down a franc. His liberality pleased the sheik, who said:

"You go to heaven! You go to heaven!"

A lady came next and put down half a franc, and he looked at her in pity, and said:

"You go to heaven—half-way."

It thus became evident that if one cares to invest at all it is well to deposit a franc, for what is the use of paying half the money and going only half the way? Half-way to heaven is an uncomfortable place for one to stop, according to Mohammedan tradition, for when Mohammed comes he is to sit on a column that protrudes from the wall of the mosque, and the people on the earth must cross a bridge from that point to the Mount of Olives. The bridge will be narrow as

a Damascus blade, and the faithful are to cross it in safety. He who only gets half-way has no prospect but a hard fall to the valley below.

These things are interesting, but one finds himself coming back in imagination to the time when the temple stood here, and the great Jewish nation gathered for its solemn festivals. It requires but little effort of fancy to remove the mosques from the temple area and substitute the temple whose main



THE MOSQUE OF EL-AKSA

outlines are so familiar. One remembers the great convocations in the days of Solomon and Zerubbabel and Nehemiah, but even more one recalls the last days of the earthly life of Christ, so intimately associated with this spot. Just to the north of the temple area stands the Golden Gate, popularly spoken of as the gate of Christ's triumphal entry. This, of course, is wrong, for the present walls of Jerusalem were erected between 1536 and 1539. Not one stone was left upon another that stood in Christ's day. Neither Christ nor Mohammed passed through the present gate, and the theory of some Christians that Christ is to re-enter it, and of Mohammedans that Mohammed is to return through it, have only a

sentimental value. It is now walled up, and the Mohammedans affirm that Jerusalem would fall if the gate were reopened, and that some momentous change is to occur when the gate is finally restored to use. However, the wall at this point probably rests on the ancient foundation, and the gate is near that through which Christ passed as he entered the city on the Palm Sunday morning and came to the temple.

It was a week of storm and stress. At the end as at the beginning of his ministry, he cleansed the temple from its mercenaries, and assumed authority in the house of God. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday he was there; at first with an authority that no one dared question, but later in the midst of constant and increasing tumult. Sunday was his day of triumph; Monday, his day of undisputed authority; Tuesday, the day filled from morning to night with controversies and intrigues against him; Wednesday he seems to have spent in retirement at Bethany; on Thursday afternoon he entered the city to eat the passover with his disciples; and on Friday he was crucified. Such is the simple outline of that strenuous week that began with the crowd's shout of "Hosanna," and ended with its cry of "Crucify him," and the despair that then settled over the souls of his followers.

One's mind reverts to that Tuesday of Passion Week; the day when one delegation after another approached Jesus in the futile endeavor to entangle him in controversy, and commit him to some proposition that would give them legal ground for his destruction. It is impossible for any one, however unsympathetic or even prejudiced, to hear the story of that day without the heartiest admiration for his skill and patience and courage. Down to the very close of the day we watch him with unabated interest. He had so silenced his disputants that they no more dared ask him any question; on the other hand, he had given them a question which they dared not answer. His enemies fell back, and so also did his friends; for they saw the storm coming, and realized that the Master's popularity had waned. So he who entered the temple in triumph on Sunday, left it unattended save by

his disciples on Tuesday afternoon. As he passed out he did not fail to notice the widow casting in her mite, and doubtless paused as he walked through the court of the Gentiles to receive the delegation of Greek proselytes, who at this time pressed forward to see him. Then out of the city and across to the Mount of Olives he passed, his former adherents watching him timidly, and his enemies with deep



JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET

maledictions. He paused upon the Mount of Olives to look back upon Jerusalem, glorious in the sunset, and his disciples, even in that hour, could not refrain from expressing to him their admiration of the buildings and temple. It was on this day that Jesus declared that not one stone of Jerusalem should be left upon another, and also affirmed—most astounding—must have seemed his faith—that his kingdom was to triumph over all the earth.

One remembers all this as he stands upon the temple area, and fits one scene after another of gospel narrative into its place on that spot, so crowded with historic associations.

Most tourists speak of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher as that which has the most historic interest. To me it was

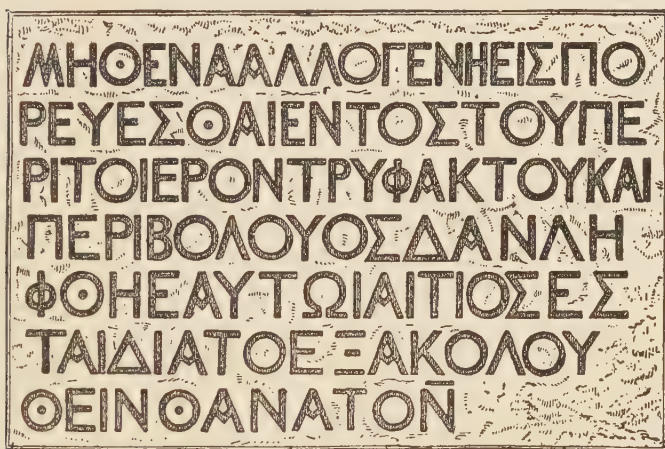
not so. Beyond all comparison the most interesting spot within the walls of Jerusalem is the place where the temple stood.

Not one stone was left on another of the temple as it stood in Christ's day, and there is only one stone in existence which we are certain belonged to it. In the famous Imperial Museum at Constantinople is a stone, discovered in 1871, that marked the limit of the Court of the Gentiles, and bears this inscription, in seven lines of Greek capitals: "No stranger is to enter within the balustrade round the temple and enclosure. Whoever is caught will be responsible to himself for his death." Near this stone, as he emerged from the temple for the last time, Jesus may have met the Greeks who had come to the apostles, desiring to see him. There could be no greater contrast than between the exclusiveness of a religion from whose temple remains only this significant stone, and the spirit of world-wide sympathy which was in Jesus.

Underneath the temple area, one may visit the old-time structure known as Solomon's stable, where certain courses of masonry still remain that may date from the time of Solomon. The southern end of the temple area is built up on arches, raising the slope of the hill to a level with its summit, and the portion underneath was doubtless utilized for the care of animals intended for sacrifices. In the time of the Crusades, the soldiers stabled their horses there, and the mangers are still to be seen that have come down from ancient days.

Outside and below the temple area, one finds two interesting places. One of these is at Robinson's arch, where Dr. Robinson, the noted American scholar, discovered the lower courses of the abutment of a great bridge that once spanned the Tyropœan. The other is the Jews' wailing-place, where every Friday afternoon the Jews come to lament over the desolation of their city, and pray for its restoration. This scene is more or less spectacular, but there is some sincerity visible. Jews, most of them old, stand with their faces to the wall, reading from their Bibles, and rocking back and forth as they do it, chanting in a low, monotonous voice. It is

popularly said that they^e read from Lamentations, but the Psalms were generally in use on the Friday that I was there. Some of these people gave evidence of sincere and self-forgetful worship, but some got their living out of it, being employed to keep up this wailing on behalf of absent Jews who send contributions, and who forward nails to be driven into the cracks in the walls. There are a good many lines of these nails, ancient and modern, driven in their places by the masters



THE ONE REMAINING STONE

of these assemblies. Every clear Friday brings out a number of kodaks, and not all the Jews who come out to wail are wholly unconscious of the presence of the camera. The impression of the scene as a whole is that it is generally artificial, and like many of the scenes in the Orient that are supposed to represent the life of the people, is largely gotten up for its spectacular effect and its cash value. Still, I have in mind one Jew, well dressed and apparently wealthy, who came holding his little boy by the hand, and stood teaching the earnest-looking child the lesson of the city's former glory, and instilling in his mind the hope of the restoration of the old home of his people. There was nothing artificial about that ;

it was a manifestly simple and sincere act, and one that called forth the sympathy of those who saw it. And can any one witness the sincere grief of a Hebrew over the desolation of his city, and not share with him something of the sorrow that millions of Jews have felt when they read the words of Jeremiah?

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become as a widow!
She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces,
How is she become tributary!

She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks;
Among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her;
All her friends have dealt treacherously with her,
They are become her enemies.

Judah is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of great servitude;
She dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest;
All her persecutors overtook her within the straits.

The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn assembly;
All her gates are desolate, her priests do sigh:
Her virgins are afflicted, and she herself is in bitterness.

Her adversaries are become the head, her enemies prosper;
For the Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions;
Her young children are gone into captivity before the adversary.
And from the daughter of Zion all her majesty is departed!

Jerusalem is the spot which most of all in Palestine dispels one's illusions and shatters one's ideal. If in any proper sense Jerusalem could be counted an exponent of the Christian faith, its present condition would go far toward disproving the argument in favor of Christianity from its effects. But in truth, Jerusalem had ceased, even in the day of the apostles, to be in anything save sentiment the center of the Christian faith.

The feeling came to me often in Jerusalem that the present city is an obstruction to faith, a fetter to the imagination, and a fearful anachronism. If it were only a ruin like Thebes, one could sit and study it with an ardor which the squalid present forbids. If the city were waste and without inhabi-

tants, the excavator could dig it over like Pompeii, and the student could study its foundations with real historic enthusiasm. But as the filth and debris of centuries have filled the Tyropœan valley with rubbish, over which is built the present filthy town, so the accretions of centuries of superstition have covered over the meager memorials of a past rich in historic



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE

association and in religious value. To find them one must dig; but one finds the surface pre-empted by traditions that forbid the exercise of honest inquiry. One can never unearth a fact in Jerusalem without upsetting a tradition, and it is as a believer, and not as an iconoclast, one would prefer to visit Jerusalem.

It is difficult to answer the question, What purpose Jerusalem is serving in the world? If earth has a superfluous city, this would seem to be the one. It is a constant impertinence, forever thrusting itself between the visitor and his ideal. It possesses no single spot within the walls where a person can

reconstruct a noble past without the distortion and limitation of unfounded and superfluous tradition. There is no place in the Orient where the commercial spirit is more sordid, or mendicancy more shameless, or filth more revolting. It is harder here than anywhere else to pity disease, or to be charitable toward poverty, since disease is made commercially profitable, and poverty is obtruded upon the visitor in hope of a pittance that will save the necessity of honest toil. There is no place where sacred spots are more industriously made secular through bare-faced ecclesiastical lying, and arrant religious cupidity. Again and again a man finds himself raising the question, whether it would not be better for the world if this masquerade of mendicancy behind the mask of religion had never been made possible by the last rebuilding of Jerusalem. What strife there has been for the possession of the Holy Sepulcher! How many battles have been waged to recover it for the possession of the church! And now that the Christians have it, the Turk must stand guard with loaded gun and fixed bayonet to keep these Christians from fighting over an empty tomb and a still more empty tradition. Would it not have been better if there had been no such tradition? Would it not have been for our profit if the reticence of the gospel had been implicitly relied upon as expression of divine intent? Would we not have had more real religion if faith had reposed not in the cave which may have held the Lord's dead body, but in the living spirit by which he is manifest to the world? Such thoughts as these I found myself thinking again and again. I remembered how much more vivid and satisfactory a picture had been possible of the ancient world at Ephesus where there were ruins, and only ruins, that tell the story of a splendid past. I wondered if the same thoughts had not occurred to others, and I found that I was by no means the only visitor to Jerusalem to whom the same idea had come. Charles Dudley Warner's words on this point so fully agree with my own feeling, that I quote a paragraph entire from his "In the Levant."

Jerusalem, in fact, is encrusted with layer upon layer of inventions, the product of credulity, cunning, and superstition, a monstrous growth always enlarging, so that already the simple facts of history are buried almost beyond recognition beneath this mass of rubbish. Perhaps it would have been better for the growth of Christianity in the world if Jerusalem had been abandoned, had become like Carthage and Memphis and Tadmore in the wilderness, and the modern pilgrim were free to choose his seat upon a fallen wall or mossy rock, and reconstruct for himself the pageant of the past, and recall the Living Presence, undisturbed by the impertinences which belittle the name of religion. It has always been held well that the place of the burial of Moses was unknown. It would perhaps have conduced to the purity of the Christian faith if no attempt had ever been made to break through the obscurity which rests upon the place of the sepulcher of Christ. Invention has grown upon invention, and we have the Jerusalem of to-day as a result of the exaggerated importance attached to the localization of the Divine manifestation. Whatever interest Jerusalem has for the antiquarian, or for the devout mind, it is undeniable that one must seek in other lands and among other peoples for the robust virtue, the hatred of shams and useless forms, the sweet charity, the invigorating principles, the high thinking, and the simple worship inculcated by the Founder of Christianity.

When Jericho was destroyed by Joshua, a curse was recorded against the man who should rebuild the city. (Josh 6: 26.) Nine hundred and eighteen years went by before a man was found who dared to brave this historic imprecation.¹⁸⁰ But in the commercially prosperous and spiritually disastrous reign of Ahab, Hiel the Bethelite rebuilt Jericho, and the people saw with awe the fearful penalty inflicted on his household.

He laid the foundation thereof with the loss of Abiram his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof with the loss of his youngest son Segub; according to the word of Jehovah, which he spake by the hand of Joshua the son of Nun (1 Kings 16: 34).

History does not say what penalty, if any, was visited on the man who last rebuilt Jerusalem. Let us hope, since he probably "wrought in a sad sincerity," that his household escaped.

CHAPTER XVI

JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS

Among the many questions concerning localities in and about Jerusalem, one at least is of genuine interest to others than special students. This is the question of the north boundary of the city as it existed in the time of our Lord. The reason for special interest in this inquiry is, that upon its answer hinges the question of the genuineness of the Holy Sepulcher and the traditional Calvary.

For more than sixteen hundred years the Holy Sepulcher has been accepted as genuine by the great majority of Christians. The Greeks and Roman Catholics and Copts and Armenians still accept it as the genuine site, and quarrel over its periodical possession and the title to space adjacent to it. But since the time when Dr. Edward Robinson, the American scholar, published his "Researches," in 1856, the genuineness of the spot has been seriously questioned by an increasing number of those who visit the place. Dr. Robinson was by no means the first scholar to raise this question. A German author named Korte, in 1738, strongly denied that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher could cover the site of the real Calvary, and since his day there has never been a time when the tradition has passed unchallenged. But Dr. Robinson gave form and shape to the theory, and his investigation strongly tended to show that the site occupied by the present Church of the Holy Sepulcher must have been within the walls in the time of Christ. More recently still, excavations in Jerusalem have revealed remains of the west wall in line in three separate places, from near the Jaffa gate to almost the northwest corner of the city as it now is, and a few years since the remains of the north wall, of the same ancient style of Jewish masonry, was discovered near the northwestern

corner of Jerusalem, and is still to be seen in the basement of the Freres College. It is only possible to believe now in the genuineness of the traditional Calvary on the violent assumption of a re-entering angle barely excluding the Holy Sepulcher. Such an angle in the wall, if it existed, must



APPROACH TO THE HOLY SEPULCHER

have been made at great cost, and without apparent reason. The conformation of the land and all surrounding conditions favor the obvious supposition that the wall on this site continued in practically the same direction to the north of the temple area, curving outward, according to Josephus, rather than sharply re-entering inward. Pilgrims who have no general interest in archæological questions find themselves constrained to consider this, as upon it depends the answer to the question of the most interesting site in Jerusalem; for

if the Church of the Holy Sepulcher lay inside the walls as they were in Christ's time, the real site of Calvary, and of the tomb where Christ was laid, lay outside the wall of Jerusalem. It was my privilege to go almost entirely about the south wall

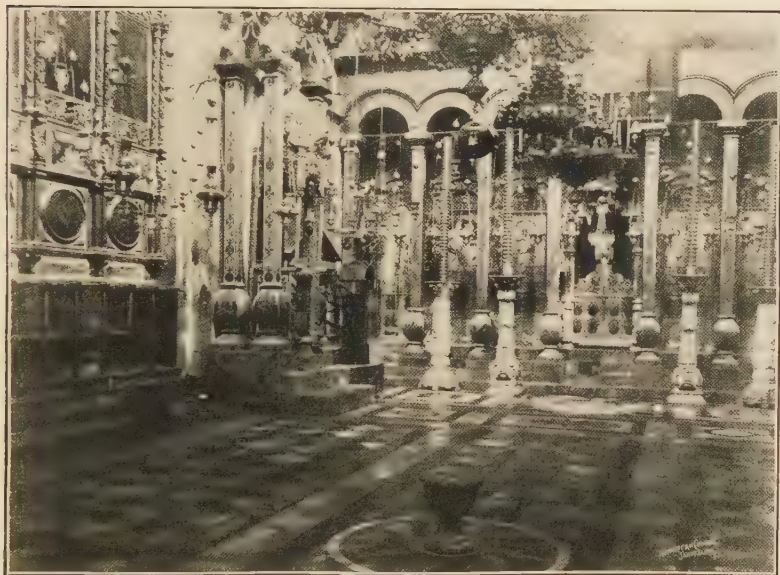


THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

of Jerusalem, as it was in ancient times, under the guidance of Professor H. G. Mitchell of Boston University, and now of the American Institute of Archæology; and later to make a similar tour of the north walls as they are, and as they are believed to have been, under the guidance of Hon. Selah Merrill, United States Consul, who perhaps knows better than any other living man the ground itself, and the value of its evidence. Without entering into any wearisome account of the

reasons pro or con, all of which are available to those interested in them, I express my own conviction that Dr. Robinson and Dr. Merrill are correct, and that the present site of the Holy Sepulcher lies well within the walls as they were in the time of Christ.

The Holy Sepulcher, it will be remembered, is supposed



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

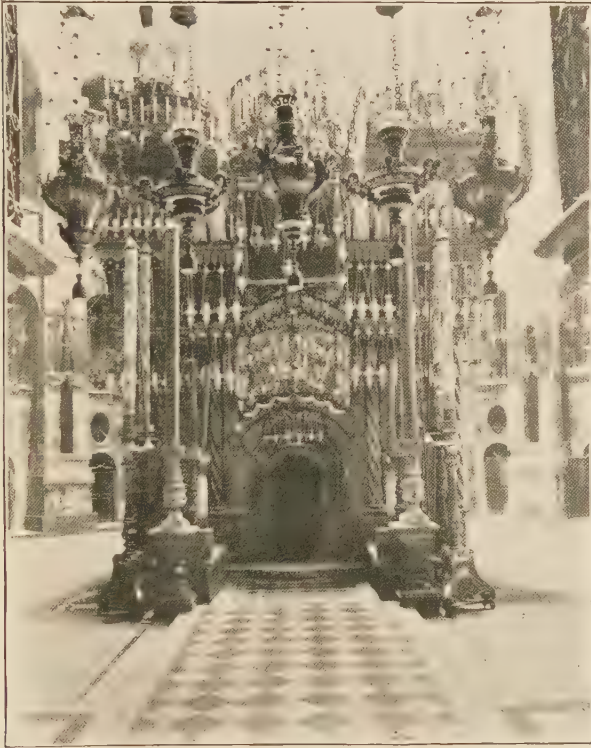
to have been discovered by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, who also discovered the true cross, with two others, in a cistern near by. An intelligent English-speaking Franciscan monk, who took me about the church, assured me that the Roman Catholic Church claims but one miracle in connection with Helena's quest of the Holy Sepulcher, namely, that each of the three crosses was brought in succession into the presence of a woman who was sick; the first two made her violently worse, and the third wrought a cure, by which token the finders were assured which were the crosses of the thieves and which the cross of Christ; but this is by

no means the only miracle currently reported concerning the finding of the Sepulcher and the place of the cross. Some of these additional miracles, the good friar told me, are taught by the Greek Church, and others are more or less believed by both bodies; but he wished me to remember that for no other does the Roman Church hold herself responsible.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher, whose erection by Constantine's mother is recorded by Eusebius, about 325 A. D., stood for 355 years, until Jerusalem fell into the hands of Omar and his Moslems. They did not greatly injure the edifice, but about 969 the order for its destruction was given by the Caliph Maez. In 1010 the mad Caliph Hakem completed its destruction. Its rebuilding was begun in 1040 by the patriarch Nicephorus. In 1099 the Crusaders entered Jerusalem and enlarged both the church and the Sepulcher. In 1808 this church was burned. The conflagration was terrible, and for five hours raged within this spot, the then dearest on earth to Christian hearts. In 1810 the present church was completed, at a cost of nearly three millions of dollars, one-third of which, it is said, was paid to lawyers and for the bribing of Turkish officials. Without this bribery the building could hardly have been erected at all.

Three times I visited the Church of the Sepulcher, and always found it thronged. Once I passed in close behind the Greek patriarch, who prostrated himself before the Stone of Anointment, while the soldiers presented arms, and the hosts of pilgrims with candles rose tier on tier around the vestibule. Once I went early in the morning, and was shown about by the monk already referred to, who, with the Turkish sergeant, devoted to me considerable time, and was in every way courteous. I saw the rent rock of the earthquake, and the precise spot where each of the crosses stood, and all the other places of interest. I also saw the center of the earth, and the tomb of Adam, and certain other things which it is hard to treat seriously, save as one remembers their sacredness in others' sight. He has no right to visit any shrine or temple who goes devoid of sympathy for those who worship there,

and I would far rather be the most ignorant of the worshipers than the most enlightened of the scoffers. But the juxtaposition of the true and the false, the sacred and the commercial, the refinement of form and the absence of spirit, jar unpleas-



THE HOLY SEPULCHER

antly upon one in this, which, spite of all, is still a sacred place, however void of truth is the theory that gives it its name.

If the genuineness of the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher be given up, where shall we locate the scene of the crucifixion? The place which increasingly is finding favor among scholars and visitors to Jerusalem as the probable site of Calvary, is that just above the traditional grotto of Jeremiah, and is locally known as Gordon's Calvary. It is most

unfortunate that such a name is given to the place. General Gordon visited Jerusalem and became greatly impressed with the probable genuineness of this site, and from that time on until his death, spoke and wrote much in favor of it. A local photographer, taking advantage of the demand for pictures, labeled his negative "Gordon's Calvary," and so the name became fixed. It is not uncommon to give the name



THE NEW CALVARY

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

of the supposed discoverer to the site which he has found, but it is peculiarly unfortunate that any man's name should be attached to Calvary. It is Christ's Calvary, or it is no one's. However, by Gordon's name it is locally known.

What we know about the crucifixion is, that Jesus was crucified outside the wall, in a conspicuous place, near the public road, and in close proximity to a garden in which was a rock-hewn tomb. The place at that time was called Golgotha, the place of a skull, though whether because the round hillock was shaped like a skull, or because the skulls of malefactors were sometimes exposed there, we do not know. The name has long since disappeared, and affords no assist-

ance; however, many profess to see in the new Calvary some resemblance to a skull, that might have accounted for the original name. Quite apart from this, however, the place fulfils all the essential conditions. Unquestionably it lay outside the walls in Christ's time, as it does to-day, and near to



THE SHEPHERD ON CALVARY

St. Stephen's gate, through which He probably passed on His way to the crucifixion. Though by no means a mountain, it is a conspicuous elevation, adjacent to two public highways, in plain sight of the walls, and a place of gardens and of tombs. Indeed, there now lies at its base a garden with a rock-hewn tomb which so strikingly meets all the conditions afforded by our knowledge of the circumstances as to supply every detail requisite to the theory that this was the veritable Calvary, and here the garden of Joseph, and the tomb in which Christ lay.

This is the spot to suit not only one's conviction, but one's sense of fitness. Here is a place that makes the crucifixion real, and helps one to understand the events associated with our Lord's passion. The same cannot be said of the traditional site. There one meets with jangling sects, each grudging the other a foothold, on a spot where they believe Christ died. There one sees the Turkish guard, sometimes keeping apart by force of arms those who are not deterred by their common love of Christ from laying violent hands on each other. There one finds traffic, and greed, and beggary, until he could wish for another cleansing of the temple with a whip of small cords. There one finds superstition and priestly invention forcing their way in where the reticence of the gospels is most marked and most beautiful. In the Church of the Sepulcher one is shown the stone of anointment on which the body of Jesus was said to have lain when Nicodemus anointed it; the place where the women witnessed the crucifixion; the place where the crosses stood; the place where the garments were divided; the place where the cross was found; the place where Abraham's faith was tried; the grave of Adam; the place whence came the earth from which Adam was created; and a wearisome lot beside. It is a veritable museum of heterogeneous religious frauds. There is no evidence for any of these things; it is all tradition, but tradition industriously taught and unquestionably believed by great masses of pilgrims whose presence swells the revenues of the various ruling sects.

On the New Calvary all this is changed. There is no strife, no guard, no merchandise, no pious fraud. There is a cemetery on a round hill, with a garden at the base. There one may feel, as well as be, assured of the truth. We held there a quiet and a memorable service, that none of us can forget. It is of this place, and not of the church, that I shall think as I sing:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Just as our service on Calvary closed, a shepherd came over the hill with his flock of sheep. I caught an imperfect photograph of him, and present it, taken as it was on the spot where the good Shepherd gave his life for the sheep.

Outside the city remain interesting short excursions. One should not fail to go entirely around the walls of Jerusalem.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Photograph by Miss Grace A. Ross

Nehemiah tried to do this on a donkey, and rode as far as he could go and then turned back. The modern tourist can ride farther than Nehemiah could, and for the rest of the way he can walk. Along the south wall are wheat-fields and half-cultivated tracts. I saw a jackal within pistol shot of Jerusalem. All around the valley of Jehoshaphat and up into the valley of the sons of Hinnom are graves and graveyards innumerable. It has been the ambition of millions of people to be buried at Jerusalem, and it would seem as though most of these had achieved their desire. There is no better place

to be buried and forgotten than in the multitude of graves that are here. Still, certain of the cemeteries are well cared for, among them the little Protestant cemetery on the south side of the city, which is really a comparatively attractive place. Following around on the south, one comes to Siloam,

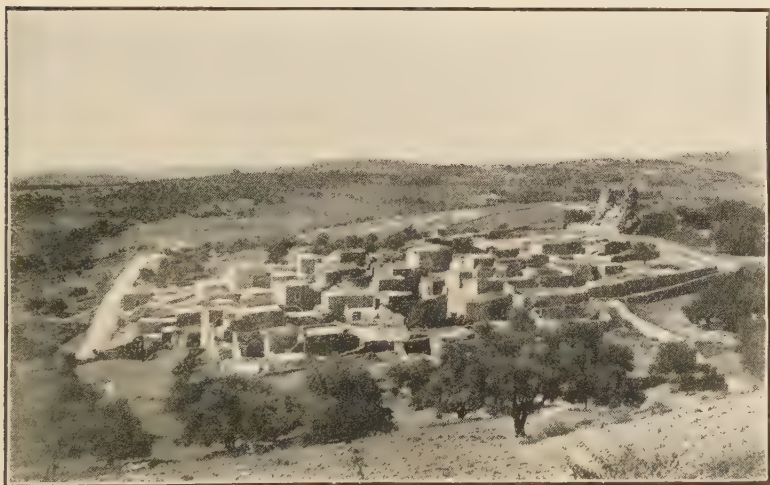


AN OLD OLIVE-TREE IN GETHSEMANE

and may somewhat easily make his way up the valley on the east. From the east side entirely around the north and to the Jaffa gate on the west, and so on south to the railroad station, one may drive with a carriage, and so it is not a very difficult task to make the entire circuit of the walls.

Of course the visitor must cross the valley of Jehoshaphat to Gethsemane. Two spots are claimed as the real site of the garden, one by the Greeks and the other by the Latins. So far as I could judge, there is no reason why they may not

both be genuine. The original garden must have been considerably larger than both of these together. The Latin Gethsemane is the one that most appeals to American tourists. One enters it by a small, low gate, and finds within it eight old olive-trees. The situation at the foot of Olivet and just off the road, that branching leads one way directly over the top and the other around the hill, is in itself most convincing, and appeals to one with a strong suggestion of genu-



BETHANY

ineness. Inside, the venerable trees, which may be eight hundred or a thousand years old, have such a suggestion of antiquity that one is satisfied to think them, if not the originals, at least the lineal descendants of those that stood there in the time of Christ. So far forth everything is as one should wish it, and within the garden, at the spot where Jesus is believed to have prayed, is Canova's beautiful marble group of Christ strengthened by the angel. All this is as it should be. But besides this, there are a number of cheap and tawdry shrines, repulsively inartistic, marking the exact square foot where each incident of Christ's agony is believed to have occurred. I cannot tell how indescribably it cheapens the narrative thus

to nail it down to a precise square yard of earth, and to illustrate it by a crude and soulless bas-relief, the work of a superstitious brain and unskilful hands, unenlightened by any noble conception of the subject.

The Franciscan monks who have the place in charge may be more devoted and less crafty than they seem, so I will not bring any railing accusation against them. Mr. William E. Curtis, who visited Jerusalem just before I was there, thus describes the traffic in the olive fruit and foliage of the eight living trees in the garden :

These trees are utilized in an extraordinary manner for the purpose of raising money. Each tree is theoretically owned by a stock company, unlimited. As much stock is issued as the Christian public will absorb, and the dividends, which are paid in the form of little fancy vials of oil, are certain. Although these trees ceased to bear fruit generations ago, the people in charge do not hesitate to give assurance to the contrary to the shareholders, and of course there is always enough olive oil to be had in Jerusalem to pay the dividends. Ground sanctified by the Saviour's tears, to many minds the most sacred spot on earth, is profaned by this and other humbugs practiced by men who should be driven from that holy place, as Christ drove the traders from the temple. Sprigs of olive and pressed flowers gathered upon the hills around Jerusalem are sold by the car-load to confiding people as if they came from Gethsemane. The Roman Catholic garden is very small, not more than 300 feet long by 200 feet wide, in the shape of an irregular triangle. The Greek garden is considerably larger.

There are many humbugs about here. The guides point out to you the "terra damnata," the exact spot where Judas kissed the Saviour, and the stone upon which the apostles slept when they should have been watching. The gospels tell us that three of them were in the party, but the stone is not big enough for more than two very small men.

Gethsemane is at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and a good roadway, kept in excellent order by the Russians, leads to the top of the hill, an easy walk of half an hour. Upon the way you see some remarkable things. For example, a light gray rock is pointed out as the place where the Madonna dropped her girdle when she ascended to heaven; a little farther up is another rock upon which Jesus stood when he beheld the city and wept over it. Here is the stone from which the Holy Virgin mounted the ass when starting upon her journey to Egypt. Here is the place where Jesus forgave Peter all his sins. A place where Mary once met her Son, when she was going to Bethany and he was on his way to Jerusalem, is marked by a cross, and cavities in several rocks on the hillside are shown as footprints of saints. The barren fig-tree cursed by the Saviour is still growing on the Bethany side of the mountain, and in that little town, which is only two miles from Gethsemane, a pleasant walk around the side of Mount Olivet,

are shown four different houses in which Mary and Martha lived with their brother Lazarus.

All these are for the purpose of deceiving the pilgrims. But they are not the worst. Two different trees are pointed out as the actual gibbets upon which Judas hanged himself, in proof whereof the branches grow toward the east, pointing away from the Holy Sepulcher, and the guides



THE TOMB OF LAZARUS

will tell you that this is a miracle. Judas trees were formerly more numerous than now, and twenty-five years ago they were at an entirely different locality. Faith in the longevity of trees in this country is astonishing. Down at Jericho they show you the tree that Zaccheus climbed to see the Saviour pass by.

To some people these humbugs are so manifest as to be amusing, but they deceive 99 per cent of the devout, trusting pilgrims who come to worship and adore, and thus a great wrong is done.

Fortunately, it is impossible wholly to spoil the mountain; hence the Mount of Olives retains something of its sacred association. Here where the feet of Jesus last pressed the

soil of earth, one feels a thrill of satisfaction in finding some spots of seclusion away from shrines and churches that vainly seek to make the place more sacred, and towers whose height seems a poor attempt to follow his ascent into heaven. There are still some quiet places where one can feel something of that which makes the place one of the most sacred on earth. From here, one has his finest view of Jerusalem, and cannot wonder that from this eminence the disciples looked upon the city with admiration.

Around the brow of the hill on the other side from Jerusalem is the little village of Bethany. It is an uninteresting place to-day, but one visits it gladly, for this was the home of Jesus' friends. The house where they lived is pointed out, of course, and one may see it quickly, and be glad when that part of it is over. It is simply another tradition, and nowhere are traditions more cheap. But more interesting is the alleged tomb of Lazarus, a deep cave approached by a dark stairway, and so constructed as to give shape to one's thought of the greatest miracle of Christ's lifetime.

All the way from Bethany to Jerusalem the tourist is besieged by beggars, and the slope up which he ascends to the city is occupied by lepers, who run along beside the carriage and thrust their diseased hands into his face, demanding bakshish. Their cry, "Lipra! lipra!" is pathetic, querulous, insistent. It is hard to pity them, so repulsive are they, so needless is their beggary, and so repellant is their method of extorting blackmail. One has constant need to remind himself that Jesus had compassion on the lepers. There is no greater proof of his tenderness than his attitude toward these wretched outcasts.

Jerusalem is a favorite place for philanthropy. There are at least two homes for lepers, and none of these people need beg; but they are fond of begging, and exercise their privilege outside the walls. Within the gates they may not come. I was glad to see the homes for them, even if the lepers refuse to occupy them. In time a better condition of government will compel them to remain in quarantine. So only can the disease be eradicated.

Another sight gladdened me—the British Ophthalmic Hospital. I tried to learn more about its work, but learned little, and had not time to visit the institution. Such a hospital, well endowed, can do a great work in that land of limestone dust and unwashed eyes. Diseases of the sight are fearfully frequent. There could be no finer Christian charity than the giving of sight in His name in Jerusalem.



JERUSALEM BEGGARS

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

Much money has been expended in Jerusalem in the name of religion, and much will continue to be expended. To Jews, Greeks and Latins, money is sent for distribution to "the poor saints in Jerusalem," some of whom have as many forms of religion as there are available distributions of alms. The largest Protestant work, and an excellent work, done in the city is by the Episcopalians of England, through the Church Missionary Society. There is a House of Industry, maintained by the London Jews' Society, where boys are taught trades, and the products are sold as souvenirs. So far as I could learn, there is no overlapping of Protestant work in Palestine, or strife among any organized denominational

agencies. There are numerous independent agencies, some of them working with admirable Christian spirit, and others showing more zeal than wisdom.

I drove around Olivet on the way to Jericho, leaving Jerusalem in quite a heavy rain, which, however, did not extend far over the region which separates Jerusalem from the Jordan valley. Thus we were soon in the midst of sunshine, though passing down through a constantly diminishing shower that still was a heavy rain over all the region toward the west. The road down the slope of Olivet winds back and forth so that one can look out and see it many times below him, and ever as we drove down this slope the rainbow above us grew brighter and brighter. Soon a second bow appeared, and then a third, and at last a faint but unmistakable suggestion of the fourth. It was a triple, and almost a quadruple, rainbow; nowhere before have I ever seen one like it, and I doubt if such a one is often seen by any one. There was something beautiful in its suggestion. Out from the gloom of a dark and muddy morning we were emerging into the beauty of the sunshine and the splendor of its rainbow. It seemed a sort of halo over the city now so squalid and desolate, but once so glorious in its associations, and so teeming with memories that have proved a blessing to the human race. There was something cheering in the symbol; something that made it impossible to think of Jerusalem as if it were only the squalid Syrian town which one sees when in the midst of it. As we went down into the valley, the intervening hills shut out the sight, and the storm and rainbow grew more remote. Our last sight of the triple arch disclosed it gloriously encircling the Mount of Olives, where Jesus ascended to the Father, and setting its sacred promise of hope upon that spot of land which Jesus loved.

CHAPTER XVII

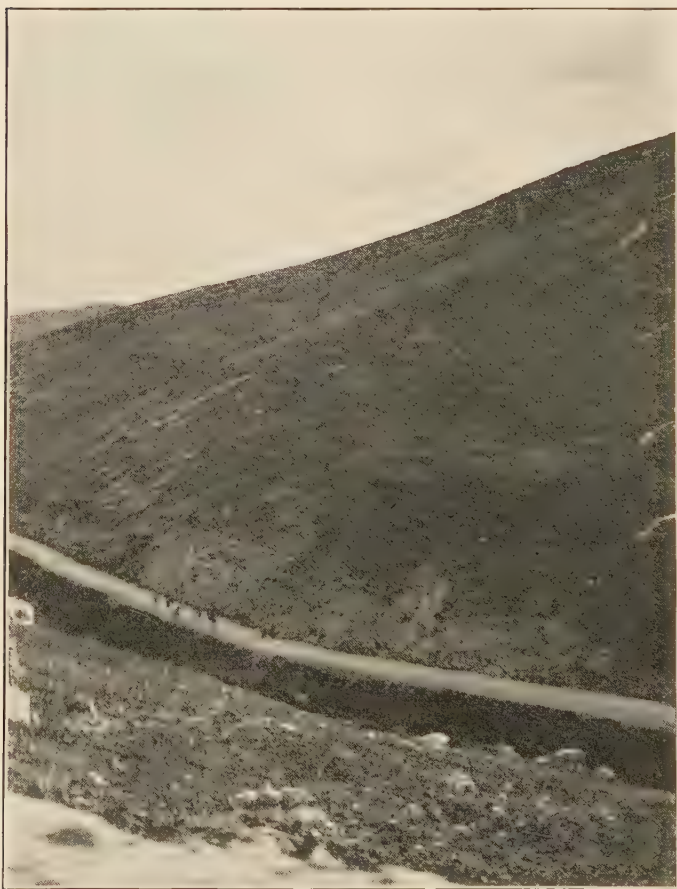
JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE RED SEA

“A certain man went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho.” Incidental expressions such as this reveal their full force and fidelity to the student of the Bible only when he is on the ground. He who follows the same road realizes how much emphasis should be placed on the word *down*. Jerusalem, measured from the elevation at the northwest angle of the present city wall, is 2,589 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. The Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below sea level, a fall of nearly 4,000 feet in what would be eighteen miles if traveled in a straight line. It is a drive of six hours, and the descent is constant, and in some places precipitous. When one turns to go back again, he realizes once more how continuous is the climb, and there comes to his mind the pathetic picture—pathetic, but full of elements that call forth admiration—of Christ’s last journey to Jerusalem before his crucifixion. “He went before, ascending up to Jerusalem”—this is the record. He had told the disciples of his coming crucifixion, and they had said in the language of Thomas, whom we cruelly remember as the doubter, “Let us also go, that we may die with him.” They summoned their faith to this level of devotion, but he went up before them. All the way he led the sad little procession, not because his bodily strength was greater, but because his courage was more stable and his faith more serene.

The road to Jericho leads through Bethany around the Mount of Olives, and past the single spring known as the Apostle’s Spring, from the tradition, or rather from the conjecture, based on the practical necessities of the case, that the apostles must have rested here. The springs of Palestine are its most certainly authentic spots. If this spring existed in

the time of Christ, it is perfectly safe to assume that the apostles and Christ himself made use of it, and drank of its waters.

Midway between Jerusalem and Jericho is the inn of the Good Samaritan. It stands in the midst of a desolate region, occupying the site of a much more ancient structure, and the name is entirely fitting. The horses rest here for from ten to thirty minutes, making the longer wait on the return trip, and



THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICO

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

here the tourists have abundant opportunity to procure relics of various sorts. There are knives and swords and ancient blunderbusses that have doubtless been used by thieves along this same road, for the highway still retains its old reputation.

Still descending, one passes along the edge of the deep ravine known as the Brook Cherith, where Elijah fled after discovering that a famine was to occur, and remained in hiding



THE INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

until the brook dried up. On the opposite side of the cañon are several monasteries, the homes of hermits, the most remarkable of which is Wady el-Kelt, which was built in 535, and is said to be a kind of penitentiary for Greek priests. It is a lonely place, and if any priest has sinned so as to fall under the just wrath of his brethren, it is hard to imagine a more desolate spot in which he could do penance for his fault.

We have been passing through the wilderness of Judea. If we have supposed that anything seen in Palestine before might properly be called a wilderness, we now discover our mistake. We have seen nothing desolate enough to belong in the same class with this. A more waste, dreary, forlorn

bit of landscape can neither be found nor imagined. Unlike Sahara, which stretches on in interminable wastes of sand, this is broken into bare hills, and silent, uninhabited valleys which extend beyond, and still beyond, as far as the eye can reach. If any one imagines a wilderness as a forest or jungle, this is of another sort, being none other than a place of absolute sterility, whose every scrap of arable soil has long since been washed away by the heavy rains, and whose barren sub-soil is baked and parched by the sun. What little suggestion of vegetation one discovers partakes of the same tawny hue of the rocks and earth.

At length we emerge into the Jordan valley, and here all is changed. A large and sterile plain next to the uplands gives way to luxuriant vegetation near the river. Wherever there is water, there is life. Palms, bananas, oranges, and other tropical and sub-tropical fruits are found. Cotton flourishes, though it is seldom planted, and Indian corn yields two crops a year. Sugar-cane here grows to enormous height—indeed, it was here that sugar got its name.

We drove to the great spring known as the Fountain of Elisha, from the tradition that the prophet sweetened these waters by a miracle. We passed Arab camps in their low, flat tents made of dark brown goat's hair. Children almost naked, and with faces already vicious, ran after us. Nowhere did we see such sure indications of latent vice in the faces of children as appeared in the region about Jericho. The men have the reputation of being treacherous and malicious, and the women are said to average about as their lineal ancestors did in Sodom.

We found reasonably comfortable quarters at the Hotel Gilgal, though our party more than filled all the respectable caravansaries in and about Jericho. But first-class hotels in Palestine are far from being up to the American standard. One of the ladies of the party described her own experience thus: "A certain woman went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among fleas."

After a meal which left us still capable, but not desirous,

we drove across the desolate sand to the Dead Sea. It was a longer drive than I had anticipated, and there was plenty of dust, which covered us over and filled our nostrils and



THE BROOK CHERITH

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

throat. The heat was oppressive, but was happily relieved by a strong wind blowing up the valley. The Dead Sea did not seem so very dead when we were there, for it was rolling in heavy waves, which, spite of the weight of the water, came in and broke into foam and spray against the pebbles on the shore. We tasted the water, and found it not only salt but

bitter. Six and a half million tons of water flow into the Dead Sea daily. As the sea has no outlet, all this water evaporates, and leaves what remains behind exceedingly heavy in mineral substances. It contains from twenty-four to twenty-six per cent of solid matter, of which seven per cent is salt. It has an oily feeling, and those who bathed in the water differ in their account of its effect upon them, some



SITE OF JERICHO

saying that they felt sticky from the salt, and others that the skin felt soft and pleasant from the oiliness.

There are no living creatures in the Dead Sea, and very few birds about the shores; this is not, however, because of anything fatal in the atmosphere, as has sometimes been assumed, but because no fresh water is available.

Re-entering our carriages, we drove northward, and stopped again at the ford of the Jordan. The Jordan is the one river of Palestine, and is unlike all other rivers. Its course is entirely below the level of the sea, and its gorge is so hot and unhealthy that no villages exist along its banks save only near its mouth. It is so rapid and narrow as to be wholly unused for commercial purposes. Instead, therefore,

of uniting the regions through which it passes, it makes an almost impassable barrier between Palestine proper and the regions on the other side of the Jordan. A stream so insignificant in its breadth, could hardly have become important enough to deserve mention in literature save by reason of its rapidity and depth. Its fall from the Lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea is six hundred and ten feet in a distance of about



THE FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA

sixty miles in a straight line, but increased by many windings of the stream to nearly two hundred miles. Its banks are covered with a thick vegetable growth which is known as Pride, or Swelling of Jordan. The inhabitants and travelers being very few, the wild beasts here have things almost their own way.

It is not without reason that tradition has located the scene of John's baptizing at the ford of the Jordan, for although we have no knowledge of the site of Bethabara, this spot has been that which pilgrims have sought from very remote ages. From the time of Constantine, it has been esteemed a high privilege to be baptized in Jordan. Multitudes of Greek pilgrims come here annually at Easter, arrayed in white robes,

and at midnight baptize themselves in this water. The stream is very rapid, and great care is needed if one enters it. It is also very muddy, and water taken from the river quickly ferments unless it is boiled and clarified. A single row-boat is maintained at the ford, and its owner gives tourists a brief ride on the Jordan for about a franc. It is well not to pay him until he returns to shore, especially when trade is brisk,



THE DEAD SEA

as he has a habit of cutting rides short if he can get more fares by so doing.

Greek priests from the monasteries above come down to the ford and sell to pilgrims pebbles from the Jordan with cheap little transfer pictures of the baptism of Christ upon them. Various small articles manufactured from black Dead Sea stone are sold here, as well as rosaries and crucifixes.

We were tired and hot and dusty enough when we returned to the hotel. There was some speculation among members of the party as to the character of the meat that we had for dinner, some affirming that it was camel, and others goat, but it was probably mutton. After dinner Joseph the dragoman took down from the wall a hyena skin, and told us about the hyena, which we were sure to hear howling at night. A traveler on a lonely road will hear its cry, and then feel the

hyena brush his face as it leaps over his shoulder. This performance is repeated until the traveler stops in terror and bewilderment to find himself confronted by the creature's two eyes, shining out of the dark. Rooted to the spot, he gazes



THE RIVER JORDAN, DR. JOSIAH STRONG IN THE FOREGROUND

at these fearful eyes in horror-stricken fascination, and at length follows them, as the hyena, receding, lures him to its cave. Joseph warned us not to look too long even at the eyeless head of the dead skin lest we should feel something of this fatal charm. Now and then a man is rescued who has been charmed by the hyena, and it is necessary to hold him flat upon the ground by main strength and beat his forehead with a stone until he is unconscious; then when he comes to

himself there is reasonable hope that the creature's spell over him will be broken. Even then he must be watched when the hyena howls, lest he break away from his companions, and rush forth to meet the glare of those fatal eyes. The animal kills its victims when it gets ready, but is deliberate about it,



A SHEIK OF JERICHO

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

and enjoys exercising its singular power over men quite as much as it does the sucking of their blood.

We took this story of Joseph's with a grain of salt, but those ladies of the party who were quartered in detached cottages in the neighborhood were very willing to accept an escort as they went to them that evening. None of them met a hyena, however, so far as was reported.

Next morning we rose at five o'clock in order to make our journey to Jerusalem before the sun got hot. It is a long, hard climb, and the three horses on a carriage were none too many. To the right as we ascended rose Mount Quarantana, the reputed scene of Christ's temptation. Behind, and to the

left, were the hills of Moab, where stood the castle of Machærus, in which John suffered martyrdom. In the distance rose the mountain where Moses is said to have viewed the Promised Land, and where he died. It is a longer journey back to Jerusalem than is required for the descent, and there is little to see along the way; yet the time did not seem long, and there still remained a goodly portion of the day to be employed in the streets and bazaars of Jerusalem.



A GROUP OF VILLAGE SHEIKS

CHAPTER XVIII

BETHLEHEM, WHERE ANGELS SANG

Bethlehem is easily reached by carriage from Jerusalem. The way leads over a good road, and takes one through a fruitful region, much more interesting than that in which Jerusalem is situated. The village stands on an elevation, and is conspicuous and inviting. The population is variously estimated, but is probably about eight thousand, and the inhabitants are nearly all Christians. Their principal industry is the carving of mother-of-pearl. The costume of the people is modest and picturesque. The women are more attractive than anywhere in Palestine, excepting at Nazareth. They have pleasant faces, erect carriage, full chests, and well-rounded forms.

The first notable event connected with Bethlehem recorded in the Bible is the burial of Rachel, and her tomb is still shown by the roadside. Jew and Mohammedan and Christian alike regard this place with reverence.

Bethlehem is the scene, also, of the beautiful love-story of Ruth, all the more lovely because of its dark background. The life of Palestine in the time of the judges, when anarchy ruled, would stand unrelieved by any element of cheer, but for the incidental revelation of a courage like Gideon's and of a fidelity like Ruth's. It is not at all improbable that the level field a mile to the south of the village is that which was owned by Boaz, according to the current tradition. One does not need to care whether this was the identical field or not; it was near this spot that the incident occurred, and this field meets the essential conditions.

Bethlehem is still more noted as the home of Judah's one great dynasty. The northern kingdom had kings of many families, but the southern province, after the time of Saul,

had only David and his descendants on its throne down to the time of the exile. Near Bethlehem is shown an old well, said to be Jesse's well. It was this well, if the tradition can be believed, for whose water David yearned when he was fighting the Philistines. (1 Chronicles xi. 17-19.) So great was David's popularity among his men, that three of them made their way through the Philistine lines to bring him water from



"O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

the well where he had been wont to drink in childhood. No mean nature can command such devotion as this, and no one but a great soul could receive such an act as David did. Instead of drinking the water, he poured it out unto the Lord, saying:

My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it (1 Chron. 11: 19).

It is such acts as these that show the man's true greatness, and reveal to us David as he actually was—impulsive, fallible, but warm-hearted, generous, brave and high-minded.

Near Bethlehem also is shown a cave where Mary is supposed to have stopped and nursed the infant Child. Here

religious superstition reaches its very bottom; for we are told in all seriousness that some drops of the Virgin's milk fell upon the floor of the cave, and have given such virtue to the chalky rock that little tablets cut from it enable women to bear male children, and give them abundance of milk. This boon, much desired by mothers in the Orient, makes the sale of bits of rock a prolific source of revenue to the pious rascals who possess the cave.

But the center of interest at Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity, which is probably the oldest Christian church edifice in existence. The tradition locating it is much more ancient and reliable than that relating to most sacred spots in Palestine. The tradition extends as far back as the second century, and comes to us from Justin Martyr. Such a tradition, maintained through so many centuries, deserves to be treated with great respect. A church was erected here in 330, by order of the Emperor Constantine, and portions of this very church are believed still to exist in the present Church of the Nativity. Here on Christmas day, in the year 1101, Baldwin was crowned king. While the church has several times been restored and undergone extensive repairs, it is still the most ancient and inspiring specimen of Christian architecture.

The church is in the joint possession of the Greeks, Roman Catholics and Armenians. The Greeks have the lion's share, and here, as in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, a Turkish guard is stationed, ostensibly to prevent the various Christian sects from fighting. This seems passing strange to a Christian from America, and the questions about which the tumults arise seem utterly insignificant—such as whether the Armenians may extend their carpet across an aisle which must be used by the Latins, and whether in coming from the chapel of the Nativity they may pass out on the other side, or must return by the way they have entered. But according to Oriental custom the continuous use of a passageway without protest gives property rights, so the Greeks insist upon retaining whatever might be compromised by concession on

their part. Harvard College fences up the walks across its campus one day in twenty years, in order that it may in no way imperil its ownership of thoroughfares commonly open to the public. In the Orient it is much more necessary to guard such rights against the encroachment of those to whom ordinary use is conceded; therefore the Latins, perhaps once in a year, must be forbidden to march entirely through the cavern and out on the other side, and be compelled to turn



RACHEL'S TOMB

back through their own door. The Roman Catholics complain bitterly against the Greeks in all these matters, and are themselves just as tyrannical against the Armenians. The Armenian quarters are themselves so poor and bare, and the carpet before their altar is so meager, that it seems a pity they are not allowed to extend it over the aisle; but to permit them to carpet the aisle would give them a property right there, or might be held so to do; therefore the carpet must be watched jealously lest it extend a single inch beyond its boundary.

It is so at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, where I was piloted about by a Franciscan monk and a Turk-

ish sergeant. The sergeant's presence, under the theory that I was being protected, was really a good-natured imposition, coupled with the expectation of bakshish. But I learned from the two a good deal about the riots that have occurred in the church. The last one occurred over the question of the right of the Latins to sweep the steps just outside the door; the court being the property of the Greeks, the privilege of sweeping the step belongs to them. They neither sweep it often themselves nor permit any one else to do so. It would be an insult to the Greeks for the Latins to sweep any dust from above upon the step and leave it there, but it is usurpation to sweep the step.

So, once in a while, when the various sects have great throngs of pilgrims present, and the authorities of each are measuring their rights and their interests to the very hair's-breadth, some over-zealous devotee exceeds his privileges, and the act is resented as the act of his entire sect, and then there is a fight. Both of these churches have been the scenes of actual violence and of bloodshed between those who hold the shrines in the name of Christ.

It is not quite correct to say, however, as some tourists do, that the guards are constantly necessary to prevent these Christians from killing each other, and that the soldiers hold their positions in manifest scorn of the Christians. On all ordinary occasions the office of guard is a sinecure, and the soldiers have little more to do than to present arms when some church dignitary enters. Judging from the relations of my Franciscan friar and the sergeant, they live on very good terms with each other as a rule. The guards have abundant time to prepare their coffee and smoke their cigarettes on the little raised platforms which they occupy, and their uniforms are much less likely to get wet there under cover than they would be out in the street. If I were a Turkish soldier, and wanted a very easy time, with just enough possibility of a little disturbance on holidays to prevent entire loss of soldierly vigilance, I should like a situation in one of these two churches. Nevertheless, it is a sad commentary on the lack of Christian

comity that the soldiers are even permitted there on such an errand.

The last quarrel at the Church of the Sepulcher occurred a few weeks before we were there, and with sad results. The



A BETHLEHEM FAMILY

matter has since been settled. Dr. A. E. Dunning records the fact, and comments on it thus:

A row in Jerusalem over the right to sweep the Church of the Holy Sepulcher ended in several deaths and many wounds before the Turkish troops could overpower the fighting monks. It has now been settled by the sentence of thirty-four intruding Greeks to short terms of imprisonment. If the whole matter seems childish, it must be remembered that for centuries the custody of the holy places has been a question of grave international importance. It gave a pretext for the Crimean War, and the local rows between Greek and Latin monks have been innumerable. The whole question, indeed, is like an ecclesiastical solfatara—the last vent-hole of the volcano of the Crusades. In one matter of present-day importance, this episode

has an international bearing of no slight interest. France has long claimed the guardianship of the Latin interests in the holy places of Palestine, as well as in the Roman Catholic missions in the near and farther East. But the wounded Latin monks were Germans and Italians, and were defended by their respective governments, which obtained an irade from the sultan recognizing their right to protect their subjects. So perishes in Turkey the claim of France to an exclusive protectorate over the Roman Catholic stations in the East, and with it an element of prestige and an instrument of intrigue which—for a country which persecutes the church at home—she has often used unscrupulously in the past.—*The Congregationalist*, July 19, 1902.

I have chosen to speak at length of these quarrels here, rather than overburden the chapters on Jerusalem with them, because the conditions are parallel in the two places. May they soon be changed in both. Let us now return to the Church of the Nativity.

The place of Christ's birth is located in a cavern underneath the high altar, and is shared by the three sects that have their separate quarters on the ground floor. Things do not change very often in the Orient, and the site of the old caravansary of Bethlehem may easily have been distinguished in Justin Martyr's day. I see no good reason to doubt the strong probability that in this stable Christ was born. That caverns are utilized as stables in Palestine, we had abundant proof. That this was once a stable seems entirely probable; that it was attached to the khan at Bethlehem I see no reason to doubt. The hill on which the town is built is so small that the position of the village cannot greatly have changed. My feeling, as well as my judgment, assured me that this is the spot where Joseph and Mary made their lodging on that night when the angels sang. In such a place it is something to be able to say that the weight of historic testimony and the facts of topography make the genuineness of a site probable; but it is still more to have the æsthetic feeling satisfied that the site meets the essential conditions, and this is true in Bethlehem.

An Armenian service was in progress at the time we visited the grotto. It was a service of children, a little dark-haired, large-eyed company, who chanted their minor songs in praise

of Him who there was born. The words were unintelligible, and the music was unfamiliar, but the service seemed strangely appropriate for the place.

In the Latin section of the building we found a school in session, a large Christian institution taught by the monks. There is no better use to which a portion of this building



RESTING ON THE WAY TO HEBRON

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

could be dedicated than that of the instruction of boys and girls of the village of Bethlehem, in the name of Christ who was born there.

Jerome lived at Bethlehem, and here did much of his work of translating the Bible into the Vulgate. The place where he did it is pointed out in one of the subterranean vaults of the Church of the Nativity. It is fitting that this event, which spread the gospel to so many millions, should have occurred on this spot where Jesus was born. Of course they showed us Jerome's tomb, and it matters little that the tradition

which locates it under this roof is only three hundred years old. We do not need to know where the saint's dead body was laid, since we know and possess the immortal work which he performed.

Beyond Bethlehem lies Hebron, a drive of five or a ride of six hours from Jerusalem. Hebron is a city so ancient that



THE OAK OF ABRAHAM

it was counted in mediæval ages the scene of the creation of Adam. Here Abraham pitched his tent, and here is shown an oak so manifestly old that it is declared to have been the oak of Mamre, under which the patriarch sat when he entertained the angels. Here Sarah was buried in the Cave of Machpelah. The cave is now believed to exist, and it is covered with a mosque which no Christian may enter save by a special firman of the sultan. Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, was here in 1881, and was the last Christian admitted. The mosque was built as a Christian church, by the Crusaders, about 1167. The village of Hebron itself is unat-

tractive, and has little except the oak and the cave to commend it to the tourist.

By starting early, and cutting short one's stay in Hebron, one may make both this town and Bethlehem in a day; but care must be taken to leave time for Bethlehem. On no account must one slight this place. It is so much more interesting than Hebron that it is far better to omit Hebron than to pass hurriedly through Bethlehem.



THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD

One returns from Bethlehem with a feeling more akin to complete satisfaction than he finds anywhere in Palestine, outside of Galilee. It is a place that stirs one's holiest memories. Almost every event connected with its history is remembered with happy associations. The beautiful idyl of Ruth, the history of the generous and manly Prince David, and the story of the song and the star, wake in the visitor the most sacred emotions of reverence and gratitude. There never was a star that shone on earth with light so blessed as that which guided men to the manger where lay the Prince of Peace; there never was a song so sweet as that which the angels sang that night, whose echoes are in all our noblest music:

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps with gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King"—
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

It is not strange that even the stolid find themselves repeating such lines in Bethlehem; it would be strange were it not so. And if a man be a Christian, and have in his soul a shred of that sentiment which makes the poet, the singer, or the seer, he repeats with new significance the words of the prophet:

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel (Micah 5:2).

Here he feels new joy in the fulfilment of the promise which the prophets longed for but their earthly eyes saw not.

Here the songs he loves take on a new sweetness. And how many of them belong to Bethlehem! From Handel's triumphant chorus, "For unto us a Child is born," to the latest and simplest Christmas carol; and from the good old-fashioned, time-honored hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," to Phillips Brooks' exquisite "O little town of Bethlehem," they ring in his ears, and give fit expression to his feelings. And what but poetry and music, consecrated by the love of Christian hearts, can worthily celebrate this spot? For here perhaps, in the very "Shepherds' Field" that is pointed out, and certainly within the range of vision as one stands there and looks about, was heard

the song of the angels announcing the Saviour's birth. No event in all earth's history was so fit to be introduced with song. A perfect burst of melody accompanies it in the Gospels. There is a quartette of earth and a chorus of heaven. Zacharias sings his *Benedictus*, and Simeon his *Nunc Dimittis*; Elizabeth breaks forth with her *Beatitude*, and Mary, clear as the lark, sings her *Magnificat*. When else on earth were ever heard four voices such as these, singing each its solo blending with the rest into one unapproachable anthem? And above them all bend the angels with their *Gloria*. One reads of this in other places; he hears it in his heart at Bethlehem. Here for a blessed moment the sight and sound of the world as it is are lost, and the air vibrates again with angel voices, singing:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!

CHAPTER XIX

JAFFA: FAREWELL TO PALESTINE

Jaffa is the city of Palestine which most tourists see first, and is therefore very fully described in all books about the country. We reversed the order, and saw it under no halo of novelty. But it was far from lacking in interest.

We left Jerusalem early on a Monday morning, and drove in carriages to the railway station, where our special train was waiting. The locomotive was one built for the road across the Isthmus of Panama, and the road is owned by a French company. The cars are comfortable, and the journey, while not a rapid one, is made so much more quickly than in the old way, and comfortably as well, that we were glad enough of the new method of transportation. It disturbs one's sentiment a bit to hear the whistle of the locomotive in the Holy Land, but it rests his weary frame, and there comes a time when rest is worth considering.

At a little station between Jaffa and Jerusalem I saw a camel hitched to the station paling, and ran out while the train stopped to make a snap-shot of him with the locomotive in the background. I hurried back to the train, not so much in fear of its leaving as to escape the owner of the camel, who demanded bakshish for the photograph which I had taken. One may photograph anything in Palestine, but there is nothing so ancient or so thoroughly public in its character that some individual does not demand bakshish if you point a camera at it. There is something suggestive in the combination of camel and engine. It represents rapid transit, past and future.

As we were sitting in the train at Jerusalem, a man and woman walked through the cars distributing cards, which introduced them as "Mr. and Mrs. Georges O'Mally, walking

around the world, 1897-1902." They had started on their honeymoon five years before, and had gotten as far as Jerusalem, subsisting on the contributions of the people as they went. They wanted some money from us; but we, by this time, were ready to have some one else bestow bakshish upon us. So the appearance of the bride and groom contributed more to our diversion than to their financial profit. I should like to know how they have come to enjoy each other during this prolonged and unique bridal tour; for how can two walk around the world together except they be agreed?

We crossed the beautiful and fertile plain of Sharon, and passed through the ancient city of Lydda, where St. George, the patron saint of England, and the hero of the encounter with the dragon, is said to have been born. It was here at Lydda that Peter was staying when the Christians of Joppa invited him to visit that city at the time of the death of the generous and skilful Dorcas, whose charity has made her name sacred to numerous organizations of Christian women.

And so we came to Joppa, or Jaffa, as it now is called. Jaffa is beautiful enough to the eyes of the tourist just about to set foot on the Holy Land. It is hardly less interesting, with its fertile soil and activity, to one who has finished the tour of that region of sloth and sterility. Mr. William E. Curtis, the versatile writer, gives the following excellent description of Jaffa:



RAPID TRANSIT PAST AND FUTURE

Jaffa is a city of the most ancient type, and the primitive costumes of the patriarchal age and most modern improvements are brought together here in striking contrast. At the market-place one can see the genuine East, a combination of Oriental features and colors, from sunrise to sunset, with a crowd of people chattering at each other in all the languages of Asia Minor—country peasants, foreign pilgrims, Bedouins, Arabs, Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, and Jews, mixed up with camels, mules, donkeys, goats, buffaloes, cows, oxen, dogs, parrots, ducks, geese, hens, and chickens, all talking or screaming or braying at the same time, each trying to attract attention to himself or the wares he has for sale; every product of the semi-tropical region; every fabric made by Oriental hands: luscious fruits from the orchards in the neighborhood, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, quinces, apples, apricots, strawberries; every variety of vegetables, and cheese, poultry, and eggs, figs and olives, olive oil in pigskin bottles, and petroleum in tin cans; meat of all kinds, dried fish, everything that anybody wants or that can be produced or procured in this country is spread out upon the ground, either with an old woman or a young one trying to persuade people to buy, and screaming at them at the top of her voice. It is a novel and interesting sight. The outdoor market of Jaffa furnishes as fascinating a picture as an artist can find anywhere in the East.

Jaffa is famous for her gardens. They extend around the city in a belt about seven miles long and a mile and a half wide, produce two or three crops a year, and have been producing since shortly after Noah's ark landed on Ararat. Indeed, one of the legends is, that Jaffa was not destroyed like the rest of the world, or even injured, by the flood. I cannot quite make out how it escaped, but plenty of old Moslem moulahs here will explain the phenomenon if you will come over here and listen to them. The soil seems to be inexhaustible, and an artesian basin under the city is a never-failing supply of water for irrigating purposes, which is pumped into distributing reservoirs by curious old wheels.

All the way through Palestine the Jaffa oranges had been our delight and almost our salvation. An Oriental breakfast is exceedingly light and not always palatable. It is a most welcome sound which one hears, in the middle of the forenoon, from some muleteer anxious to turn an honest penny,—

“Tree lollang, half a franc! Tree lollang, half a franc!” Three oranges are none too many about that time in the morning, and half a franc is a price the tourist is quite willing to pay. At Jaffa these same oranges are furnished fresh from the tree, with a bit of stem and leaf still attached to each, in proof that they have not been long in the market. The price here is very low, and one may buy a basket for a shilling,

but is quite likely to find the bottom half of the basket filled with leaves or brown paper.

Anything can be bought here that is sold in Palestine. The bazaars are built out to the street as in most Palestine towns, and the picturesque groups of people before them give a pleasing variety even to one who has already made a tour of the interior towns. Whatever one has failed to buy else-



LYDDA

where, will here be offered if not thrust upon him, the venders pressing one to the very wharf.

Jaffa is a kaleidoscope of all that the departing tourist has witnessed. He finds it a delightful, heterogeneous, whitey-yellow, jumbled up city, a review and reminiscence, a reeking, wriggling, howling epitome. It puts salt on the tail of his Palestine experiences, and holds them in his hand for a single fleeting day before they spread their wings and are gone.

Joppa would have a more prominent place in Biblical history if the Jews had been fond of the water. In all the time that they occupied Palestine they rarely had possession of much of the coast. To the north about Acre, Tyre and Sidon, the descendants of the old Phœnicians held the ports,

and to the south the Philistines had the coast plain. The Jews were essentially residents of the mountains, and this was their only port.

The Phœnicians were the early navigators of this region. They were first cousins of the Jews, and it is interesting to conjecture what the result would have been to civilization if



AMONG THE ROCKS IN JAFFA HARBOR

the Phœnicians had possessed the Jewish religion or the Jews had been as good sailors as their neighbors and kinsmen.

Once and once only in their history did the Jews attempt to become a maritime power. It was when the influence of Jezebel was dominant in both Israel and Judah, her son ruling in the northern kingdom and her daughter being married to the crown prince of Judah. Solomon had called in the seamanship of Hiram, King of Tyre, to import the materials for his temple, but Jezebel aspired to bring the maritime glory as well as the religion of Tyre into the dominions where she herself was queen. So her son, Ahaziah, and her daughter's father-in-law, Jehoshaphat, having pushed their conquests southward till they secured a port on the Red Sea, built a great fleet, as is recorded in 2 Chronicles 20: 35-37. But the

fleet suffered shipwreck, and the people interpreted the event as a judgment of God, because of the unholy alliance of the good king Jehoshaphat and the wicked house of Ahab and Jezebel. So perished the single ambition of the Jewish people to become a sea power. From that day to this, though with strongly developed commercial instincts, the



COURTYARD—HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER

Jews have ever been disinclined to navigation. From the old ports of Tyre and Sidon sailed fleets whose sails whitened the Mediterranean, and whose seamen gave names to her distant harbors; but the Jew who fled from the presence of the Lord as Jonah did, sailed on the deck of a foreign vessel, whose sailors prayed to Neptune, or some other deity, and got ashore as best he could. The same system continues with slight modifications to the present day.

When Solomon would build a temple, he caused the timbers from Tyre to be floated to Joppa, wisely giving the work of navigation into the hands of the Tyrian king.

The building of the temple was the chief event of the Old Testament history which brings Joppa into prominence. The city is better remembered, however, in connection with Jonah's attempt to escape from the presence of the Lord. It was at Joppa that he took ship. And here let me remark in passing that the present landing facilities are only a moderate improvement on the whale.

The most notable event which relates to the Christian history of Joppa was the vision which Peter saw which disposed him to receive the messengers from Cornelius, showing him that God is willing to accept the devotion of one who is not a Jew. This was the beginning of that liberal movement in the early church which prepared the Christian faith to become universal. The house of Simon the tanner is still shown. Whether it is genuine or not need not concern us greatly. It is an ancient house, overlooking the sea, and its flat roof is such a one as might have been the scene of Peter's vision. This is the center of interest to tourists in Joppa, and the first place visited by them.

From the house of Simon the tanner, we went directly to the wharf. The great ship that had been our home for so many weeks, and from which we had now been separated for so long a time, lay in the offing, and boats were at the wharf ready to take us aboard. Into these we made our way with all possible expedition. Quarantine restrictions caused some fussiness on the part of the officials, and we were interested in seeing how they would take care of us. The boats in which we first embarked were not those which took us to the ship. To these we had to be transferred, because whatever touched the ship would have to lie at anchor for four days; so we and all our belongings were transferred to other boats a little distance from the wharf. The health officers followed us out, and after they had seen the last of us on board, they worked a little hand pump that threw some disinfectant into the boats from which we had come. To us it was very funny, for we and our baggage were about the only things in Palestine that did not need disinfecting.

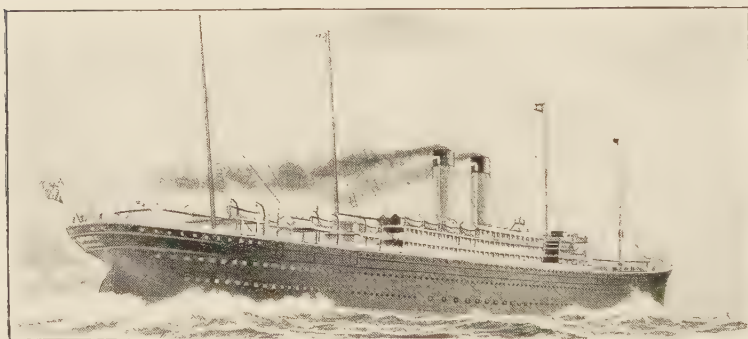
The boatmen of Joppa are good sailors, and able to handle their crafts in very rough water. They also have a keen eye for bakshish, and never row so hard or fast as to fail to pass the hat. It makes no difference if they have been overpaid at the start, or if the price agreed upon includes the bakshish; they still demand it, and as a rule collect it. They have a



A LAST LOOK AT JAFFA

very persuasive way of collecting. They make their demand half-way from ship to shore, and if it is refused, the helmsman puts his tiller about, throws the boat into the trough, and the men at the oars reduce their pull to an effort that may aggregate a pound to the stroke. It is useless to request them to go on; with the most stolid indifference they raise and drop their oars, the boat lying rocking in the trough, a direct invitation to seasickness. The measure rarely fails. The passengers feel their breakfast rising, and the money comes with it. It is barefaced piracy, and of a most effective type. We gladly paid our bakshish and waved our farewells to friends on shore. Our dragomen were there, and others

with whom we had become acquainted during our tour in the Holy Land. They would gladly have come on board with us had the quarantine permitted, but this could not be, so we parted from them at the dock. Nowhere, save at New York, did we leave so large a company of those whom we felt to be our friends.



OFF FOR ALEXANDRIA

CHAPTER XX

RAPID TRANSIT IN THE ORIENT

The means of travel in Eastern lands are so various, and the experiences of roads and changes of language are so interesting, that I desire to insert a chapter on these and sundry matters. If any one wearies of reading it, he may safely omit it, and make his way straight on to Egypt, and wait on the wharf at Alexandria for the arrival of the ship, at the beginning of the next chapter.

The first thing I want to talk about is the camel. We do not always remember how much we owe to him as a factor in our modern civilization. No other animal could have traversed the desert as the camel has done, conveying salt and other commodities far back over the desert, and bringing thence the spices and tapestries to the ports that scattered them to all the world. When on the march the camel goes three days without drinking, and suffers no especial discomfort, for he has a reserve water supply in the walls of his stomach. He can abstain a fourth day if necessary without much inconvenience, and when grazing will go cheerfully for a week at a time or often longer without any drink whatever. But when he drinks he stores away a supply for the future. His humps are another reservoir. They are simply masses of fat, with no curvature of the spine corresponding to them. These humps diminish during a long journey, the camel's system drawing on their storage according to his need. A camel-driver, therefore, before starting on a journey, examines the animals' humps to be sure that they will be able to go through.

Although on occasion he is well content with modest fare, the camel is a high liver when he has a chance. It is not because he has any special taste for fine food, however; he

simply eats everything in sight, and has so little discretion about his eating that he needs to be watched when there is an abundance, lest he eat something injurious to himself, or consume too much of otherwise wholesome food.

A string of camels is usually preceded by a donkey bearing the personal effects of the driver and some of the articles for the camp. Following him comes the driver, leading the first camel, and the halter-rope of each animal is tied to the saddle of the camel preceding. The pack saddle is made of two strong forks of wood, not unlike the bottom of a huge saw-buck, to which transverse poles are made fast. This rests upon a thick pad, covering the camel's two humps, and is not commonly removed when the camel is temporarily relieved of its burden.

Of all living creatures, probably the camel is the most ungraceful. The popular story told to tourists is that the camel and elephant ran a race to see which could get into the ark first. The elephant won, but the camel got his back up about it. It is sometimes added that the camel had to hump himself, or he would never have gotten in at all. It was his usefulness rather than his beauty that made him worth saving at the time of the deluge. The ungainliness of his humps is accentuated by his neck and head, which seem to be put on at perfectly absurd angles. But despite the downward curve of the neck as it leaves the body, the head is carried so erect that the nose is practically horizontal. The halter is sometimes surmounted by a little feather rosette on the bridge of the nose, which is the camel's one pretense of artistic trapping.

Even in his best estate the camel seems ancient; and as he ordinarily appears on the road he looks decidedly moth-eaten, and a survival of departed glory. We looked long for a young camel, and came to doubt whether such a thing exists, or ever has existed. After long observation we discovered a few of them; but even these looked old and prematurely solemn, as if already anticipating the burdens which they must bear. As I did not ride a camel in Palestine, I do not know their favorite names, but imagine them to be Solo-

mon and Abraham, with an occasional Noah or Methuselah. In Egypt the most frequent name is Rameses II., and now and then there is a Thothmes or Menephtah. The camel continues to grow for sixteen or seventeen years, and is said to live to the age of forty or fifty. The latter seems to me a very conservative statement. I saw very few camels that did not look to be nearly as old as the Pyramids. And in truth, the animal's ancient appearance is not misleading. He is ancient,



AN ARAB CAMP

being one of the oldest mammals now living. Fossil remains of an animal somewhat larger than the camel, but otherwise practically identical, have been found in Miocene rocks. It is impossible to express his antiquity in years, but they must reach into the millions. We have found the five-toed ancestor of the horse, and are able to trace the vast and scattered cat-tribe toward a common ancestor; but the camel stands alone and self-sufficient. He needs no ancestor; he is an ancestor.

The camel ruminates his food and has a second stomach, but does not possess horns or hoofs as do other animals that chew the cud. There are different branches of the family, some with one hump and some with two. Naturalists are

unable to decide through what line of descent the camel's genealogy should be traced. His antiquity stretches back so far beyond the dawn of history that he has no family tree. He stands among the beasts of the earth a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother or any assigned beginning in history.

The camel has a very early place in recorded human history. Pharaoh presented camels to Abraham. When Isaac meditated in the fields at eventide, and thought of his future bride, he looked up, and behold, the camels were coming with Rebekah. The Midianites who were traveling from the land of Gilead to Egypt, and who bought Joseph from his brethren, were traveling with camels laden with spices. Job possessed six thousand of these beasts.

The camel is reputed to be a very patient beast, but he is exceedingly resentful, and sometimes gives a total stranger a passing kick, through mere wantonness. Now and then he takes a man in his teeth and gives him a good shaking. In general, I doubt not, the man deserves it.

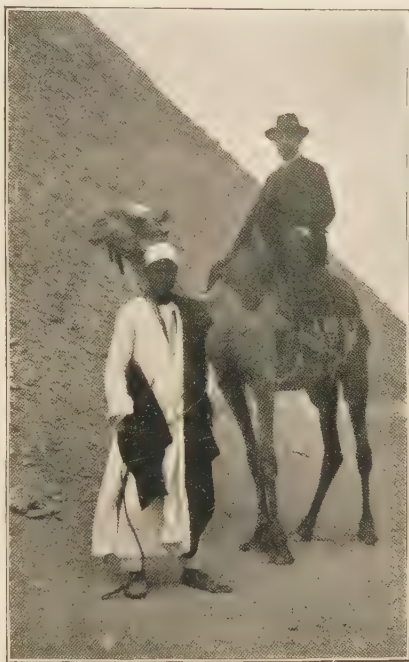
The camel's gait is as uncomfortable as one can well imagine; nobody ever gets used to it. Those who have ridden camels all their lives rock back and forth at every jerk of the great clumsy beast, whose strides seem so ill adjusted to each other as to make one fear that the camel will rock himself to pieces, and break his rider's spine in twenty places. A member of our company was importuned by an Arab to ride his camel, and the American replied, "No, I do not want to read the Koran this morning." This bit of American humor was a revelation to the Arab, but he saw the point and laughed heartily. The reader of the Koran sits cross-legged on his prayer-rug and rocks back and forth in what appears to the Occidental a most unreasonable fashion. Perhaps the Arab learned the attitude through experience in camel-riding.

The camel carries from four hundred to a thousand pounds upon his back, and with a moderate load will make anywhere from twenty-five to forty miles a day crossing the desert. The dromedaries, which are the fleetest of the camel tribe,

sometimes make a hundred miles. At Luxor I saw some British soldiers mounted on the fleet animals. They were the finest looking camels that I saw anywhere, well groomed, and full of life. The riders were not graceful, but they certainly were picturesque, and attracted much attention.

It is not generally known that an effort was once made to introduce camels into the United States for purposes of commerce. Many of them died upon the first introduction to America, but a few survived, and their descendants are still to be found in New Mexico and Arizona.

The Secretary of the Interior, in answer to a request for information concerning these American camels, furnishes me with this extract from the report of the Governor of Arizona, Hon. L. C. Hughes, for 1893:



RIDING A CAMEL

Photograph by Miss Grace A. Ross

In the year 1855 the War Department imported from Smyrna, Asia Minor, a number of camels. They were landed at Galveston, and from there taken overland to Los Angeles, for the purpose of transporting military supplies from that point to the various coasts of southern California and Arizona. En route, however, a number of these camels were lost or strayed in the vicinity of the Agua Caliente, about 75 miles east of the Colorado river. The remainder were delivered at their destination, but their use was found impracticable, the sand being too sharp for their feet, and considerable hostility being excited against their use amongst teamsters and freighters, who took occasion to shoot them, on the ground that their presence caused a stampede of their horses and mules. Of the camels taken to

California, a number was returned to Arizona in 1876, for the purpose of transporting ores from the then rich Silver King mine.

Here, again, their presence was objected to by teamsters and freighters, and the band was turned loose between the Gila and Colorado rivers, through which section they have been roaming ever since. In 1883 nine of the band were captured by Papago Indians and turned over to a circus. At that time there were twenty head in the herd, eleven of which were two or three years old. The Arizona stock is said to be a great improvement on the original.

Col. D. K. Allen, of the *Yuma Sentinel*, makes this statement with reference to the subject:

At the present time there are ninety-seven of them in the mountains and hills east of the Yuma and Harqua Hala wagon roads, away from the haunts of white men and Indians. They have roamed mostly in the Eagle Tail Mountains and adjoining ranges, where but few, if any, human beings ever go. It is estimated that if none had been killed there would now be not less than one thousand. They are very wild and vicious, and make a hard fight when caught or even cornered.

The look upon the camel's face is habitually sad, and his accustomed utterance is a groan. He groans when he kneels down, and groans when he rises, and groans under his often too heavy burden. But he is the most valued of all the animals of the Orient, and is the best cared for of their beasts of burden. A good camel is said to be worth about four hundred dollars, an amount of money not often possessed by an inhabitant of Syria or Egypt. When a married man dies, his widow is accustomed to say, "I have lost my camel." All other women know thereby that she places a high value on her departed husband.

So much for the camel; now for the roads which he must travel. The roads of Palestine are not all bad. The visit of the Emperor William resulted in the temporary improvement in the roads over which he was to pass, particularly from Haifa to Nazareth, and from Jerusalem to Jericho. This is precisely the thing that has been done in that country from the remotest ages when a king was expected to pass over a given road. In the prophecy of Isaiah this custom is referred to in anticipation of the coming deliverance of Israel from the Babylonian exile. The prophet stands as a herald in the wilderness crying:

Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low:
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain.

Isa. 40: 3, 4.

Although these roads have had no work done upon them for several years, and are now falling into a sad state, they are still practicable for carriages.

The horses furnished to tourists in Palestine are reasonably good, and in general better than their riders deserve. It is a land where feed is scarce, and few horses are overfed, but even those that look poor are often strong and reliable, and are much better beasts than I should be willing to furnish to inexperienced riders. Most of them are stallions; mares are considered too valuable for this work. People who have never mounted a horse at home come to Palestine and bestride a strange animal, expecting by some sort of miracle



THIS WAY FOR THE PYRAMIDS

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

to acquire the ability to ride in a single day. No one ever rode on blisters but blamed his horse. The horses, too, have saddle galls, and have good reason to blame their masters. Some of the horses are vicious, but not commonly so. Usually the rider who is thrown by his beast accomplishes that result by nervously interfering with the horse in a bad strip of road. Left to himself, the horse would pick his way, and he would probably be grateful if the rider would dismount and walk over the worst portions of the journey. It would be better for the rider, too, and would rest both him and his horse; but if the horse is starting down a rocky place, and the rider jerks at his tender mouth, and the horse, endeavoring to do the unreasonable thing which his rider compels, stumbles on a loose stone and throws him, the rider imagines himself to have just grounds for complaint against the horse. The person contemplating a tour of Palestine should do a little horseback riding in advance as preparation for the journey, and when there should be gentle with his beast.

I felt a special sympathy for the Palestine donkey. Over and over as I rode through that part of Samaria that once belonged to Issachar, I thought of Jacob's description of his son, to whose descendants that land was assigned. "Issachar is a strong ass crouching down between two burdens" (Gen. 49: 14). It seems impossible to overload a Palestine donkey to the point where his owner will pity him. A donkey is worth from two to ten dollars, and costs his owner little trouble for care and keep. He crouches habitually between two burdens, and patience with him has long ceased to be a virtue. If I could organize a strike among those who suffer from too long hours and too great burdens, I would begin it with the donkeys of the Orient. Sometimes the donkey is loaded so that he is almost hidden beneath the burden, yet he bears it with a patience that is almost jovial. In Egypt I got a picture of a donkey loaded with green hay and two boys on top. He was one of a procession of such little animals and they jogged very merrily along the road from the Pyramids to Cairo.

It is hard to take the donkey quite seriously, perhaps because he himself seems so profoundly serious. To see a tall man on a tiny little beast with preposterously large ears, impresses one at once as something so disproportionate that



A DONKEY AND HIS LOAD IN EGYPT

he can hardly refrain from smiling. The natives, however, do not smile, but jog along in the most unconcerned fashion. However, only one full-grown person can ride a donkey at a time, so if a man takes his wife with him he rides and she walks. She does not complain, and the donkey does not complain; they are both accustomed to it. I have a picture of a man and the two women of his household trudging along to their farm in the plain of Esdraelon; the man is smoking

his pipe and is content, the women also seem to be happy, and so to all appearance is the donkey.

The prophet Balaam was riding along in this way, and the two servants were walking, when the ass turned out of the way, and Balaam beat the ass according to the custom of the country then and now. Then the ass crowded against the wall and crushed Balaam's foot, which served him right. Again Balaam retaliated by beating the ass. This, too, was according to custom. The ass fell down under him, and he beat the ass the third time. I do not wonder the ass protested. It is not to me so much of a miracle that that one ass spoke, as that so many others have borne like treatment without verbal protest. It is enough to make a dumb beast cry out in righteous indignation. It is quite enough to justify the sending of an angel to rebuke the ill-tempered owner of the patient little donkey. It is recorded that Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, "I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me." It is to be hoped that he treated his donkey better thereafter.

The donkey has a habit of braying at the most unexpected times, and with a voice whose volume is in direct contrast with the size of the donkey himself. The bray is such a pathetic thing, as though it were the pent-up protest of generations of overloading and of cruel beating; yet there is something very comical about it. The donkey seems to have no object whatever in braying, except to free his own mind, and if it affords him any comfort, surely he is entitled to it.

Apropos of the linguistic ability of donkeys, Balaam's and the others, it may be well to discuss the question of language in oriental travel.

Almost any kind of knowledge is likely to serve a man who possesses it if he waits long enough for an occasion to use it. Hence, probably, it would be well for a man to know all the languages of all the countries which he visits. But, spite of some minor discomforts, and probably some real deprivations consequent upon his ignorance, one gets on very well with no language but his own. It is interesting to find how

superfluous any other language is, and how one's own is often at its best where no one understands it.

How valueless, after all, is much of our talk! One feels it when he witnesses the abundant amount of jabbering done



A MODERN BALAAM

by foreigners, and the pitiful accomplishment resulting therefrom. If he wants anything done, a gesture and bakshish accomplish it; but alas for him who has no bakshish and can only talk! Talk is cheap.

Baedeker kindly gives one a few sentences in the languages of various countries, and groups them according to situation. There is a sample conversation: "In the custom house," another "In the shop," and one "By the way," and so on, and there are phrases to use with rich men, poor men,

beggar men, and thieves; but I never used any of them. My muleteer gave me a few lessons in Arabic, thus:

“Spik English, good morning; spik Arab, neharak sâid.”

“Spik English, good evening; spik Arab, neharak sâideh.”

These words I learned, and used industriously, the muleteer, whose name was Caleel, giving me frequent review lessons, so that I bade him good morning forty times before noon, and good evening as often before the sun went down. In like manner he reviewed his own scanty stock of English, and gave and obtained compliments therewith. On this wise he began:

“Saddle very good, Mis’ah Barton?”

“Yes, Caleel; saddle very good.”

“Bridle very good?”

“Yes, the bridle is very good.”

“Horse very good?”

“Yes, horse very good.”

“Caleel very good?”

“Yes, Caleel very good.”

This completed the list, and he repeated it for his own satisfaction:

“Saddle very good; bridle very good; horse very good; Caleel very good; Mis’ah Barton very good.”

In this way we carried on animated conversations. If I wanted to go one way and he another, I stopped and said:

“Caleel! This way!”

If he thought he knew better, he said:

“No, no, Caleel very good,” and led the other way.

If I wanted to know the name of a village, I paused and asked what I thought might be its name.

“Caleel, Ramallah?”

And he replied:

“No, no! Bireh.”

I cannot say that I found Caleel’s knowledge of English too meager for my needs, or that I greatly mourned my lack of a greater command of Arabic.

There are a few words which one hears so constantly from

muleteers and dragomen that he finds himself using them before he knows it, but this habit has its perils. The guide-book tells us to answer a beggar by saying, "The Lord give unto thee," but the Apostle James has told us how useless



CALEEL

it is to say to a man, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," without making any contribution to his needs. A much more effective word is that used by the dragomen to beggars and peddlers, "Imshie." This word will actually send them away at times. Constantly annoyed by their importunities, the people of our party came to use this word to the beggars and peddlers. One of these latter, who spoke some English, turned to one of the ladies of the party, and in a tone of sad admonition, said, "Ma-adam, Imshie, very,

very nasty word; not a nice word for a lady to use." The lady thus addressed has been wondering ever since just what she said to him. I have no reason to believe that the word involves any indecent meaning, but it is an expression of contempt, or as one peddler said, "You say Imshie to a dog, not to a man."

Another expression which our people found themselves using was "Yellah." It is an exclamation which teamsters employ in addressing their horses, and one which the horses seem to understand. The tourist who has labored long in the endeavor to secure a reasonable speed by the use of the whip, finds himself, all but unconsciously, shouting "Yellah" to his horse. It is on record that a company of religious tourists once approaching Beirut were met outside the city by several of the missionaries. As they were entering the city, the travelers, wishing to make a good impression, whipped up their horses, calling to them, "Yellah! Yellah!" The missionaries listened with horror, for yellah is said to be derived from Allah, and to be a Mohammedan driver's swear-word.

These incidents illustrate the truth that a man may well be careful about meddling with foreign languages, or coveting the gift of tongues.

A little knowledge of French is of some assistance to the tourist. The hotel bill of fare, when printed at all, is commonly in French, but the main thing which one wants of a bill of fare is to learn the price, and no great knowledge of French is required for that. If he is laboring with a table d'hôte, all the languages spoken at Babel would not avail him a particle. The established order grinds one monotonous way, and neither the prayers nor imprecations of the traveler whose time is short will hasten or alter it in the slightest degree. In general one commands more respect by shouting his orders in good plain English than in unintelligible French. Nine-tenths of it is in the bakshish, and if on the Continent, there bakshish becomes "pour-boire." There is a proverb, which goes the rounds of betting circles, where a man's opinion counts for little, no matter how emphatically expressed,

unless he is willing to back it with a wager, that "money talks." Money talks in the Orient. The man who has a coin in his hand can make himself understood, though he does not speak at all; but he who has no money may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and it will profit him nothing.

It is interesting to find how widely English has become the language of commerce. Almost every respectable store provides itself with an English-speaking clerk. The sign "English spoken" is a very common one. The English is not always good, but it is sufficient for commercial purposes, and is in use in many places where the sign is not displayed. But if no English is spoken, and one wishes to make a purchase and knows how much he ought to pay, it is not at all difficult to buy what he wants. He may point to it or pick it up and ask in English the price. The first question would be understood no matter in what language he asked it, and the answer also is likely to be intelligible, and the price demanded preposterous. He may wish to ask a few other questions, as to its material and its genuineness. A single word with the rising inflection will bring an emphatic affirmative in any and every case. Silk? gold? silver? antique? The owner swears by all his gods that it is fine gold, or pure silver, and that its antiquity reaches back into the twilight of the human race. If the purchaser feels sure that the owner is telling the truth, he will see the advantage of being able to carry on so much of conversation. About all that he now requires is to come to terms on the price. The owner wants three francs. The purchaser, if he is wise, has priced the same article in two or three other places, or learned from some fellow-traveler or dragoman the amount which really ought to be paid, which is probably a franc and a half, so he offers a franc. Then the owner diminishes his price to two francs, vowing all the time that he is suffering great financial loss; and the purchaser divides the difference. The most effectual way is for the tourist to take out of his pocket the sum which he is willing to pay, and lay it upon the counter.

The proprietor will either take it or refuse it. This whole transaction may be accomplished without the purchaser's knowing a word in any language save the English, and he is quite as likely not to be swindled as if he understood and believed all the owner claims for the article. This is not quite the way one likes to do business, but it is the way in which business is done in the Orient. He who would pay the full price demanded would be even worse swindled than he often is when he pays a third or half. Still, it is true that not every Oriental salesman is a swindler, and one will find it to his advantage not to be too suspicious as well as not to be too credulous.

I am not seeking to discourage any one who is disposed to learn foreign languages. A few Arabic phrases will do no harm, and a little French is a convenience, but neither of these is strictly necessary. One may make the tour of the Mediterranean and come back having used only the English language, and not be conscious of having suffered any great loss of pride or of pleasure by his ignorance. The time is surely coming when the English language is to be in common use in all the important Oriental centers, and even now it is far from being infrequent.

Humorous stories are often told of those who attempt to use the foreign languages abroad. One of the ladies of our party meeting a nun at Funchal, and being unable to talk Portuguese, tried French. The effort was not wholly a success, for the nun's French and hers were about on a par. With a sudden thought she asked, "Do you speak English?" and the nun replied, "Why, bless me, yes; I am English!" And so the conversation got on better.

I heard another story of an American in an Italian city, who had laboriously committed to memory a few phrases in several languages. Meeting a man carrying a basket of oranges, he asked him in Italian, "How much?" but the stranger made no reply. He then asked the question in French, with like result. Then he tried in German, and at last asked it in Spanish. As the owner of the oranges still

maintained silence, he thus meditated aloud: "He is not Italian; he is not German; he is not French; he is not Spanish; I wonder what he can be?" to which the man with the basket replied: "I am an American citizen, and I am taking these oranges to the hotel to my family. Now who are you, and what in the name of common sense are you jabbering about?"

All such illustrations show the truth that, while other languages have their value, English is far from being useless in foreign lands.

At Smyrna one of our ladies stopped before a confectioner's shop, where the proprietor was engaged in preparing for shipment a box of Turkish Delight. He had to do his work in the street, for the shop had neither room to nail a box nor swing a cat. She was interested to learn where he was sending the candy, and waited while he prepared his marking brush. As he was slow about it, she asked him, "Where are you shipping the box?" He did not reply, and she asked, "Do you speak English?"

He looked up with a disdainful look, and holding his marking brush aloft with a contemptuous gesture, said:

"I spik ze London English; I do not spik ze Hamer-r-ican!"

I may remark, in passing, about the kind of money which the tourist may use to advantage. United States gold will go anywhere, but in countries where the values are merely approximated, five dollars in gold has only the purchasing value of an English pound, so that there is a small loss in the use of American gold. It is also wasteful to use American silver, and it is less acceptable than the gold. The value of a given sum can quickly be reduced to dollars; but in payment, English money will be accepted quite as readily, and effect a small saving to the American tourist.

Not only so, but French money goes quite as well as English in Palestine, and being in lower denominations will purchase more. In very many places a napoleon will buy as much as a sovereign, and a franc is as good as a shilling. It

is well, therefore, for a tourist to supply himself with some English and more French money.

The nearest thing to universal coinage which we have yet is the American Express Company's checks. If these are drawn in ten-dollar denominations, they can be used almost anywhere. The hotels and larger stores receive them in payment of bills without discount, but where they are cashed otherwise, they suffer the same discount as American money, the ten-dollar check yielding two pounds. This loss, however, can almost always be avoided by a little foresight as to the time and place of cashing.

Money will never be very plenty in Palestine while the Turkish government continues to rule there. The rate of taxation is supposed to be about ten per cent, but it sometimes rises to twenty-five or even forty per cent. There are four forms of land tenure: crown lands, religious holdings, royal grants, and freehold property. The first embraces most, and the best, of the land. A farmer pays heavily for the right to till the soil. When harvest comes, the government first gets its share, which is heavily increased by the added demands of the tax-gatherer himself; after that, the owner or tenant gets what he may. Fruit trees are so heavily taxed that many owners of trees have cut them down to escape by so much the rapacity of the government. This is one great cause of the sterility of the land. While it does not seem possible that this land can ever have sustained a large population, it has been, and might again become, considerably more fertile than it is to-day. I do not expect for it any great industrial or commercial future; but something vastly better than now prevails may yet come to it. What it needs is this: better government, better roads, better schools, more cleanliness and regard for the laws of health, less dreaming and theorizing, and more practical Christianity.

CHAPTER XXI

EGYPT, THE LAND OF THE SPHINX

The most important equipments for a tour of Palestine are physical endurance and a pocket Bible; the first requisite for sight-seeing in Egypt is a dress suit. In Palestine you rise at five, breakfast at half-past, and start at six for a long day's hard work. In Egypt you start at ten for a leisurely drive among the ruins, or mount a donkey for a two-hours' canter to the tombs; and after luncheon and a chat on the veranda, visit the bazaars in quest of scarabs and picture postals, and return to the hotel for four-o'clock tea, and then watch the snake-charmers on the veranda until it is time to dress for dinner. Sight-seeing in Palestine is strenuous; in Egypt it is social. The sights in Egypt all lie near the Nile, and are readily accessible by rail or boat; but those in Palestine lie far in the interior, and are reached by industrious, and almost perilous, riding over indescribable roads. In Egypt one has sleeping-cars, and a table-d'hôte dinner waiting at his destination; in Palestine he endures hardness as a good soldier, sleeps in tents, and finds the hotel at the end of his route plain and bare, but usually comfortable, a befitting provision for arduous pilgrims. When a company of tourists divides, half going to Palestine and the other half to Egypt, and comes together again on the ship, you can tell to which party an individual belongs as far as you can see him on the deck. The one group looks sleek and well fed and wears scarabs and Nubian beads; the other has a nine-fold coat of tan, a sun-burnt nose, clothing faded, armor dented in the fray, and a general air of subdued triumph.

The Celtic made two trips between Jaffa and Alexandria, a week apart. The pilgrims who composed the second and smaller section were those who spent the longer time in

Palestine, and these were compensated for their briefer stay in Egypt by having better weather for landing. Those who composed the first section struck a heavy sea, and the first two hundred who went ashore had a unique experience. They were lowered one by one in a chair to the deck of a scow, which was towed ashore by a steam tug. It was a very slow and tedious process to lower the passengers singly over the side of the ship, and consumed several hours, the scow pitching and tossing all the time, until nearly every one on board was seasick.

Steamer trunks had been lowered to the barge, and on these the passengers were expected to sit; but most of them moved the trunks end to end, and used them for bunks. The conductor, knowing how long the tourists must wait, and desiring that they should lack no comfort, had lunches put up in neat pasteboard boxes, and lowered over the side. Unfortunately a wave upset this benevolent plan, and caused the boxes to drop on deck, breaking several of them open. One good woman had lifted her head just to see the success of the attempt to lower the boxes. When the break occurred, several ham sandwiches fell near her, and opened like the petals of a rose, and three or four boiled eggs broke about her like a shower of confetti at a wedding. She gave one shriek and buried her face, and the subsequent proceedings interested her no more.

"The White Star Line is about to build another great ship," said one young man, trying to keep up a cheerful conversation. "The name must end in the letters ic. They want a name. Can you suggest one?"

"Name her the Seasic," came a faint reply.

It would give me pleasure to say that on this occasion all the men were heroes. In fact, however, there was little that any one could do for another. But most of them refrained from adding to the torture of their companions.

But there was one man, a reformed elocutionist. He had broken away from the awful past, and on the ship had so conducted himself as to win confidence and esteem. No one

knew the secret of his former habits. There had been celebrations and entertainments on board, and he had resisted temptation and remained inoffensive. But in that dread hour, when he had the passengers at his mercy, the old appetite returned. He secured a place where he could maintain an



A PICTURESQUE LANDING

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

erect position, and recited, "I am dying, Egypt, dying!" He still lives. The passengers were too sick to pitch him overboard. After that day he resumed his former demeanor, and only those present on that occasion knew how the old appetite overcame him, and how far he fell.

It was dark when the loading was completed, and late when the boat reached shore; and as quarantine regulations forbade stopping in Alexandria, the passengers had to be taken by train to Cairo. Much time was consumed in getting the train ready, and the journey occupied all that was left of

the night. It was an experience more pleasant to look back upon than to enjoy at the time. Later, at a meeting on board the ship, the first lady and gentleman who went down in the chair were presented with medals, and the lady especially was much praised for her heroism.

I was a member of the second company, and it was a fine, sunshiny morning when we landed. The sea was reasonably calm; the barges pitched and tossed somewhat, but few on board were sick, and these speedily recovered when we reached land. Our train was waiting, and we were soon placed in our compartments ready for the ride to Cairo.

The first landmark sought out on approaching Alexandria is Pompey's Pillar, of which every one has heard.

Pompey's Pillar is the only important ancient relic to be seen in Alexandria, and that is not very ancient, as things go in Egypt. Besides, it is wrongly named. Nothing very certain is known about its history, except that it is not what it was once popularly supposed to be, the monument over the tomb of Pompey the Great. It once bore a statue of the Emperor Diocletian, erected in 302 A. D. Its height, variously given, is eighty-eight feet, of which sixty-eight feet are in the shaft. Lest we despise Pompey's Pillar for its newness and insignificance, however, let us remember that this shaft of red granite was brought here in a single block many hundreds of miles from Upper Egypt, a task which would not be despised by modern engineers.

Except for Pompey's Pillar, there is little in Alexandria to interest the modern tourist, so we were told; and as Alexandria was sour grapes for us, we were willing to believe it. We saw little of it save the Pillar, the wharf, and the railway station.

One thing at least we must remember about Alexandria, that it was a most important seat of learning in the early Christian centuries, and those immediately preceding. Here the Old Testament was translated into Greek for "the seventy" nations; and so became known as the Septuagint. This was the Bible which the apostles used and quoted.

Here, too, was that great library whose loss is the constant grief of scholars. In fact, there were three libraries, and all were burned. The largest was that consumed in Cæsar's time; but the one best known was that destroyed six centuries



POMPEY'S PILLAR

later by the Caliph Omar. "If these writings agree with the Koran, they are useless," said that old bigot; "and if they disagree with it, they are pernicious." So the books went up in smoke. Perhaps they were not so very valuable, after all. It is better to mourn over their loss than to have translated them and found them commonplace. There are books enough of that sort in modern times without having others thrust upon us from antiquity.

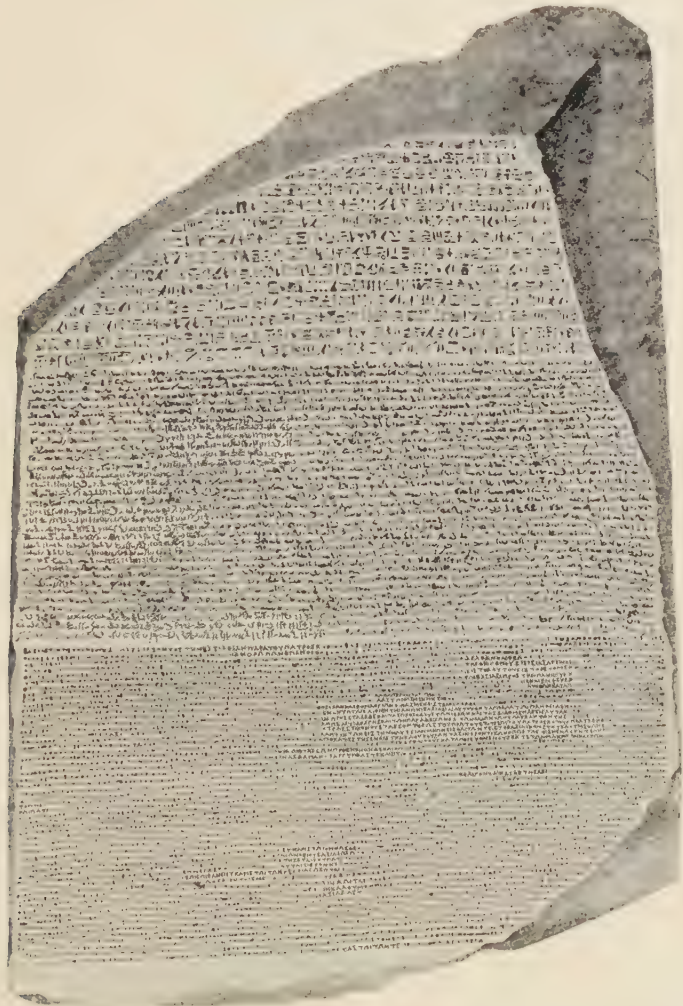
At Alexandria we were near Rosetta, on one of the mouths of the Nile, where, in 1799, Boussard, a French engineer, while excavating near-by at Fort St. Julien, discovered the famous Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, which proved the key to unlock the literary and historic treasures of the Egyptian inscriptions. It is a stone three feet nine inches in height, by two feet four and one-half inches in width, and eleven inches in thickness. At the top are part of fourteen lines in hieroglyphics; below are thirty-two lines in another, and then unknown, species of script; while at the bottom are fifty-four lines in Greek uncial letters. The Greek, which was easily readable, told that the stone was set up in 195 B. C., in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes, by the priests at Memphis, on whose behalf he had remitted certain taxes. It was soon conjectured that the other two inscriptions contained the same wording, and some years afterward Champollion, a French scholar, succeeded in finding the combination which made it possible to read the Egyptian monuments. It is well to remember this as we begin the ascent of the Nile, and before we look upon the hieroglyphics themselves, even though we pass by Rosetta itself as of little present interest.

With a real effort I refrain from quoting the statement of Herodotus, that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," an omission which should entitle this book to distinction. The statement is true, nevertheless. Whoever misses the quotation here can find it in almost any other book on Egypt, and I make this reference to it simply to indicate that I do not doubt it. The Nile rises in the fertile interior of Africa, and flows through a barren region. It has a valley two to fifteen miles in width, walled in on both sides by the desert. Because of its extreme narrowness it is common to represent Egypt on maps that are cut into two or three sections, and placed alongside.

At the mouth of the Nile is Lower Egypt, or the Delta. The Delta is so named from its resemblance to the Greek letter Δ , which is a triangle, and is made by the numerous mouths of the river, of which only two are navigable. At

the apex of the Delta is Cairo, one hundred and thirty miles above Alexandria.

It was a low, flat country through which we passed up the



THE ROSETTA STONE

Delta of the Nile, but one of great fertility. The villages were composed of tumble-down mud huts, that looked as if they would wash away in the first rain that fell upon them.

The train moved slowly for an express train with no advertised stops, and it was two o'clock when we reached Cairo. We began to do the town at once with a brief drive about the city, stopping for four-o'clock tea at the Grand Continental Hotel. Here we found mail awaiting us, and also the friends from whom we had been separated for a fortnight.

It is quite astonishing to find how glad you are to see almost any one on shore whom you have known on board the ship. When you get on deck again, you care very little for each other; but after you have been separated for two weeks and meet on shore you are eager to exchange experiences. So we found it as we came to the hotels in Cairo, and the reunion on the veranda was merry with greetings, and thrilling with tales of adventure.

Cairo is the largest city in Africa. It has a population of nearly six hundred thousand. A very ancient town was located here, but the history of Cairo itself does not go back of the Middle Ages. Its former name was Babylon, a name given it by the Greeks. It was captured by the Arabs in 640, and made the capital, against Alexandria, where Christian influences were strong. It was virtually the seat of the caliphate until 1517, when it was captured by the Turks. There was an Egypt of the Pharaohs, and its cities were Memphis in Lower Egypt and Thebes far up the Nile; there was an Egypt of the Ptolemies, and its memories are thick about Alexandria; but there was also an Egypt of the Caliphs and the Mamelukes, and there is the nondescript Egypt of to-day: and the great city of these is Cairo.

In Egypt one begins to realize that the hotels of Palestine are hardly up-to-date. I presume they are as good as they ought to be, considering the patronage, and ours were comfortable, though not luxurious; but in Egypt the standard is quite different. There are half a dozen hotels in Egypt that are better than anything of the sort in Jerusalem. They have broad corridors and ample parlors, besides great open platforms a little above the level of the street, shaded by unique awnings made of party-colored cloth, sewed together in fan-

tastic Oriental patterns, where people sit and gossip and drink tea. To this platform come the snake-charmers and the dancing girls, and just below are little boys who turn cart-wheels and look up for bakshish, and who nimbly dodge the concierge, an imposing functionary who paces up and down,



THE STREETS OF CAIRO

glorious in his six feet of stature and his yards of gold lace. There is just one thing in which the Egyptian hotels are still behind the time—and that they share with all the hosteleries of Europe, including London—they are very meagerly equipped with elevators. Shepherd's in Cairo has a "lift" that will take up three guests at once; but guests are desired to walk down.

Cairo is the greatest winter resort on earth. It is thronged with tourists and with winter guests. The presence of the

latter give to the hotels their habit of ease and luxury, and make it difficult to secure an early breakfast. But it is a delightful change from being wakened at five o'clock by the bell-mule. One may sit on the veranda of Shepherd's and see the world go by. The tourist sees so many forms of life there assembled that he wonders why he has thought it necessary to go anywhere else. He finds a sufficient reason, however, when his first hotel bill comes in, and is glad if he has money enough left to get away.

I have read that the streets of Cairo are narrow and crooked. So they are in the old part. But the part where the tourist lives has wide streets and boulevards, comfortable carriages, and every appointment that belongs to luxury. You may take a carriage—and there is a great man in gold lace who is ready to call the carriage and see you inside—and find almost anything in Cairo; or, if you prefer, whatever you want, save only a few such trifles as pyramids and temples, will be brought to the hotel, and spread out before you on the veranda.

We visited the tombs of the Caliphs and the Mamelukes, and took in the various mosques of the city, but these had become somewhat obvious. We went to the quaint old Coptic Church, where they say that Mary stayed while Jesus was an infant in Egypt. A service was in progress, and a very quaint one it was. The service lasts three hours, and is conducted in a weird, minor chant with responses. The people are huddled inside a lattice-work partition about the altar, and stand, leaning on crutches, for there are no chairs, and a crutch is a relief in standing. We were conducted about freely by a priest or attendant, and shown the blackened pictures of saints, which are objects of veneration, and then taken down to the crypt to the shrine where the Virgin is said to have reposed.

This old church stands in a crowded part of the town, among quaint old houses with lattice windows, and is at the end of an alley closed with a gate. An old man opens this gate with the queerest old wooden key imaginable. I hope

that this direction will enable the reader to find the place, for it is the best I can give. But there will be no trouble in finding it. Every one goes there.

We then went to the Isle of Roda. Here Moses is said to have been found. Whether this is true or not, it is an



THE MINARET OF EL-AZHUR

interesting island, reached by a pole ferry from Cairo. Here one may see, what later he sees all along the Nile, the *sakieh*, or water-wheel, for drawing water with camel or buffalo. The animal, blindfolded, goes round and round, and the water is raised with a wheel, to which are fastened earthen jars. A yet more popular means of drawing water is the *shadoof*, or well-sweep, at which men work all day long, apparently never stopping. This water is drawn for irrigating purposes, and is emptied at once into ditches on a higher level. There are thousands of them in Egypt; I mention them in this connec-

tion because here one is first likely to see the sakieh close at hand and in operation.

On this island is the nilometer, where the Nile has been measured for many centuries. As the overflow of the river



THE OLD COPTIC CHURCH

makes the fertility of Egypt, the height of the overflow was long made the sole basis of the tax rate; and it still is taken into account. The nilometer is a circular building with a well in the middle, in which the water rises to the level of the river outside.

About the ferry landing one sees women washing their clothes, marketmen freshening up their vegetables that have been hauled in the hot sun; and scores of water-carriers and

street-sprinklers. Some of these remind one of Kipling's Gunga Din:

The clothing that he wore,
It was nothing much before,
And rather less than 'arf o' that behind.

We saw several whose uniform consisted chiefly in

A twisted kind of rag,
And a goatskin water-bag.

The most interesting part of Cairo is the Muskey, where the native bazaars are located. Here one may buy anything that Egypt possesses, from a scarab to a mummy complete. The streets are narrow. One dismisses his carriage and goes on foot, or hires a donkey and rides till he sees something interesting. In that case he should ride past to the next corner, and leave his donkey boy and come back alone. The donkey boy is not a help, and the dragoman is a hindrance, in making purchases.

It is pleasant to find how ready the proprietors are to trust a "Frank." A friend who was with me wanted a pair of gold sleeve-buttons with mounted scarabs. A pair was offered



THE SAKIEH

him for eighteen dollars. He proposed to take the pair with him for the afternoon, and compare it with others that he might see. The proprietor cheerfully consented, and he took them along, not leaving his name or any deposit. He had a hard time later in the day in finding the shop from which he had taken them.

One may buy in Cairo for ten to twenty dollars, and openly, what they offer him in Constantinople with great



THE NILOMETER, ISLE OF RODA

secrecy at four times the price, a manuscript copy of the Koran. Here, too, he may buy a presumably genuine Damascus sword. The genuine old blades are rare. The local test is the sword's ability to "eat gold"; that is, one is to rub a gold coin up and down the blade, and if the wavy lines of the tempered steel scrape off a little of the gold, and it shows in the lines, the process of tempering has been that which the ancients employed. Of the process of imparting these wavy lines, Sir Frederick Pollock says, in his article on Swords, in the *Britannica*:

The "damascening," or "watering," of choice Persian and Indian arms is not a secret of workmanship, but is due to the peculiar manner of making

the Indian steel itself, in which a crystallizing process is set up; when metal of this texture is forged out, the result is a more or less regular wavy pattern running through it. No difference is made by this in the practical qualities of the blade.

From Cairo one may easily visit Memphis, the famous old capital of Lower Egypt. The site is near Bedrashen, twenty



"A TWISTED KIND OF RAG, AND A GOATSKIN WATER-BAG"

miles up the Nile. That city and Sakharh, with its interesting step-pyramid, may be visited in a single day from Cairo, the hotel putting up luncheon to take along.

I deeply regretted that the shortness of our time did not permit a visit to the exhumed treasure city of Pithom, in the land of Goshen, one of the two cities—the other being Rameses—constructed by the enforced labor of the Israelites. The site is eighty miles from Cairo toward Suez, in the heart of the fertile land of ancient Goshen, and has been exhumed by Naville. A singular fact of the construction of this city

is, that it seems to have been erected all at once, or nearly so, by a great number of laborers. The bottom courses of brick are made with straw; the middle courses with chopped Nile reeds; and the upper courses are of bricks without straw—a mute wit-



CAIRO WATER-CARRIERS

ness of the injustice that has become proverbial, and to which the Israelites were subjected toward the close of their bondage.

The great excursion from Cairo is that to the Pyramids and Sphinx. Formerly it was necessary to ferry across the Nile to reach the Pyramids, and this undertaking was the more difficult because of the depth of the mud along the river, making it necessary often to go far out of the way for a landing, and then to be carried on the shoulders of the boatmen. But now a fine bridge spans the ancient river, and the approach to it between majestic lions is most impressive.

We had our first view of the Pyramids by moonlight. There is an excellent road, built high above the surrounding swamps, and lined with cassia-trees. It is said not to be a prudent thing to drive out to Gizeh after night on account of malaria and possible brigands. We escaped both. There is something most imposing and appropriate in the sight of these great stone wedges in the night. They belong to the serene



BRIDGE ACROSS THE NILE, CAIRO

and silent moonlight. They are at home in the silence and dimness rather than in the fierce glare of the desert sun.

If we were glad to go out by night, much more so was our driver. It gave him an excellent chance to steal uncured hay from the carts along the road. The drivers who took us out in the daytime, having no chance to prey upon hay-wagons, had no alternative but to prey on us. While our driver was stealing the great armfuls of grass, and treading them down before his seat, he was not asking us for bakshish.

Along the road as we journeyed, hundreds of Moslems were sleeping. It was the season when they visit the graves of their ancestors, and sleep in the open air. We had seen them about Cairo in the daytime, engaged in their various observ-

ances; and we saw their wives, jolting about on springless carts, going to some appointed share in the anniversary. Whether each cart-load belonged to one man, I am not sure. The women were closely veiled, and each had the peculiar



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN

nose-ornament, composed of a cylinder with three small serrated wheels upon it, holding up the veil.

Wherever we went among the Moslems, they were observing some festival. Just at this time, the Mohammedan new year, the holy carpet was starting on its overland journey on the back of a camel to Mecca. In consequence, the Gizeh Museum, being a government institution, was closed. It was a great sorrow not to be able to go there and see my old acquaintance Rameses II. There is no face in all Egypt that I should have recognized so surely. He occupies an apart-

ment now at the Gizeh Museum, having moved down the Nile since Cairo became so popular a resort. I should certainly have called at his flat had he been receiving visitors. I drove past the museum several times, and was pained to see its doors fast closed. It is not necessary to drive, however. One may go from Cairo to the Pyramids by trolley. Think of it! It is enough to make the mummy of Rameses II. start from his place in the museum and forbid the innovation.



THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS

Rameses was a man in his own day great enough to have dared to talk to the motorman.

We saw mummies enough, in all conscience, and places where mummies had been, and all mummies look alike to me; but there is a difference in rank and dignity, even among people who have been dead for more than three thousand years, and we wanted to see the Pharaoh of the oppression.

We came again to the Pyramids early in the morning, that is, early as things go in Egypt, though in Palestine it would have been near the middle of the forenoon. There were only a half-dozen of us, and we were besieged by a crowd of guides. We assured all these that we could find the

Pyramids without any help, and only wanted a ticket apiece to go to the top. We bought our tickets at about a half-dollar each, at the little government booth, which bore a large sign above the ticket-window stating that guides are not permitted to ask gratuities. It was the first sign of the kind that we had seen in the Orient, and in our ignorance and gratitude we foolishly reposed confidence in it, and did not drive off by force of arms the highwayman who undertook to care for us. He proved to be a positive and unmitigated nuisance. He forced upon us three helpers each, when we wanted only two, and gave us the most wearisome and inadequate description of the Pyramids as he walked with us across the strip of sand to the foot of the first and largest pyramid. Here we thanked him, and told him that we did not want him; but while he was in our way, he was nevertheless so courteous and so unmistakably interested in our welfare, and it seemed so good to know in advance that he would not ask a gratuity, that we tolerated him. He saw us to the foot of the Pyramid, and told us that he would await our descent.

We stopped a moment at the base and gave some directions to the men who were to help us climb. We were in no hurry, and did not intend to run any race for the summit. We proposed to go slowly, and as slowly as we pleased. We wanted to be helped upward by steady pulls and not by jerks, and to stop to rest whenever we cared to. We had learned enough from those who had preceded us to read this little lecture at the outset and to couple with it the declaration that we would pay no bakshish unless these conditions were adhered to. The admonition was reasonably effective.

The great Pyramid of Kheops looks very high when you stand just at its base. It looks considerably higher when you are half-way up the slope. We did not find the ascent as fatiguing as it had been represented, chiefly owing, I think, to the way in which we made the climb.

Kheops is 451 feet high, and rises at an angle of 51° and 50'. Therefore, in climbing it, one goes up faster than he goes forward, and from an elevation the angle appears to be

even more acute than it really is. The large stones have an average thickness of perhaps three feet, but some of them are thicker. Two Arabs, holding your hands, scramble onto the ledge above you and pull you up, while the third man behind pushes. The secret of an easy ascent is to compel them to wait until you have placed your foot upon the stone above before they begin to pull; otherwise they rack you until you



EGYPTIAN VILLAGE NEAR THE PYRAMIDS

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

are lame and sore. Half-way up they stop and begin to beg for bakshish. They are so accustomed to this that I think they would do it if they had been warned that they would be shot. When I reminded them of our contract, they replied that they knew the agreement, but that one of the ladies in the party had already given bakshish to her men (how they found it out I could not imagine, as we were some distance from her; but they told the truth), and that both they and I would suffer in the estimation of their companions if I was not as liberal as she had been. This argument was made in the most insinuating manner possible, but it did not move me; nor was I induced to buy bogus scarabs and worthless

copper coins as souvenirs of the place. In all this I was a great disappointment to the three men who helped me up, and even the water-boy, who ran along against my protest, looked at me reproachfully.

Two-thirds of the way up one of the Arabs said to me:

"I Mark Twain."

"Oh, are you?" said I, "I have heard of him before; we are fellow-countrymen."

He proceeded to explain that he was not the Mark Twain of whom I had heard, but that he had inherited the name through his ability to perform the feat which Mark Twain describes in "Innocents Abroad": that he was the grandson of the man who helped Mark up the pyramid and who ran down the side of one pyramid and to the top of the next in eight minutes. I had read the story, but I let him tell it to me, and I fell visibly in his good opinion because I did not instantly show enthusiasm over what he had to relate. He told me mine would be the privilege of seeing him run down the slope of Kheops and up the side of Khefrem in less than ten minutes. I told him I had no doubt that he could do what he said, for I had read Mark Twain's book, and knew Mr. Twain to be a truthful man. Then he tried to make me doubt that he could do it, all the time strongly asserting his ability so to do. It was a shrewd sort of logic which he employed, but it did not affect me in the least. It was enough for me that Mr. Twain had seen it done, and I was quite as well satisfied with his testimony as if I had witnessed the feat myself. However, when we got to the top, he began to strip, the others abetting him, and doing their best to get my companions to wager on the result; but none of us were disposed to risk our money on a sure proposition, and all of us were interested in seeing how they were affected by our perfect willingness to believe them. They did their best to make us incredulous. They described the difficulties of the undertaking. To be sure he had often done it, but possibly this time he could not. They invited us to see how far it was, and how steep the other pyramid. Moreover, as the

covering still remained near the summit of the smaller pyramid, it was apparently much more difficult to ascend than Kheops. I rejoice to state that we triumphed over their importunities, and also that we did it with a dignity and indifference that quite dismayed them. We put it on a



CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS

ground which they could not easily fail to appreciate. We could not doubt their truthfulness. If they all united in affirming that this Arab, Mark Twain, could perform this feat, we knew it must be true.

It was really pathetic to see their disappointment. As we began the descent, the crestfallen native said to me:

“You make Mark Twain feel very bad to-day.”

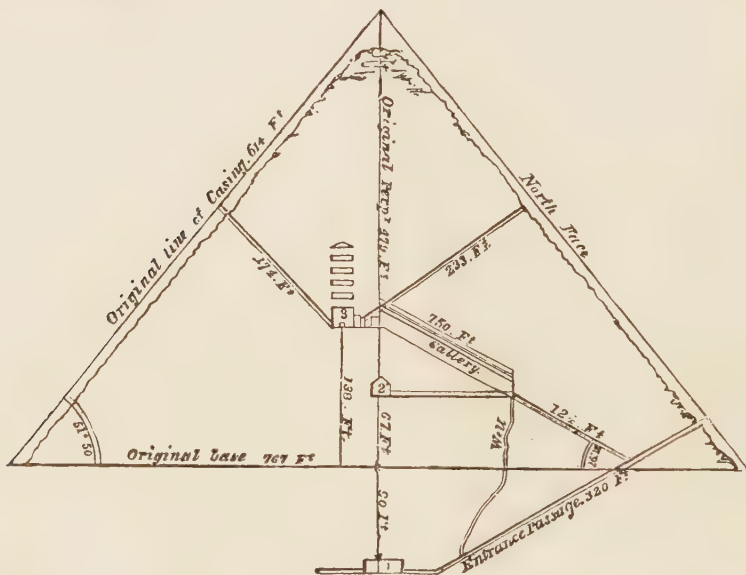
I assured him that I had been endeavoring with all my might to make him happy, and that I was quite unwilling to see him risk his life.

"But," he said, "I want to do it."

"Oh, well," said I, "you may go back and make the run after you have helped me down, and while I go over to the Sphinx."

"But I want you to see it," he said.

"I do not care to see it," I said. "I do not doubt your truthfulness."



SECTION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

The lazy fellow knew just how to render the least possible assistance in the descent, under pretense of doing his duty. He had a way of turning his hand back over his shoulder so as to make it quite impossible for me to use the shoulder itself in springing down from rock to rock. At one place where the ledge was rather narrow, I inadvertently jumped against his hand, as I would not have done had he not been shirking. His thumb cracked, and he drew it into place with a snap. I feared that I had really dislocated it, and expected a damage suit, but justice compels me to state that he did not make the injury, real or fancied, the occasion of any excessive extortion. I was not quite certain whether it

was a trick or not, but I was sure that if I had hurt him it was entirely his own fault.

The Pyramids of Gizeh face the four cardinal points exactly, and the well of the Great Pyramid looks straight toward the north star, both in the angle of descent and in its line with the compass. One may explore the interior without great difficulty. We went only a little distance in, and



THE SPHINX NO LONGER HAS A SECRET

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

sent one of our helpers down to make a bright light in the chamber below. As usual, two of them went down, though we repeatedly called to one to come back, and each demanded a shilling for the descent. The plan of the pyramid is well shown on the accompanying diagram.

I paid all three of the men, though I had hired only two of them, and also paid the water-boy, who had gone up against my protest, and from whose water-jug I would on no occasion have drunk. Then came the guide to show us to the

Sphinx. Again we tried to rid ourselves of this polite nuisance, not to save ourselves money—for we supposed his services to be free—but solely because he was worse than useless to us.

We hired dromedaries, for the ride from the Pyramid to the Sphinx, while short, was fatiguing; and our guide ran along beside us. He took us out of the way to show us the remains of the old stone temple which we did not at all desire to see; but we found the Sphinx in spite of him, for indeed it would have been quite impossible not to have found it. It is an immense statue of a lion couchant, with the head of a man, probably an early king of Egypt, and hewn out of the solid rock. Here one of our party recited a little jingle which seemed to us oddly appropriate, and which I learned afterward is from James Whitcomb Riley:

“I know all about the Sphinx;
I know even what she thinks,
Staring with her stony eyes
Up forever at the skies.
For last night I dreamed that she
Told me all the mystery—
Why, for æons mute she sat—
She was just cut out for that!”

So indeed, it seemed quite impossible that the Sphinx should do anything else than to keep silent and look mysterious. I wish more people followed its example. The Sphinx is just as intelligent as a fog-horn, but seems wiser because it is not forever making a noise.

The popular error concerning the secret of the Sphinx grows out of the confusion of this with the purely mythical Grecian sphinx. She had the body of a winged lioness and the head and breast of a woman, and devoured all who could not answer her riddle. The riddle was, “A being with four feet has two feet, and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest.” Any one who could not guess this riddle deserved to be eaten; for of course the answer was man, who creeps in infancy and carries a staff in old age. The Egyptian Sphinx looks far too wise to indulge

in so frivolous a conundrum, and too benevolent to eat any one.

Beside the Pyramids the Sphinx seemed small. It is seventy feet from the floor between the paws to the top of the head. The body is one hundred and forty feet long, and the paws protrude fifty feet more. The sand of the desert continually



EXCAVATING THE SPHINX

drifts about it, and necessitates the occasional uncovering of the Sphinx. It is hewn out of the living rock, and has stood there somewhere nearly four thousand years. There are two popular errors about the Sphinx: one that it is feminine, and the other that it has a well-guarded secret, two mutually improbable conjectures. The Sphinx is undoubtedly masculine. If he had a secret, we should have learned it; for before we got away a crowd of our people arrived on camels, and the ladies quizzed him most enticingly. Samson himself would

have told his secret had they so teased him. But the Sphinx has no secret; its meaning is well understood. It is the image of Harmaker, or Horus, the sun-god—the god of the dead sun come to life. It is the image of the morning, the symbol of hope. It stands expectant of a new day after each night, when the sun-god has gone to the underworld, and is making his journey through its twelve stages. As one stands before this god of the rising sun, this open-eyed prophet of the dawn, and remembers its mute witness of the unclouded morning for nearly four thousand years, and sees its calm, perpetual gaze, still in expectation of another sunrise and yet another, he makes for himself a new measure of eternity.

While we were settling with our dromedary men, our guide presented his claim, and it was far from being a modest one. We told him that right before our very eyes, at the spot where he had imposed himself upon us, was a sign saying that guides were not permitted to ask gratuities. He replied that the sign applied to authorized guides, and that he was a special guide, vastly superior to those. After all our experience with guides, this was a surprise, for while we had not doubted that he would expect a bakshish, we had been comforting ourselves all the way with the memory of that sign, and saying that here was one place where we could not be held up for a tip; which shows how much we still had to learn about things in Egypt.

“But,” he proceeded, “you paid well the men who helped you up the Pyramid.”

“Yes,” I said, “for they really helped us.”

“And you paid the dromedary man and gave him bakshish besides.”

“Yes, for I hired him.”

“But your driver hired me,” he said.

“Come with me to the carriage,” said I, “and I will find out about it.”

The driver had gone to sleep, but I wakened him to a sense of his duty.

"Did you employ this man to go as guide for this party?" I demanded.

The rascal confessed it.

"Then," said I, "you may pay him, and you shall get your legal fare, and not a piastre more."

Even then the guide could not believe that we did not mean to pay him. He followed us to the carriage and stood beside it. He assured us that we would be remembered by the whole company of guides as ungrateful and dishonest; and the driver abetted him by holding a tight rein until we actually compelled him to drive off.

We left with a kind of guilty feeling, for such experiences are not pleasant, and it is much easier for one's peace of mind to tip such scoundrels and let them go without making a scene. But this time we resolved to stand for our rights and refuse to be robbed.

It has become popular to advise people not to ascend the pyramids because of the excessive fatigue attending the effort. My advice is the contrary. It is well worth the effort unless one is feeble. I wearied of climbing long before we had ended our journey, and let others ascend to cathedral roofs, over long and dingy stairways. But I would on no account have failed to go to the top of Kheops. The climb is not excessively wearisome if one keeps his helpers in control. The tourist must refuse to let them lift till he is ready; and so perhaps he can keep them from wrenching his arms out of their sockets.

Once on the top, there is seen such a contrast as nowhere else can greet the eye. The elevation is so great, and the land so level, that one can see for many miles. On one side lies the fertile Delta; on the other is the barren desert. In this direction is verdure and life; in the other sterility and death. Here is activity and movement and sound; yonder is silence and eternal inactivity. Here is the city with its commerce and thrift; there is the waste of sand, stretching on interminably. Here the unuttered message of history may be read in the calm face of the Sphinx; yonder is the suggestion

and impulse and hope of a future yet unknown, in the river, the railroad, the city. Life and death, past and future, the world that has been and the world to come—one may have a vision of them all from the top of the great Pyramid of Kheops.



STREET-SPRINKLER

CHAPTER XXII

UP THE NILE

Many of our party went up the Nile to the first cataract. Those who have a fortnight in Egypt can easily accomplish this, going to Luxor by rail, and from there to Assuan by boat. It must be a delightful journey. But those of us who had the horseback ride in Palestine had to be content with a journey to Thebes, Luxor, and Karnak. The railway is completed to Luxor, which is 417 miles above Cairo by rail, and about 450 miles by boat, a comparatively slight difference, which shows how straight a stream the Nile is. By boat Luxor is about 600 miles above Alexandria. Assuan is 130 miles above Luxor, and Philæ is 30 miles farther. Few tourists go above Philæ, and King Edward did not go above Luxor, though he had less reason than we to economize time and money.

The train leaves Cairo toward the close of the afternoon, and arrives in Luxor about the middle of the next forenoon. There are just six sleeping-cars in all the land of Egypt, but they are fairly good ones. We had four of them, and they were all compartment cars. Egypt also possesses two dining-cars; we had one of them and kept it very busy. There is no porter on an Egyptian sleeper, but the conductor makes the beds, as he does also in England. We passed a fairly comfortable night, though the sand sifted in at the windows and reminded us of the crossing of the alkali plains of America.

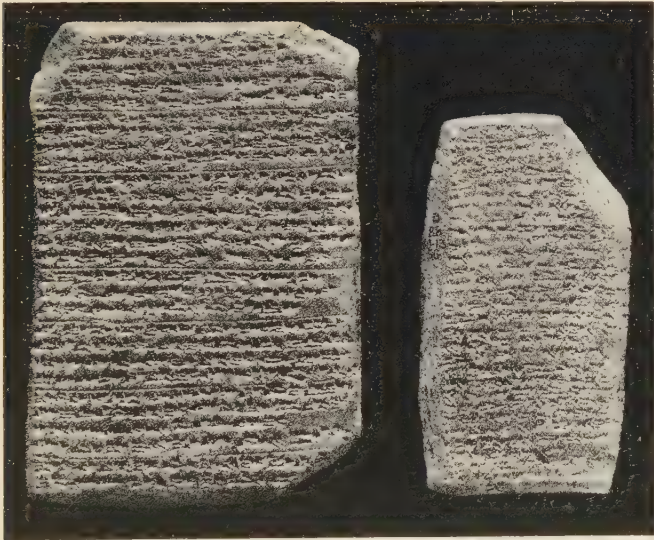
As we proceeded on our journey, we passed near two cities of little interest in themselves, but of great importance to the archæologist, by reason of recent and unique discoveries. These are Tell el-Amarna and Oxyrrhynchos. We were near Oxyrrhynchos, whose modern name is Behnesia, when the train passed through Beni Mazar, 123 miles above Cairo;

and at Der Mauas, 190 miles from Cairo, we were close by Tell el-Amarna. In the latter have been discovered an immense number of cuneiform tablets dating from the age just preceding the Exodus. It is perhaps the most important of all discoveries in Egypt, and settles forever some once vexed questions about the relations of Egypt and Babylon, and the art of writing in the time of Moses. Whatever foolish assertions men may make hereafter, they will not say again that the art of writing was unknown in Canaan in the age when the first books of the Bible are supposed to have been written. These tablets were found in 1887, in the ruins of the foreign office of the King Khu-en-Aten, whose former name was Amen-hotep IV., and who established his capital at this place in opposition to the powerful priesthood of Thebes, and carried on his reaction against the innovations of the Hyksos, or Shepherd kings, and his own innovation in the worship of Aten, the god of the sun disc, against that of Amen, the chief deity of Thebes. Many of the tablets are reports from Palestine, which at this time was an Egyptian province.

While we did not see Tell el-Amarna, we saw what was better, many of the tablets which have been found there. They are of clay, two inches to a foot in length, and are written on both sides and some of them on the edges with the wedge-shaped letters similar to those employed for seven hundred years in Babylonia and Assyria. I have secured an illustration of two of these. The larger one is a letter from Abi-milki, governor of Tyre, to the king of Egypt, reporting that he believes that one Zimrida of Sidon has caused much hostility against Tyre, has made war on him, and is now pressing him hard. He asks for wood and water for his city, and for help to protect it. He sends by the messenger who bears the tablet five talents of copper and other gifts for the king of Egypt. He reports that the king of Danuna is dead, and that his brother reigns in his stead; one-half the city of Ugarit has been destroyed by fire; the soldiers of the Khatti have departed; Itagamapairi, governor of Kedes, and Aziru

are fighting against Namyawiza. All will be well with Tyre if the king of Egypt will only send a few troops.

This will serve as a sample of the letters, which deal almost exclusively with political affairs. There are three hundred and twenty or more of them, and they give us much information about the political life of Egypt some time before the Exodus, and still more of those countries then tributary to



A TELL EL-AMARNA TABLET. LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR OF TYRE

Egypt. Egypt ruled over Palestine and much adjacent territory, but held these provinces by slender cords; for many of the governors report a state of affairs bordering on anarchy, and call for help. Egypt was under the influence of the civilization of Babylonia, as is shown by the character in which these letters are written. The discovery of these tablets, made in 1887 by a peasant woman, is regarded as the most important of all contributions to the early political history of western Asia.

At Behnesia, or Oxyrrhynchos, the discoveries are of much later date, and of widely different character. This was once

a city of Christian priests, and was filled with the songs and the writings of Christian monks, of whom in the fifth Christian century there are said to have been ten thousand, besides twelve thousand nuns in the village. Here have been found enormous quantities of papyrus, dating from the early Christian centuries, including personal letters, official documents, and fragments of classic literature. The most interesting of all is a fragment not larger than the palm of one's hand, on which are written certain alleged "sayings" of Jesus, believed by many scholars to have been derived from sources earlier than our written Gospels. A translation of these "logia" is as follows:

1. And then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

2. Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in nowise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father.

3. Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them; and my soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart.

4. ---poverty----

5. Jesus saith, Wherever there are----, and there is one----alone, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me. Cleave the wood, and there I am.

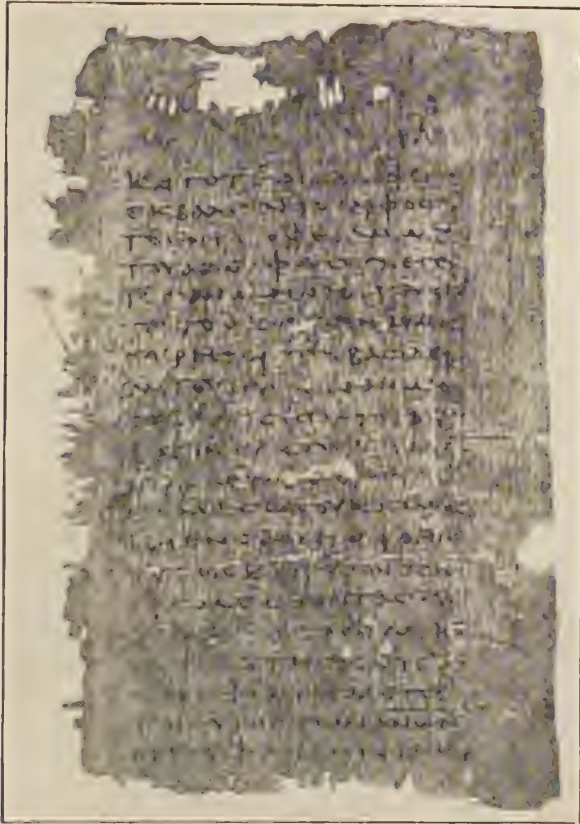
6. Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him.

7. Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill and stablished can neither fall nor be hid.

It will be profitable for the reader who has undertaken to make the journey up the Nile by means of this book to spend a few minutes in reviewing the history of Egypt. The following outline of some of the principal points down to the close of the Nineteenth Dynasty may serve as a convenient epitome.

Egypt was an old nation when Joseph was sold a slave. It had a history reaching back for centuries, and a civilization the highest that the world had then attained. Its priests had knowledge of arts and sciences, of mathematics and astronomy, of sculpture and architecture, and its builders possessed the skill in practical mechanics which still causes the world to

marvel. Egypt then had imposing monuments and a government of wealth and power. Fourteen dynasties had already reigned. The first ten of these had their capital at Memphis,



PAPYRUS CONTAINING "SAYINGS" OF JESUS

near the Delta, and four had reigned at Thebes, six hundred miles up the Nile from its mouth.

For the lists of these dynasties we are indebted to Manetho, a priest of Lebennytyos, who, at the instance of Ptolemy Philadelphus, translated into Greek the inscriptions on the Egyptian temples which gave lists of the kings. These he grouped into thirty dynasties. The grounds for division are variable,

however, and the chronology is uncertain, because it is not at all certain that some of the dynasties did not overlap, some reigning in Upper and others in Lower Egypt. For this reason, and perhaps for others, scholars vary widely in their reckoning of the time covered by the earlier dynasties.

The history of ancient Egypt divides itself into the Old Empire, embracing dynasties one to eleven, beginning somewhere from 4000 to 5000 B. C., and coming down to about 2200 B. C.; the Middle Empire, embracing dynasties twelve to sixteen, and closing with the expulsion of the Hyksos, a period of six hundred years, from about 2200 to 1600; the New Empire, extending from 1600 to about 950, and including dynasties seventeen to twenty-five; and the later Egyptian period, from 663 to 332, including dynasties twenty-six to thirty.

After this came Alexander the Great, with whom all the world had to begin on a new page.

This outline, beginning more than forty centuries before Christ, seems to take us back far enough. But before this remote beginning was a long prehistoric period, which lasted we know not how many centuries. What we know is, that when recorded history began, Egyptian civilization was already practically complete. The Egyptians had art, religion, literature, and a political system, even in those prehistoric times, so remote that we can hardly even conjecture their limits in years.

The nomes, or districts, of Egypt naturally grouped themselves into those of the Delta and those along the Nile, and so divided the country into Upper and Lower Egypt; and the kings who reigned over the whole land are commonly represented as wearing a double crown.

With this briefest possible outline in mind, we may consider a little more at length the more important of the periods whose events fall in the way of the tourist.

Recorded Egyptian history begins with Menes. Even in his day there was a good state of civilization in the Nile valley, but the long, narrow land was divided into forty-two

tribal divisions, or nomes, a division that had permanent recognition under the various unions that followed. Only a great man could unite so great a country, with territory so scattered. Menes was the George Washington who established the United States of Egypt. He is popularly referred



MAP OF THE NILE

to as the founder of Memphis, but the first two dynasties reigned at This, in Upper Egypt, near the modern El-Birbeh. His dynasty reigned, according to Brusch, from 4400 to 4166 B. C., but these dates are more or less uncertain. Some scholars assign much earlier dates.

The Second Dynasty, which was probably related to the



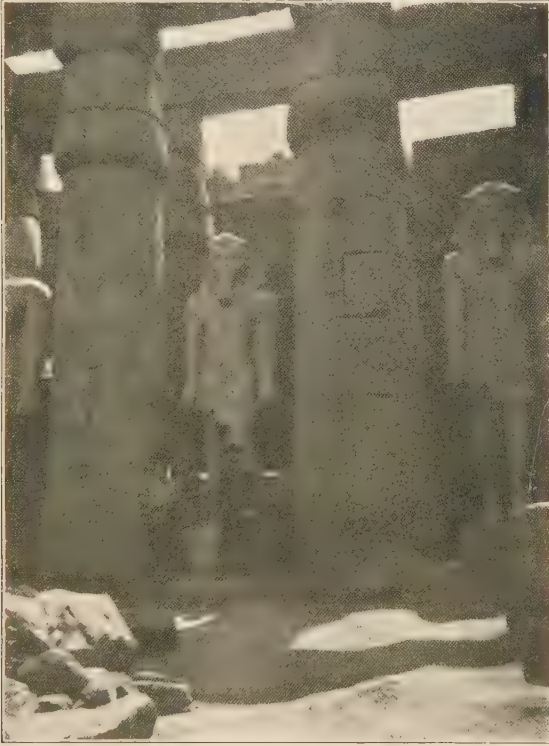
THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

First, had nine kings, and reigned three hundred and two years. The tombs of the kings of these two dynasties have been discovered at Abydos and Nakadeh.

The Third Dynasty began with a usurpation, and continued for two hundred and fourteen years. From the first two dynasties we have few if any extant monuments; but with the third we begin to find memorials, including the step-pyramid of Sakhara. This dynasty reigned at Thebes.

The Fourth Dynasty was that which built the three great pyramids, named for its kings, among who were Kkufu or

Kheops, Shafra or Khefren, and Menkara or Mycerinus. This dynasty reigned for two hundred and eighty-four years, and its wealth of monuments places us on more solid historical ground than any preceding. The chronology is still uncer-

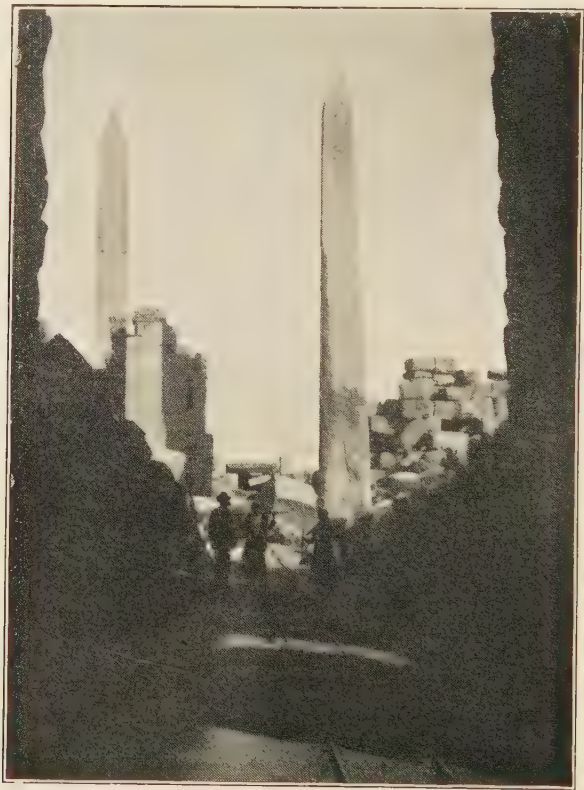


STATUES OF RAMESES II AT LUXOR

tain. Miss Edwards dates the erection of Kheops "about 4206 B. C." This is much earlier than the date here suggested, but a thousand years more or less amounts to very little in Egypt.

The Fifth Dynasty came from Elephantine at the southern extremity of Upper Egypt, but Memphis still flourished. The Sixth Dynasty was from Memphis, and during its sway, primitive art reached its zenith, and conquests and commercial relations were enlarged.

Then follows an eclipse. There was civil strife and a breaking up of old relations. The dynasties numbering seven to ten, which were of Memphis, display art forms so similar to those of Thebes, which are numerically later, that we are not sure how far they may have been contemporary.



THE HIGHEST OBELISKS IN EGYPT, KARNAK

What we know is, that with the Sixth Dynasty the Old Empire ends, and that with the Eleventh, whose capital was Thebes, the nation awoke as from a lethargy; and with the Twelfth a new period of glory was at its flood. In this dynasty the Sphinx was erected, or if earlier erected, was now reconsecrated by Amen-emhet III, in honor of the god of the sun-disc, Horus.

The Thirteenth Dynasty gives us another chasm, caused by the invasion of those peoples of whom we know so little and talk so learnedly, the Hyksos, or Shepherd kings. There were eight or ten of these monarchs, constituting three



RAMESES II AS HE THOUGHT HE OUGHT TO LOOK—STATUE AT LUXOR

dynasties, and they had their capital and seat of power in the Delta, while the Theban princes maintained a tributary government. The Hyksos were of Semitic origin, and at first devoted themselves more or less to devastation and iconoclasm; but later they became naturalized, and adopted the forms and religion of the country. It is believed to have been in the reign of the Hyksos that Joseph became prime minister of Egypt.

Then came the reactionary dynasty, the Seventeenth, which grew stronger in Thebes; and then the Eighteenth, founded by Thothmes I, who drove out the Hyksos, reunited Egypt, and restored the authority of Thebes, the hundred-gated city. His son was Amen-hotep I, and his name reminds me that I am glad there are so many ways of spelling these names that I can hardly run amiss. Thothmes had a son, Thothmes II. He overran western Asia and took many captives, and enlarged the temple of Karnak, which was not small before. He also had a daughter, Hatasu, who reigned with her father before his death, and with her brother afterward. Thothmes II married her, to get rid of her I imagine, for in Egypt it was not thought strange if a man married his sister, and I have no reason to suppose that the prayer-books began by forbidding a man to marry his grandmother. Anyway, Thothmes II married his troublesome sister Hatasu, probably to prevent her from becoming his rival; and when they had been made one, the old question arose, Which one? It was she. Finding her husband in her way, she connived at his death, assumed male attire, and became an advocate of woman's rights. By her own request she was addressed as a man. Her request had great weight with her subjects. She reigned for twenty-one years. Thothmes III, who was an Egyptian Alexander the Great, and who had been reigning with Hatasu, reigned alone after her death. His mummy was discovered in 1881, with the burial flowers so fresh that they seemed recently to have been left in his coffin; but they crumbled after being exposed to the air. After him came Amen-hotep III, who built the monster seated statues known as the Mnemnon of Thebes. There was another Thothmes, and then followed Amen-hotep, or Amenophis IV, later known as Khu-en-Aten, who attempted to change the prevailing polytheism to sun-worship. The prevailing religion now became more nearly monotheistic than at any other time. The priests of Thebes opposed the king, and he deserted that city, as we have already been told, and founded a new capital at Tell el-Amarna. That is

well for us; for we know some things about ancient history which we never could have learned but for the discovery of his record office in the ruins of that city. Three kings followed him there, but the fourth returned to Thebes, and the old religion, which had been slowly coming back, re-established itself.

Then came the Nineteenth Dynasty, about which we know



RAMESES II AS HIS MUMMY SHOWS HIM

most, and in which we are most interested. Rameses I usurped the throne, and had a reign, short, sharp and successful. His son Seti, or Sethos I, followed, and established his succession by marrying the granddaughter of Amen-hotep III. And then came Rameses the Great, about whom one hears so much in Egypt that were he any one else we should be tired to death of him.

Rameses II joined his father in the throne when he was only ten years of age. He was the greatest of all Egyptian kings. He reigned sixty-seven years, and is said to have

become so old and blind that he killed himself rather than live on in blindness. He built half the extant temples in Egypt, and claimed the honor of many of the remaining half, obliterating the names of his predecessors that history might seem to begin with him. *Rameses* was a married man. He took three royal wives, by whom he had ten sons and thirteen daughters. These were not his only wives and children, however, for his family record had entered upon it the names of one hundred and seventy children, of whom one hundred and eleven were sons and fifty-nine daughters. In July, 1881, his mummy, which is now in the Gizeh Museum, was discovered at Biban el-Muluk, near Thebes, by Professor Maspero and Herr Emil Brusch Bey.

Rameses the Great is believed to have been the Pharaoh of the oppression, and his dynasty that which knew not *Joseph*. If this is correct, then his son *Menephtah* was the Pharaoh of the *Exodus*. He was the third son of *Rameses II*. The first son, *Rameses*, a soldier, died young, and the second, *Khames*, a priest, lived fifty years, but died before his father.

Menephtah had but one son, the fruit of his old age, named *Seti-Menephtah*, a fearless and accomplished warrior, who "sat with Pharaoh in his throne." This was unusual in Egypt, but the monuments show him to have been regent with his father. He died before his father, and apparently suddenly. His tomb was never completed, but remained only a corridor in the plan, whose extremity still lies in rough rock. It is little wonder that the discovery of these facts has seemed to many a striking confirmation of the Bible account of the death of the first born.

After *Menephtah* came *Seti II*, and with him began a period of disorder, and soon there was a new dynasty.

This is as much of Egyptian history as one might be expected to master on the train between Cairo and Luxor, and while it would be well for him to know more, and more, happily, is to be known, it will serve as an outline which may be filled in according to one's opportunities.

The train crosses the Nile early in the morning, and gives the tourist a look at the other bank. The train makes good time, with occasional stops, just long enough to afford glimpses of life on the platforms and in the villages about. And before we are weary of riding, we are at Luxor, having



ONE WIFE OF RAMESES II—STATUE AT LUXOR

made a night's journey yield a satisfactory look at the land by the glimpses afforded us in the afternoon and the morning.

The first impression which one obtains of the ruins of Egypt is that of their vastness. We might put together everything that we saw in Athens and lose it almost anywhere near the site of Thebes. The very first temple which we saw, that of Luxor, seemed to us immense, but it was a playhouse beside that of Karnak. Baedeker advises people

to see Karnak first, but it would seem better to me to pay the first visit to the temple at Luxor, and give the idea of vastness in one's mind some opportunity to expand.

The temple of Luxor was built by Amenophis III, a king of the Eighteenth Dynasty. It occupies the site of a temple still older. According to his usual custom, Rameses II possessed himself of this temple and claimed it as his own, adding greatly to its extent and ornamentation. Its total length is two hundred and eighty-four yards. If one can get some unit of measure in mind by which to make this distance real to him, and then remember that this is a relatively small temple, he will be able more nearly to appreciate the immense area covered by some of these Egyptian structures. Six colossal statues of Rameses II, two of them sitting and four standing, adorned the pylon of this great edifice. Two of the sitting figures and one of the standing ones now remain. The sitting figures are forty-five feet in height.

In front of these were two fine obelisks of pink granite, one of which is now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. The French engineers had a hard time moving this monolith, which is seventy-five feet high, seven and one-half feet square at the base, and weighs two hundred and twelve tons. The one they took, however, is smaller than that which remains. The famous obelisk in Central Park, New York, is sixty-nine feet high and weighs two hundred and twenty tons. It was transported to this country in 1877, and is the sixth in size of the known obelisks in Egypt. The obelisk of St. John Lateran, in Rome, is the highest in the world, being one hundred and five feet in length, and is supposed to weigh five hundred tons, but this is in three pieces. The largest monolithic obelisk now standing in Egypt is in the temple of Karnak, and is ninety-seven and one-half feet in height, and its diameter at the base is eight and one-half feet. When one sees how abundant such monuments are in Egypt, and how readily the ancients undertook contracts for their erection, and remembers that even modern engineers count it a respectable achievement to transport one of these monstrous

shafts and stand it upon end, he gains largely in his respect for the mechanical genius of the old-time Pharaohs.

A mosque which stands over a portion of the old temple of Luxor and the adjacent buildings makes it somewhat difficult to continue excavations. They are still digging,



NATIVE NUBIANS

Photograph by Miss Grace A. Ross

however, and every little while uncover another image of Rameses the Great, or of the god Amon, in whose honor Rameses erected part of the temple and stole the rest. One such had just been uncovered when we were there, and another was in the process of emerging from the soil. Any one of these is large enough and fine enough to be counted an important discovery if such things were less common in Egypt.

Of the temple itself, so dwarfed by the proximity of vaster ruins, I am glad to find this word of Amelia B. Edwards:

"If the whole building could be transported bodily to some point between Memphis and Siut, where the river is bare of ruins, it would be enthusiastically visited. Here it is eclipsed by the wonders of Karnak and the western bank, and is undeservedly neglected. Those parts of the original building which yet remain are indeed peculiarly precious; for Amen-hotep III was one of the great builder-kings of Egypt, and we have here one of the few extant specimens of his work."

Whenever a king built a temple to some god he was likely to give the images of the god his own face. This was considered a compliment to the god. It is hard to tell where religion ended and vanity began with the old Egyptian kings. When a king died, his friends made images of the god Isis with the face of the dead king. Indeed, the identity of the dead man and the god of the dead merged themselves in a manner most confusing even to specialists. At Denderah one finds images of the goddess Hathor with the face of Cleopatra. But to do the old monarchs justice, perhaps it was politics instead of vanity that they mixed with their religion. It was a primitive and effective union of church and state, certainly, which made a subject worship the face of his king whenever he bowed before the image of his god.

All the monarchs of Egypt were handsome men according to the recognized standards of beauty then in vogue. Who of us might not go down to posterity as an Apollo if he had power to chop off the artist's head? Even in this day, in which the artist professes to "paint the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are," and the camera does its mercilessly truthful work, there is such a thing as idealism in portraiture, or some of us would stand less frequently before the lens. Far be it from me to say that the Egyptian artists were guilty of flattery; but he who wrought under the sword of Damocles might be forgiven if he exercised charity toward the wrinkles of his majesty, or mollified the redness of his nose, or threw into the shadow the wart upon his chin. Cromwell scolded the artist who eliminated the wart from his cheek, and cried, "Paint me as I am!" The inference is, that the artist at once proceeded to insert a wart, and that Cromwell expressed satisfaction. But who dare say that he



FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE. TEMPLE OF ISIS, AT PHILÆ
(Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. Clark)

was not pleased when the artist made the wart the tiniest shade smaller than it really was? Rameses II was fond of having his picture taken; and we have no contemporary complaint that he did not resemble his portraits. It is too late in the day to ask the artists to insert the wart if there was

one. Time has its statutes of limitation. It is not fair to tell Rameses to his mummy that he is not as handsome as he thought himself to be. Let us rather believe the artists to have been truthful, and Rameses to have been modest, even though we sigh over our own lack of similar advantages to make ourselves beautiful in the eyes of posterity.

I rode about Luxor on a donkey in the middle of the day. A street fair was in progress in the native part of the town, and vegetables and other commodities were for sale; but every one had stopped for his siesta and was stretched out and fast asleep. People were lying in picturesque attitudes wherever there was any shade. Here, as nowhere else even in Egypt, I was distressed by flies on children's faces. Even when awake, the child makes little attempt to drive the insects away, and when he is asleep they settle in great black rings around his eyes and mouth and nostrils. If diseases of the eyes can be spread by the flies, it is simply marvelous that any one, from the first cataract to the Delta, has not been blind since childhood. There is nothing that distresses the visitor more than the sight of these little ones with their eyes unwashed and fairly hidden by concentric rings of flies.

In Luxor one sees not only Arabs, but Nubians, black as ink; and these grow more plentiful farther up the Nile. The dress is picturesque, but there is not much of it.

Luxor is noted for its relic factories. There are places where they grind out with astonishing rapidity scarabs and idols and everything in brisk demand by tourists. As forgers, they are unequaled since the days of Rameses II, and as liars they might well trace their descent from Ananias. Many of their imitations are so crude that even a few days' residence in Egypt enables one to detect their spurious character, but others are so well made that they would deceive the very elect. The manufacturers are said to impart an appearance of age to their scarabs by feeding them to turkeys. The attrition and chemical action of the turkey's gizzard will do as much toward aging a clay beetle as would three thousand

years in an Egyptian grave. Every guide and donkey boy is interested in the sale of some of these articles, and either has them himself or gets a commission at the place where you buy them. Besides this, countless venders run after you and display their brand new antiques with the most cheerful falsehoods about their hoary age.



APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK -- AVENUE OF SPHINXES

"Did you make this last week?" I asked, when shown some articles that were manifestly new.

"No, no, last night," was the answer, which indeed seemed true.

It would not be safe to infer that there are no antiques obtainable. A great many genuine articles are sold in Luxor, and some of them are offered at lower prices than are demanded farther down the Nile. There is a law against the exportation of antiques, but inasmuch as the government itself sells them through the museums, and the custom house officers are disinclined to burden themselves by searching for small articles, one may obey the spirit of the law rather than the

letter. A steamer roll and rug are very convenient in Egypt, and not least so when one comes to pack his belongings for departure.

Returning to the hotel, I had an interview with a would-be guide who introduced himself as Champagne Charlie, and declared himself to be the son of Rameses II. He told the most preposterous tales of his royal birth, and his aristocratic connection, and I could not quite be sure whether he was a harmless lunatic or a buffoon. In either event, I had no need of him; we have lunatics enough at home and fools besides. He who goes to Egypt has need of something different.

There is nothing in Egypt that wearies one like the monotonous descriptions given by the guides. They are a necessary evil until one gets his bearings; but one really begins to learn when he has dismissed his guide, a truth which applies to other countries than Egypt. A party as large as ours, and traveling as rapidly, had to use guides. Each called his group into temple or tomb in long-drawn, monotonous tones:

“Comin’ in! Comin’ in! Ladies and gentlemen! If you please! This is the temple of Rameses the Great! This is the statue of Rameses the Great, wearin’ the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, and holdin’ the key of life and the key of the Nile!”

No doubt it looks in print as if it might have sounded interesting enough; but by the time we had been shown fifty or a hundred statues of Rameses the Great, wearing the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt, and holding now the key of life and then the key of the Nile, and had been told the same thing about each in the very same language and tone, we wearied of it. We even grew able to identify the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt without being told, and to know the keys apart, and to conjecture with reasonable certainty that every statue not otherwise recognizable, was Rameses the Great. Rameses had so incorrigible a desire that posterity should see his features in stone, it serves him

right that his mummy should have been exhumed and posterity permitted to see his actual face.

Besides this, Rameses, who was the greatest forger the world has ever seen, had a habit of obliterating other people's names and writing his own on whatever pleased him. So the



THE PORTAL OF EUERGETES II — ABDUL IN FRONT

monuments vary more or less, and make it safe to assume that everything as old as Rameses now bears his name. Rameses knew a good thing when he saw it, and got whatever he went after. So, even a tourist comes in time to recognize the great Rameses at sight, and could wish the guide to give him less familiar information. But the guide is wound up and set for his own story, and goes through it with the utmost composure.

A guide grows positively eloquent, however, when seeking

employment, and expatiating on his own qualifications. In the evening I walked from the hotel door to the edge of the wide veranda, and stood looking across the Nile, when one of these turbaned philanthropists, seeing me as I left the door, approached from the front and stood in the walk below, looking up at me. He asked me to employ him next day; assured me that he knew that I must be weary of the company's guide (which was true enough, in all conscience); and went on to tell how good he was, and how incomparably better his qualifications were than those of any other man. He was tall, and straight, and wore a long robe and a white turban, and he talked on without an answer or gesture of encouragement from me. He knew the story of his own qualifications as he doubtless knew that of Rameses the Great and the double crown of Lower and Upper Egypt. It soon became a test of endurance—a question whether he could maintain speech or I silence, the longer. I was the first to give way. He said his name was in Baedeker. No guide can make a larger claim for himself than this, and it is one easily proved or disproved. I felt sure that he was lying, and drew my book from my pocket, and with the electric light shining over my shoulder upon the page and in his face, turned to the list of accredited guides. He knew that I would soon confront him with his lie, and went calmly on to say that Baedeker's man had misspelled his name, which was given in the book as one totally different. Then, without the slightest change of tone or loss of composure, he continued to tell of his qualifications until I turned and went into the hotel. Such a man would have a great career in America if he gave his attention to politics.

If thou wouldst view Karnak aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Walter Scott never had seen Melrose by moonlight, but he knew it would look well so. I did not see Karnak by moonlight, but advise others to do so. It was one of the things we were all determined to do, and I engaged a guide and a donkey boy. The moon was perfect, but the members

of our party were so wearied with the ride of the night before, and with the heat and dust of the day, that we gave it up. And this brings me to the story of my donkey boy, Abdul. I give his name, and that gladly, hoping that some of my readers may fall into his hands.

Abdul came to me by inheritance, and the manner of the



COLUMNS—TEMPLE OF KHONS

same was this. Shortly before I left home, a friend called and left five dollars in gold, which she desired me to give to her donkey boy in Egypt. I was out when she called, but found the money and her card with the boy's name, Abdul, and that of his donkey, Never Tarry; but she had neglected to say where Abdul lived, and I presume, had forgotten his last name. I thought that I should see her before leaving, but in the thousand last things to be done, I failed to accomplish it, and so left with only the money and the card, with no information as to where, in the six hundred miles of my ride along the Nile, I should meet Abdul. By the time I

entered Egypt I had forgotten him, and on my arrival at Luxor engaged both a donkey boy and a guide. It was just before noon, and I had completed my agreement with the donkey boy to be with me in the afternoon, when, asking his name, I remembered my message.

"Do you know a donkey boy named Abdul?" I asked.

He did; and I reflected that Abdul in Egypt is as common a name as Patrick in Ireland, and that the chances of my finding the proper recipient of the five dollars were small. However, I told the boy to find Abdul and bring him to me.

Abdul came. He was fifteen years old, and wore a fez-like cap, to which later he added a turban, whose many yards of white cloth greatly changed his appearance.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Abdul Mohammed," he replied.

I reflected that were Mohammed his other name, the lady would have remembered it.

"I only know the name Abdul," I replied. "What is your donkey's name?"

"Never Tarry," he replied.

The very name!

Still, I thought, it is quite possible that so good a name might belong to more than one donkey; and I was not sure that I had not told the other donkey boy that I was seeking an Abdul whose donkey's name was Never Tarry, thus striving to make the donkey's surname suffice for lack of the boy's.

"Have you the cards of people who have ridden your donkey?"

He said he had, but not with him.

"Get them," I said.

He ran to get them, and soon was back with a pocketful of visiting cards and letters of recommendation. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Adams's card!

"I want you and your donkey," said I. "There are several ladies in my party. You will take one of them."

"No, I take you," he said.

"I have a donkey boy," said I.

"Pay him something and let him go," said he.

"But I engaged him," said I.

"But I go with you," said he.

"Very well," said I. "Tell the other boy to bring a side-saddle on his donkey, and you may take me."



RAM-HEADED SPHINXES--TEMPLE OF KARNAK

The other boy, however, held me to the contract. He had no side-saddle, and did not wish his donkey to carry a lady. If I did not take him I must pay him. I was under the sway of Abdul. I paid the other boy in full and discharged him.

I told Abdul that I had a guide, and he protested.

"You need no guide but Abdul," said he. "Give him something and let him go."

I waited till I had seen more of Abdul's ability, and at length I did as he desired. No man can serve two masters. It was enough for me to be under Abdul's control, and he

would have taken the guide as an evidence of my lack of confidence in him.

I thought I could compromise with the guide, and offered him half-price without work. But he insisted on all that was nominated in the bond, and I paid him all, and had Abdul alone. Abdul was an expensive luxury, but I should have hired him first.

Then Abdul told me that I was his master, and he was ready to do all things that might be requested by myself or friends. The ladies were not to seek donkey boys. He would find them. How many did I want? I hesitated about giving him the entire contract, but at length I consented.

After luncheon we came out on the hotel veranda ready for a ride. Some forty yards in front of the hotel and toward the river is a wall, and below that wall the donkey boys had congregated. They were not permitted as yet by the hotel guards to come through. They were mounted on their little beasts, each trying to get close to the wall and near to the gate, that he might quickly secure a rider for the afternoon.

When permission was given them to come through, it was as if Bedlam was coming on a gallop. The man who had not already engaged his donkey was pulled hither and yon, and had to extricate himself, sometimes by means of positive violence. Not all of the donkey boys were boys, and some of them contended over a possible passenger as Satan contended with Michael for the body of Moses. Into that mass of men and mules, Abdul plunged and brought forth, I know not how, a donkey with side-saddle and attendant. He settled one lady, and plunged in again.

"You got nothing to do," he said to me. "I will find the good donkeys. Stand here."

I am not accustomed to standing still while small boys do business for me, but after a few attempts, I let Abdul have his way, and a good way it was. He chose well and promptly. We were all soon mounted and away.

Then Abdul laid down these rules for my observance.

"I your donkey boy; you my master. You all the same

to me like my father. What you tell me, I do. You got nothing to do; you tell me. You got nothing to do with guide; I your guide. You got nothing to do with other donkey boys; I your donkey boy. If any lady not glad for her donkey, if any lady not glad for her saddle, she tell you;



COLUMNS — TEMPLE OF KARNAK

you got nothing to do, you tell me. If you want to buy scarab, buy mummy, buy any somethings, you got nothing to do, you tell me. If anybody show you any somethings and you want it, you got nothing to do; you give it back and tell me."

Abdul was a tyrant. Whenever I attempted to do anything for myself, he sorrowfully resented it. If I looked longingly at an offered article and held it as if to buy it, he said reproachfully, "O my master, I got nothing to do!"

So I did my business through Abdul. If I saw a thing I

liked, I gave him about a third the price demanded, and he got it for me. I suspect that he reserved for himself a commission, and I do not grudge it to him. He bought my articles at reasonable prices, and if they yielded him a profit, so much the better. Sometimes we rode alone, and made



SHISHAK AND HIS CAPTIVES

purchases beyond the amount of silver which I had with me; but the people were willing to trust Abdul and an American.

"Genuine! Antique! Show it to Dr. Murch! Send back money by Abdul!" was their frequent cry.

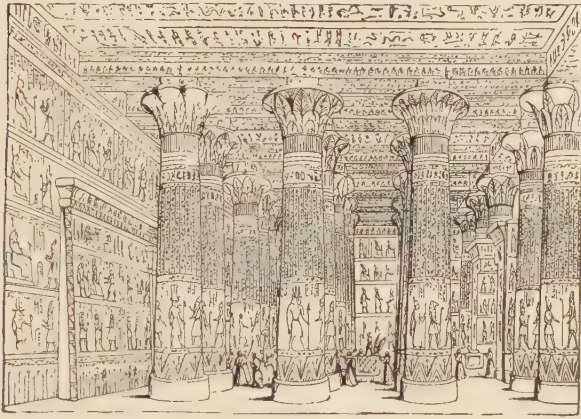
Dr. Murch, the American missionary at Luxor, is the most frequently quoted man in all that region. His knowledge of Egyptian antiquities is as wide as his kindness is sincere. The offer to allow a customer to show an article to Dr. Murch goes far as an assurance of the owner's faith in its genuineness. The two names which I commend to Ameri-

cans visiting Luxor, are those of Dr. Murch, the Christian missionary, and Abdul Mohammed, the Moslem donkey boy.

Abdul entered into all my interests. "I hope you have good news from home," he asked, on the second morning.

"Partly so," I said; "but I have a letter saying that my son, a year younger than you, has broken his leg. I shall be very anxious till I hear from him again."

Then Abdul broke out into genuine Oriental lamentation.



HYPOSTYLE HALL—TEMPLE OF ESNEH

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! I am so sorry! My master's son! Just the same to me as my brother! My brother has broken his leg! My brother has broken his leg! Oh! oh! I think I shall not eat any dinner!"

At intervals thereafter, Abdul sighed, and said, "My brother has broken his leg!" But I must confess that when he returned to me after noon he gave no evidence of having fasted.

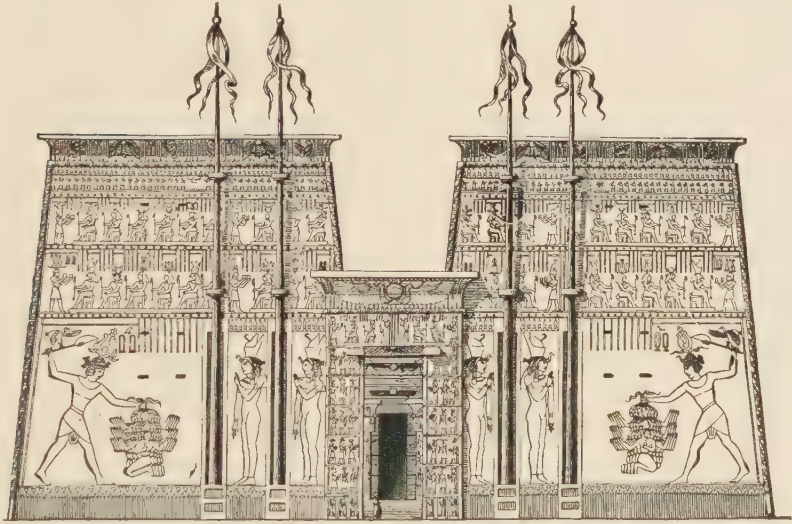
I secured my donkey boy, or rather he secured me, as I have recorded, and he got me out of the mix-up in front of the hotel, and we started for Karnak. We soon realized that we were near the Tropic of Cancer, and only thirty miles north of the famous well, straight down which the sun shines at the time of the summer solstice. It was hot, and not only hot but dusty. The weather had that feeling that made you

quite sure of a thunderstorm before night; but it hardly ever rains in Egypt, and the dust seems to have deepened ever since the time of Rameses the Great. However, the annual inundation of the Nile does lay the dust; but it was past the time of the overflow. Out of the village we rode, and across the flat plain a distance of two miles, enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust, kicked up by our donkey cavalcade. We approached the Temple of Karnak by an imposing avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, placed only twelve feet apart, and lining the road on either side. This avenue is sixty-three feet wide. When we were told that this avenue had extended all the way from Luxor, two miles and more, and that the sphinxes had lined both sides all the way, and when afterward we found about Karnak four more of these broad thoroughfares guarded by these great stone beasts couchant, it began to dawn upon me that I had not made adequate mental preparation for the incredible immensity of Egyptian ruins.

The Temple of Karnak is so much larger than that of Luxor, and so exceeds it in every point of interest, that I have not courage to give any figures about its dimensions. One simply wanders from one ruin to another, until his imagination loses its power to expand. We first went through the Temple of Khons, the moon-god, which we entered by the Portal of Euergetes, a massive and imposing gateway which is one hundred and four feet in length, thirty-three feet in breadth, and sixty feet in height. When we had finished this temple, I supposed that we were through with Karnak, but we had barely touched the hem of its garment. Besides this are the Temple of Mont and the Temple of Mut, the Temple of Ptah, the Temple of Rameses III, the so-called Small Temple of Rameses II, and a larger temple erected by the same monarch, the Temple of Amenophis II, and the Temple of Seti II. When we had finished these, none of them small, and had viewed innumerable minor temples, we had still before us the stupendous Temple of Ammon, which is a wilderness of carved stone, so vast that one stands within it speechless and almost afraid. There are pylons and courts

and colonnades and corridors and hypostyles innumerable, and columns so vast and obelisks so high that they combine to give one a profound impression of dignity, stability and vastness, and a realization of the energy and power of the long lines of kings whose successive efforts through unnumbered generations alone made such a pile possible.

Dean Stanley affirms that the Temple of Karnak is the



TEMPLE OF EDFU

grandest building ever raised to the glory and adoration of God, and the oldest consecrated place of worship in the world. The area of its central hall is 57,629 feet, and each of its 140 columns is 34 feet in circumference, and 62 feet in height, without reckoning abacus or plinth.

Among the many Pharaohs who contributed to the making of this temple was Shishak, a contemporary of Solomon, who added a chapel. This Shishak, as the Bible calls him, or Sheshonk, as his name appears on the monuments, conquered Rehoboam, and exacted tribute from him, as we are told in 1 Kings 14:25 and 2 Chronicles 12:3-9. When Shishak built this chapel he recorded his victories over sixty-three kings upon its walls, representing each tributary king with his

arms tied behind him and a rope around his neck. Among these figures is one, the cartouche of which reads, "King of Judah," and which is evidently intended for Rehoboam. Of course it is not to be inferred that Shishak actually led these kings in this way, but only that he conquered them, and exacted tribute. Some of them, indeed, he may have bound; but the three strings of kings are to be understood as a metaphorical record of conquest.

The law of compensation holds in travel. Those of our party who had the shorter time in Palestine had time to go on to Esneh, and view its temple with the magnificent Hypostyle Hall, to Edfu, where stands the Temple of Horus, most perfect of all the ancient structures of Egypt, and to Assuan and Philæ, with their famed relics, and the no less famous cataract of the Nile. These were not for us who had taken the long ride in the Holy Land, but I am glad that the others saw them. We had seen enough already to make us glad that we were in Egypt. But before we descended the Nile there remained for us one more day of sightseeing, the fullest and best of all that I spent in the Land of the Nile.



RUINS AT KARNAK

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

Most of the cities of ancient Egypt were built on the east bank of the Nile. Most of the cities of their dead are on the west bank. Therefore, he who would visit the Pyramids from Cairo or the tombs of the kings from Luxor, must cross the Nile. This the funeral processions did in the old days, and so thoroughly was the crossing of water a part of their thought of the passing of the soul, that beside the funeral voyage over the Nile, a special journey by boat across a sacred lake near the temples was often a feature of the funeral rites. Pictures of this, and of the voyage of the dead man beyond this life, are freely painted on the walls of the tombs. This voyage is closely related to the progress of the sun in its night journey. Disappearing behind the Libyan hills, and sailing through the twelve stages of the night, the sun paralleled the course of the dead man's voyage through its twelve watches, amid sea monsters and opposing spirits, to the judgment and the realm of bliss.

The most interesting and instructive day which I spent in Egypt was that on which our party made the journey to the tombs of the kings. We crossed the Nile in boats from Luxor, where thousands of funeral fleets had stirred the water before us—the boatmen, as usual, robbing us on the way—and found our donkeys waiting on the other side. Those people who did not fee their donkey boys liberally on the preceding day found themselves unprovided with beasts. To be sure there were other donkeys there, and their owners were glad of the chance of employment, but the animals in general were inferior, and the economical tourist had to do this, his hardest day's riding, with a slower and less comfortable animal than he had the previous day.

If, however, a donkey boy had taken a fancy to his employer of the day before, he could no more shake him off than I could have gotten rid of Abdul. One lady had determined to change donkeys, and so, when the boat came to land, stood looking across the water and mud, and trying to choose a donkey before she landed; but her driver of the preceding day saw her, and rushing into the water, seized her, and bore her bodily ashore. It was ludicrous, for she had no fancy for the Lochinvar act, and kicked and struggled with right good will while he splashed ashore with her; and though he planted her in the saddle, she beat him back by main strength, and regained her liberty. Her act established a new record for the American girl, and was rewarded by the finding of a donkey less forlorn and a driver less lazy than the one whose sudden outbreak of energy was in such conspicuous contrast with his conduct when drawing pay.

Our ferry landed us on a large island, but the branch of the Nile on the other side is narrow, and no boat is required to cross it. After a ride of about two miles, we came to the Temple of Seti I., built in honor of Amon. Since we have left the ruins of Karnak, I have courage to give some figures. The length of this temple is five hundred feet; its present width is one hundred and fifty-three feet, and there are evidences that it once was wider. It would be worth going up the Nile to see if there were nothing else; but we could stop a short time only, for we were on our way to the tombs of the kings, at Biban el-Muluk.

The first evidence which we had that we were nearing the tombs was the apparent genuineness of the relics offered for sale along the way. Fresh-baked scarabs and idols warm from the oven were no longer the stock in trade. We were getting to where it was cheaper to steal relics than to make them. Pieces of mummy cases, shreds of mummy cloth, and mummied cats and hawks of indubitable age, now began to make an appearance; and now and then we were offered a mummied hand or foot, swathed round and round in bandages thousands of years old.

"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a crack or keep the wind away."

The hand that once held the scepter of a Pharaoh is now liable to be wrenched off by some grave-robber and sold to a tourist, who must buy portable relics if any. I had no fond-



OUR PARTY CROSSING THE NILE

ness for this kind of souvenir, but tastes differ. Some of our party acquired them eagerly. When we reached the custom house at New York the inspectors made some startling disclosures. One excellent lady, whose trunk stood near mine, because, forsooth, her name begins with the same letter, and the trunks are arranged in alphabetical order, was troubled in her conscience about reporting these things to the custom house officials.

"They certainly were purchased," she said, "and so I

ought to declare them; but at what rate do you suppose they will charge duty upon them?"

"Duty is charged on antiques," replied some one wise in the law, "according to the material of which they are composed."



THE MUMMY OF SETI I

"Dear me!" she said; "what shall I say about the material?"

The inspector was diving deep among her goods.

"What have you got in therè?" he demanded, pointing to a paste-board box carefully wrapped and tied.

"Oh, that—that—" she said, blushing like a criminal caught in the act, "that is a mummied hand."

"A what?" demanded the inspector.

"A hand; the hand of a mummy," said she, gathering courage, but looking yet more guilty.

"I don't understand," said he; "open it up!"

"I am sure it is not dutiable," she pouted, tugging at the string.

"I don't know about that; I want to see it."

She opened the box and displayed the contents, handling it gingerly by the wrist.

"That—that thing!" said he; "bless you, miss, that ain't the kind of thing I'm after! I'd rather have your hand than the hands of all the dead niggers in Egypt."

Much relieved, she tied up the box and stowed it away in its proper place among her finery.

I read some years ago a chapter in the experience of Bill Nye, who professed to have bought a mummy in Egypt, and

to have discovered on getting him home that the mummy's arm bore the tattooed inscription, "Richard Maginis, Valparaiso, Ind., 1849." The truthful William opined that the mummy mines are getting about worked out. It would seem as if it would be so; I understand that the railroad along the Nile, before it had established a regular base of supplies, used them as fuel, and found them desirable for that purpose. Alas, to what base uses we may return! But there is no present indication of the exhaustion of the supply. I was offered plenty of mummies. The general asking price of a full-grown one, warranted royal, was about forty dollars. I much doubt the royalty, but the genuineness of the mummy was beyond question. I would not think of buying one. They are so hideously life-like, so unnaturally natural, that one feels like making comments about them in their presence in an undertone. If a tourist had as much assurance as an Egyptian guide, and could talk as eloquently to an audience of one without the encouragement of a response, he might, almost in good faith, address to one of these cured and dried gentlemen the whole of Horace Smith's poem, some of whose lines continually come to one:

And thou hast walked about — how strange a story! —

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago!

When the Memnonium was in its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue,— come, let us hear its tune!

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;

Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great temple's dedication!

Surely, if one is given to moralizing, and disposed to write down, "So passes the glory of the world," at the end of each chapter of his meditation, the presence of a mummy in his study as a vis-a-vis would furnish him constant material. But I did not buy one, though they are very cheap. Cheap indeed! It cost a thousand dollars each to embalm them, and here they are offered at retail for forty; and no doubt a liberal discount from that price! If only the old Egyptians had suspected this, would they not have preferred cremation?

Beyond the Temple of Seti, our road became a bridle path, winding between desolate hills in the Libyan Desert. As we rode along, a procession of Moslems appeared in silhouette on the sky-line, winding along the path on the top of the ridge. It was their New Year, and they were having a celebration. They seemed like the shadowy ghosts of past ages making their silent pilgrimage along the centuries.

We soon entered a gorge, bleak and desolate, and growing constantly narrower. There was no spear of grass, no song of bird; and the silence deepened into a sense of mystery and awe such that, had we met the kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty in procession, leaving their tombs to revisit the haunts of men, they could hardly have given us surprise.

At last, two miles up the cañon, where the crumbling sandstone cliffs shut in, and bring the valley to an end, we came to the tombs of the kings. Here we dismounted. Our donkey boys now came to us, and asked money to buy water for the donkeys and themselves. We paid it, though I am satisfied that none of them drank. The boys fed their donkeys, however, and this was the donkey's dinner: two handfuls of meal, a baked cake, and an onion with long green top. It was equally surprising to see the donkey's eagerness to consume the onion, and the boy's ability at any time to produce provender out of unsuspected portions of his raiment. All through Egypt and Palestine I was continually surprised at the way the natives procured breadstuffs from their clothing. The only thing comparable with it is the juggler's ability to



FESTIVAL SCENE FROM THE WALLS OF A THEBAN TOMB

bring fried eggs out of a silk hat, or doughnuts from under the collars of distinguished citizens on the front seats.

The Egyptian government charges each tourist five dollars for the privilege of seeing the antiquities of Upper Egypt. The tickets are signed and not transferable, and the money goes toward the restoration and preservation of the objects of interest. Of course, some of our party had forgotten their tickets, and these had to deposit a pound sterling, with little hope of seeing it again; but in every case it was later returned to them at the hotel.

Considering that the Israelites had been in Egypt, it is marvelous that the Old Testament contains almost nothing about immortality. The Bible is, first of all, a book for this present life, but no ancient people were so concerned for the bodies of their dead, or had so elaborate an eschatology, as the Egyptians. They held that the spirit revisits the body, and often depicted the return of the winged alter-ego. But they also held that the body itself retains some degree of consciousness. The tomb walls depict feasts, in which the dead man is supposed, by some spiritual power, to share. One of these banquet scenes from a Theban tomb, now in the British Museum, is here shown. Each of the guests has a lotus-flower, the bud of which forms the capital of many of the Egyptian columns.

Out of their belief that the soul of man did not die, and that even the body retained something of consciousness, and had within it the germ of eternal hope, grew those splendid tombs, the Pyramids and these rock-hewn caverns of Thebes. This belief also resulted in the skill in embalming, for which the Egyptians have ever been famous. When a man died they removed from the body those organs especially liable to decomposition, filled the cavity with aromatic drugs, and saturated all with a mixture of carbonate, sulphate, and nitrate of soda, to which sometimes they added salt of bitumen. They then swathed it round and round with innumerable yards of linen smeared with gum, placed upon it beads and small symbols arranged in prescribed form, and laid it in

a tomb whose decorations were in accordance with the rank of the deceased. As it cost about a thousand dollars properly to embalm and mummify a corpse, the bodies of the common people were simply salted and dried.

The tomb was the dead man's house. The chamber in which the dead body was laid was made inaccessible, in order that his repose might not be disturbed; but adjacent chambers were provided where his statue was set up, and where offerings were made to him or to the gods in his name. In



THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS

the dry climate of Egypt, these mummies have lasted for five thousand years, and are in as good a state of preservation at the end of the fiftieth century as at the close of the first.

The Egyptians decorated their tombs, not simply out of respect for the dead, but also for their instruction. Extracts from "The Book of the Dead" were inscribed upon the wall, and copies of the same were often deposited with the dead man. This book, whose most ancient parts constitute, perhaps, the world's oldest literature, was many centuries in process of compilation, and is very unequal in its ethical and spiritual content. It is especially remarkable for its disavowal of forty-two crimes which the dead man must make to prove himself innocent before Osiris. It is conjectured that

the number, forty-two, is that of the Nomic gods of Egypt. Be that as it may, the moral tone of this section of "The Book of the Dead" is justly admired. Spite of all the degradation of its polytheism, there was something good in a religion that constantly taught men that in the day of judgment they must prove themselves guiltless of forty-two sins of violence and passion, the list comprising most of the wrongs which man inflicts upon his neighbor.

One of the favorite scenes depicted on the walls of the tombs, and inscribed on papyrus to be buried with the corpse, was that of the judgment of the dead. In the upper part of the field are seen the forty-two judges before whom the kneeling man, newly arrived from the world above, must profess, "I have defrauded no man; I have not prevaricated at the seat of justice; I have not made slaves of the Egyptians; I have not defiled my conscience for the sake of my superior; I have not used violence; I have not famished my household; I have not caused others to weep; I have not committed forgery; I have not falsified weights and measures; I have not been drunken; I have not pierced the banks of the Nile, nor separated an arm of the Nile for myself in the time of its increase." These are the most prominent sins chosen out of the forty-two which a man must disclaim. It is evident that these teachings must always have been for the good of those who received them. It is also apparent that the Egyptians had well-defined laws on riparian rights.

In the lower register of the same picture is seen the judgment hall of Osiris. On the right is the dead man, who is received by one or more female figures, each wearing an ostrich feather, symbolizing law. Sometimes one of these is seen introducing him to the other, who holds the scepter, symbol of authority, and the *crux ansata*, symbol of life, and constantly referred to by our guides as "the key of life." In the center, the heart of the dead man is weighed, truth and justice being the weights in the opposite scale. Horus, the hawk-headed god, and Anubis the dog-headed deity, watch the scale, and Anubis declares the result to Thoth, the ibis-

headed deity of wisdom, who records the finding, and announces it to Osiris. Osiris is seated at the left, wearing a diadem ornamented with two ostrich feathers, and holding a whip and a crook-headed scepter. Before the throne is an



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETI I

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell.

altar, bearing the gifts made by the dead man's friends in his behalf. This scene, often depicted on the walls of the tombs, is here reproduced in a fine illustration from chapter 125 of "The Book of the Dead."

Few men, if any, could profess freedom from all the sins comprised in the list. For those of which the man was guilty, he must answer. This accounts for the presence in tombs of numbers of images, not gods, but "ushabti" figures, or "answerers." When an Egyptian died, and the degree of his

guilt was determined, he was supposed to be confronted by the spirits of evil who accused him of his sins in the upper world and sentenced him to threefold punishments in expiation of them. To bear this penance for him, slaves were probably executed in primitive times, that they might "answer" for him by offering to bear his penalty themselves. Later it was counted sufficient that images of the deceased should be placed in the tomb with him for a like purpose. In theory, these were probably portrait statues, but often, and perhaps almost always, they were conventional. They frequently represented the dead man in the form of Isis, and in his stead they made their "answer" when he was sentenced to till the ground, to draw water from the Nile, and to carry sand from the east to the west. Then it was that these "answerers" were supposed to speak in words somewhat like these:

"If ye have aught against him who now comes to you, Lo, I am here in his stead. Call upon me and I will answer; only make the way plain for him. Whatever ye put upon him, I will bear; I will till the ground; I will draw water from the Nile; I will carry sand from the east to the west; only for him let the way be made plain; call upon me and I will answer in his stead."

Many of these images, especially the later ones, have agricultural implements in their hands, little crooked plows or crude hoes, and on their backs checked work in paint, that is meant for baskets. With the former they were to till the soil and in the latter to carry sand from the east to the west, probably to cover graves.

It is a very striking thing that we find the vicarious idea thus deeply rooted in Egyptian theology, and no one can fail to be struck with the beauty of the idea, even as here crudely expressed. We have outgrown some crude theories of the atonement, but we shall not outgrow, either in human life or in theology, a need of the deep truth that redemption is wrought by love that can suffer for others' sake.

The structure of the tombs is practically identical. There is a sloping descent for the admission of the sarcophagus, with shallow steps at either side. This leads into a corridor which

opens into the first of three successive rooms. In the farthest of these is the sarcophagus. The walls of the rooms contain scenes from the life of the deceased, or more frequently picture the deceased king, sometimes identified with the sun-god,



VESTIBULE OF THE TOMB OF RAMESES VI

passing through the twelve regions of the nether world. These scenes are commonly represented in low relief on the plaster walls of the tomb, and are decorated with pigment which in many cases is still bright, though for centuries it has been smoked by the candles and torches of visitors, and until recently, mutilated by the relic-hunting vandal.

These tombs are so much alike that one might almost as well be content with a single one of them. Each has its sloping descent, and its three chambers connected by straight

corridors, and each its inscriptions from the sacred books. Yet one finds in them a strange fascination, and goes on from one to another. We visited the tombs of Rameses IV, VI, III, and IX, and then the finest of all, the tomb of Seti I, father of Rameses the Great. It has been known since 1817. It is three hundred and thirty feet in length, and besides its three chambers, has several smaller rooms. One characteristic illustration from the walls of this tomb is here reproduced. Seti, crowned with the double crown, is offering wine to Osiris, who is addressed as "the great god of the west"; that is, of the land of the dead. Behind Osiris stands Isis, with the sun's disc between her heifer-horns, and behind her is Horus, son of Osiris and Isis, who holds a scepter. All three of these gods hold the symbol of life. These pictures, which seem at first so unreal that we wonder if any one really understands them, become, after a little study, sufficiently familiar to enable even the casual tourist to interpret some of those most frequently met. The ability to do this adds so much to the interest of one's visit, that it is well for the tourist to learn in advance the most common deities and symbols.

Here we trace the beginnings of those art forms which reached their perfection in Greece. The prototypes of those breathing forms in marble are here in the tombs of Egypt.

But the art of Egypt is the art of death. It was a philosophy of death that gave it form, not the joy of life. It was born of the desert, straight lined, flat, monotonous, and desolate. The beauty of exuberant life was never in it. The uplifted heart of hope never gave it grace or delicacy. In the days when it was most alive it had the stiffness and stolidity of death. But it is vast, imposing, stupendous. It is full of the majesty of enormous proportions and herculean endeavor. Its dimensions are suggested by the unlimited space of the desert; and like the desert, it had and still has, the unchanging grandeur of vastness and mystery.

Tourists cannot visit the tomb of Rameses II, and there is nothing there worth seeing. We stood opposite its filled-up entrance and were glad to locate the spot. It was plundered

in ancient times, and the bodies were removed from this and many other of these tombs to a pit on the other side of the mountain, probably to prevent the graves from being rifled. There they were found in 1881, and removed to the Gizeh Museum.

We saw these things by the light of candles; but the day



SETI OFFERING WINE TO OSIRIS

is not far distant when no smoke will be allowed within these frescoed tombs. Already they are wired for electric lighting. Could anything be more incongruous? But it is a thing to be devoutly thankful for, and posterity will bless us for preserving these wonderful decorations from the smoke that would surely obliterate them in time.

In the farthest apartment of the tomb of Seti I, our guide called us together, and made almost tearful allusion to our acquaintance, and our coming separation. We were to return down

the Nile that night, and before we went, he wanted to present us each with a souvenir by which to remember him. It was beautiful to see his affection for us. He gave us each a counterfeit scarab, false even in that dim light, and posted himself in the narrow passage where he could levy tribute on each of us.

Our guide's farewell had one effect on our party. He besought us all not to go over the mountains, which he said



THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP

were steep, dangerous, and full of robbers. He said that the donkey boys would urge us to go that way, but that this was for evil ends of their own, and that we must not believe them. We should go back straight down the valley as we came. I knew that there was some scheme behind this benevolent advice, and could only suspect what I still suppose was true, that he was lazy and disinclined to make the climb; and as the only advantage mentioned in the climb was the view from the top of the mountain, I was not unwilling to go back the way we came. And thus our party missed, and I came near missing, one of the best experiences in Egypt, and for me the very best.

I was delayed in starting back from the tombs, and found nearly all our party mounted, and some of them already on their way down the valley. I called for Abdul, who was usually very prompt. He delayed a little, and when I was finally mounted and about to join the others, he said, "No, no, we go by ourselves." I protested somewhat feebly, but I had learned to trust the boy, and I let him have his way. He assured me that I would find it worth while. So Abdul and I together struck out over the hills.

I never saw a more desolate scene than that obtained from the top of this ridge looking back into the valley of the tombs. To see it at its best one needs to view it thus in the silence and the isolation.

While one of the chief pleasures of the cruise was in the fellowship of our companions, there was something singularly satisfactory in being alone at this time, and I reveled in the experiences that isolation brought me. It was pleasant to get away from the tedious, parrot-tale of the guide; to hear nothing for a few hours of the gossip and chat of the journey; and to step alone, into a remote past, face to face with the spirit of antiquity.

In an article on Arizona in a recent number of *The Atlantic*, Harriet Monroe says of the emotions inspired by the desert:

"I felt the coming of new empires, the burden of unborn centuries, and grew great with the unspeakable hope and unspeakable sadness of the wilderness. It was a most complex emotion, this vision of unachieved glory set against a background of immemorial antiquity."

One feels this even more, but with less of the hope, where the glory has been achieved and lost. The barren, desolate land comes, through its very lifelessness, to partake of the life of the past. As the mummy, through his immortal death, seems strangely half-alive, so this region of the tombs comes to have a semblance of swathed and silent life.

. . . . The clod I trample
Was the skull of royal Pharaoh,
And the water of the river
In the veins of haughty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust-clouds of the desert
Were the lips of lovely women;
Where are they, and they who kissed them?
Power dies and beauty passes,
Naught abides.

They were mighty, yet they vanished;
Names are all they left behind them:
Glory first, and then an echo;
Then the very echo hushes,
All is still.

In the stillness of this retrospect, one views Egypt from the top of the barren mountain above Biban el-Muluk. Here he stands face to face with the past.

There were other things with which I stood face to face. Descending into the valley, I entered a region full of natives who have many things to sell, and I was their only possible victim. A fine bronze mirror from the tombs of the queens was among the treasures offered me. Those in the British Museum are not finer specimens. An alabaster tear-bottle and some pieces of mummy cases with figures as fresh upon them as though painted only a year ago; a statue of Amon and another of Osiris; a mummied hawk and a mummied cat, and a carved wood tablet of most ancient aspect—all these I gladly bought. Abdul did the buying for me, rushing in among the eager peddlers and pushing them to right and left as though he had been a man and they but boys. He would snatch an article which I desired to buy and hand over a coin for it, and when the owner followed, protesting that he could not sell it for the sum which he had received, Abdul would hand it back and take the money with a face as impassive as the statue of Rameses itself. Then he would wait until the owner came back, begging him to keep the article and let him have the money. I made purchases until all my silver was gone, and then the tug of war came in the effort to group together a number of small purchases and make them aggregate a ten-franc piece in gold. Abdul accomplished this, assigning to each owner of a purchased relic his proportionate share in the future division; and though they protested they

accepted his distribution as final. They had more articles for sale and pressed them upon us, but Abdul imperturbably removed his turban, tied up all purchases, fastened them upon the donkey behind me, and charged me to gallop on ahead while he remained to settle the dispute among the peddlers. He soon overtook me, and we made more purchases later on.



THE TEMPLE OF HATASU

When a man offered me an antique and I said "No money," he would say, "Take it, and send money by donkey boy." I was glad to find that they trusted strangers as they did. When we reached the hotel and Abdul unrolled his turban, I felt as I fancy the children of Israel did after they had gone out and spoiled the Egyptians, for I had a collection of relics unmistakably genuine, which, without being bulky or cumbersome, were the sort of antiques I was glad to bring home from Egypt.

Across the mountain from the tombs of the kings lies the Temple of Hatsu. It is quite unlike any other Egyptian temple, being built in a series of terraces on the slope of the

foothill; and instead of standing out clean-cut against the sky, it has the bare cliff for a background. Hatasu, whose reign was contemporary with those of three men, none of whom was feeble, proved herself stronger and more capable than any of them; and this temple fittingly embraces more original features than any in Egypt. The Egyptians call it *Der el-Bahri*, which means, "The loveliest of all." Much of it has been restored, so that the complete plan is easily discerned. In some of its inner sanctuaries the paint is almost as bright as if it had been applied in recent years.

I went through the Temple of Hatasu unattended even by Abdul. He was busy near the gate, holding preliminary negotiations with a group of peddlers. It may be that the men were grave-robbers, but a certain high official of the tombs, expecting our party from around the mountain, rode up just as I came out of the gate. He took an interest in my purchases, and gave me the benefit of his knowledge. The law forbidding the exportation of relics is not meant to apply, and cannot be applied, to relatively small purchases of things easily duplicated.

Near the Temple of Hatasu I had an experience that reminded me that woman's power in Egypt did not end with Hatasu and Cleopatra.

Four girls ran after me with articles for sale. I did not want to buy, and so rode on, soon leaving three of them behind. One, tall and lithe, kept up with my cantering donkey, and as I still refused to examine her beads and trinkets, she desisted from her attempts to sell, and begged for "bakshish." I urged my donkey on, but she still kept up; and as she continued to beg she addressed me with larger and more flattering titles. At first it was "Bakshish, monsieur," and then the promotions began. I was master, colonel, and my lord, all within five minutes. She attempted to kiss my hand, calling me general, and governor, and when I withdrew my hand she caught my stirrup, and repeatedly kissed my knee, each time with a higher title. No man ever rose from the ranks through a series of more rapid promotions; and the

higher I rose, the more gracious I found myself becoming. At last, she called me khedive. I knew then that I must capitulate, but I waited to see if she could do better. Nothing remained but to prefix adjectives, and this she did. When she cried at last, "Bakshish, O great and mighty khedive," I paid her a piastre and let her go. I told myself that I was paying to be rid of her, but I am morally certain that she laughed in what ought to have been her sleeve, and told her



THE RAMESEUM

companions how another old goose had been won over by barefaced flattery. O Eve, however little else thy daughters inherit, few have failed to learn how the heart of man may be won by flattery!

About a half-hour's ride from the Temple of Hatasu is the Rameseum, the large temple, built in honor of Amon by Rameses II. The east gate of this temple was originally two hundred and twenty feet broad. The temple is only partly preserved; but it stands like a great low cliff, with its strata turned to perpendicular. At the west gate is the gigantic statue of Rameses II, now in ruins. The ear is three and one-half feet long, and the length of the nail on the middle

finger seven and one-half inches. The statute is believed to have weighed over two million pounds.

Not far away are the next largest statues, the Colossi of Memnon. They are two enormous seated figures, each carved out of a single block of granite. They are nearly equal in size, and the dimensions are taken from the south one, which is in better preservation. It is now fifty-three feet high, but the great double crown which once adorned it may have brought its total height up to sixty-nine feet. The northern figure is the one that popularly is supposed to sing at sunrise, which has given it the name of "The Vocal Memnon."

Having had quite enough sightseeing for one day, and being well laden with our purchases, Abdul and I turned eastward and soon were ferried back across the Nile. I looked for a crocodile, but could not find one; but I recalled that parody on the busy bee, which, I believe, first appeared in "Alice in Wonderland."

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

We spent what was left of the day in visiting the shops and bazaars of Luxor, and the mission schools under the care of Dr. Murch. But one American church, the United Presbyterian, has missions in Egypt. This arrangement is by mutual agreement of the mission boards to prevent any possible waste of money or conflict of interests on the ground. Dr. Murch is doing a work which deserves the highest praise, and the sympathy of all good people of every name and faith.

In my purchase of scarabs I was assisted by Dr. Murch, who knows a genuine scarab from one of recent manufacture the moment he sets eyes upon it. Under his guidance I purchased several of these interesting mementoes. The

scarabæus is a beetle not unlike our American tumble-bug. It deposits its eggs in a ball of dung whose fermentation imparts sufficient warmth to hatch the egg. The insect



CLEOPATRA AS UNDERSTUDY FOR HATHOR

exhibits great care in rolling this ball to a place of safety. The Egyptians saw the process of rolling the ball, and watched the ball, till from the mass of earth, life sprang forth, and they adopted the scarabæus as their symbol of immortality. They molded scarabs in clay or carved them out of precious stones, and sometimes cut the cartouche of the owner on the bottom as a seal. On these we find the names of many of

Egypt's kings. There is no relic which one can bring from Egypt so appropriate as one of these scarabs of assured genuineness. The symbol of eternal life coming forth to light again after centuries of entombment, is a token which any one with a spark of sentiment would certainly cherish.

We left Luxor late in the afternoon on the regular train for Cairo. We stopped at Keneh, where they make water-pots, mixing ashes with the clay to make the pots more porous. The evaporation of water on the outside of the pot keeps the temperature of the water several degrees lower than that of the air. Boys on the station platform sell you a jar of water for five or ten cents and throw in the jar, which is worth the money even if one does not drink the water.

All along the river the sakiehs were turning and drawing water from the stream for irrigating purposes. They are heavy, cumbersome wheels, and the vessels for raising the water are earthen jars tied onto the wheel, and not pockets in the wheel itself as one would expect. Most of the water is dipped in a bucket or jar at the end of a well-sweep, raised a few feet, and dipped again by another sweep above, and even by a third to give it sufficient elevation to flow across the level flood plain of the Nile. Most of the Egyptians seem the reverse of industrious, but these patient drawers of water appear hardly ever to remit their laborious vocation. The passage of the unfrequent steamer seldom stops them, and they rarely raise their eyes to look after a fleeting locomotive. With motion as regular as a pendulum of a clock they continue their weary work. One could imagine that they were "answerers"—expiating the sins of the dead, and serving out the sentence of the gods against those who transgressed in other generations. But this is the work that makes Egypt a fertile and beautiful land instead of the dreariest of deserts.

We were settling down for the night when we stopped at a little station, and some one tapped on the window. I let it down and a man outside thrust in some little carved translucent stones with a woman's face thereon.

"Antique!" he cried; "Genuine antique! Show it to your dragoman!"

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"Denderah," he answered; "Temple of Hathor."

To be sure, we were just opposite that temple, founded in the first Christian century, by one of the Ptolemies. The woman who stole the hearts of Cæsar and Antony posed commonly for the figure of the goddess. I took a little lens from my pocket and looked at the cutting, which was good and clear. I offered the man money, and he took it gladly, and the train started on. There was something startling in being thus called back nineteen hundred years by a tap on the car window, and having thrust into one's hand a contemporary portrait of Cleopatra. But this was very modern compared with a seal that Dr. Murch gave me, containing the cartouche of Thothmes I, which is older than Moses. One must, however, be careful of his chronology in Egypt, and never count anything old that does not reach well back into the thousands. Abraham lived a long time ago, but when Abraham went down into Egypt the pyramids were already hoary with the memories of centuries.

CHAPTER XXIV

NAPLES, POMPEII AND VESUVIUS

Let us gratefully remember, whatever disappointments linger in our minds, that we arrived in Naples the day after the quarantine had been called off. We had word at Alexandria that Italy was quarantined against the East, for there were a few sporadic cases of the bubonic plague in Egypt, and there was all too good reason to fear cholera. I do not blame the guardians of all Mediterranean ports for their fear of disease imported from each other. But if each one would clean its own disease-producing quarters, and cease to levy blackmail on steamers, the results would be better. We expected to spend four days at anchor in the Bay of Naples; but the health officers met us with a smile, and when they departed it was we who smiled, for we were at liberty to go ashore at once. So we prepared our baggage for sunny Italy.

The Mediterranean is two seas in one. Sicily and Malta and the other islands indicate the line of the old geological break. Right at this point Italy puts its foot into the situation, and makes it easy for a ship that rounds the toe to seek a harbor about the ankle. Just about here is the Bay of Naples, dear to navigators since first the seas were sailed, and lauded by poets since the days of Homer and of Horace.

The Bay of Naples, thirty-five miles in circuit, is in form a crescent; and the islands projecting beyond the headlands, make it almost a circle. Toward the northern end is Naples, with Vesuvius fifteen miles to the south. The hills that rise in green and purple from the water's edge are dotted with villas and villages, many of which are famous in song and story.

Around this bay cluster more objects of interest and beauty than can be shown by any bay on earth. On these slopes

Cæsar and Caligula and Nero and Hadrian and Pompey had their villas, and drank of the wine of the hillsides, and looked out over this beautiful land and sea. On yonder hill lived Virgil. There he wrote his *Æneid* and his *Georgics*, and there was his tomb; for though he died away from here, the Emperor Augustus, who was with him, respected his dying



NAPLES—STRADA DEL MOLO AND ST. ELMO'S CASTLE. BAY OF NAPLES
Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. Clark.

wish, and brought his body here to be buried at Posilipo, above the bay. On yonder little island of Nisida, Cicero held his last conference with Brutus after the murder of Cæsar. At yonder fishing-town of Pozzuoli, near the northern extremity of the bay, Paul landed in the spring of 62, after his shipwreck and his winter at Malta. The town was called Puteoli then, and was an important port.

To our right, as we enter the bay, passing between Sorrento and Capri, stands Vesuvius, looking precisely like its pictures, yet grander; and near its base lie the two buried cities that hold our imagination with a grip of strong fascination. And beside all these, straight ahead is the city itself.

The landscape is a symphony of color. The deep blue of the bay, the brilliant azure of the sky, the varying greens of the hillsides, are enhanced by the reds and yellows of the city, and the bright and picturesque attire of the people. Those of the inhabitants who came out in boats to greet us were an unclean looking lot, but it was interesting to note that a gay cap on the head of a man, or a flowered kerchief on the head of a woman, redeemed the entire costume and made it picturesque. The people of Italy know how to make rags attractive.

We were rapidly loaded into steam tenders, and ferried ashore. Each boat as it left the ship was attended by skiffs containing little bands of musicians, who played for us on guitars and mandolins. One had a little stage constructed across the thwarts, and upon this a girl danced with forced abandon. We were too much absorbed in the landscape to pay much attention to these people at the outset; but just as we were getting interested, and thinking the show worth paying for, the manager of the band gave a loud ejaculation of disgust, and letting go the rope, sought a more appreciative audience. So we completed our sail without music, and as soon as we had passed the custom house, were ready to see the city. The bay is so charming, that had we not been pressed for time, we could almost have enjoyed four days at

quarantine; but we were glad and thankful to set foot on shore, and to inspect the chief port of Italy.

Naples has a population of half a million, most of whom seemed to be trying to crowd into emigrant steamers for New York. It was simply appalling to try to go on shore through the crowds of unwashed Italians, and to think that they would be in America before we arrived. I have never seen so unpromising a grist of humanity poured into the steerage



A NEAPOLITAN TEAM

hopper to come out American citizens as the crowd which was then sailing away from Naples at the rate of a thousand a day. It proved a record-breaking year for immigrants, and I think that we saw the least promising of them all at Naples.

The people of Naples live largely in the streets. Thousands have no other home. It is depressing to read the statistics of the homeless class, but it is less so to see the people themselves. They are light-hearted and free from care, overworked and indolent, underfed and buoyant. They sleep and eat and make their toilets in public, with a freedom that is sometimes startling; but with two families in a single room, the sidewalk must be utilized. I pitied them, and then was reminded how much pity I had wasted at various times

in my life on people who possessed a larger proportion of the things they desired than I did.

There is something half Oriental in Naples. Many customs reminded us that we were still on the shores of the Mediterranean. The donkey is as indispensable here as in Cairo. Here we saw again what we had seen everywhere since Malta—herds of goats driven through the streets and milked before the doors of the houses. The buyer brings out his own bottle and stands over the owner of the four-footed milk cart, as he milks into the bottle from between the goat's hind legs. There seemed little opportunity for the milkman to cheat, and that may be why these sellers of lacteal fluid looked habitually sad. Perhaps they do not know that in India the seller of milk carries a bladder full of water up his sleeve, and lets it trickle into the bottle even while he milks before the purchaser's eyes. It is hard to be honest and deal in milk.

We first made our way to the National Museum, and filled the street before it with our carriages. It was interesting to see the drivers extricating their vehicles afterward. Ours drove upon the sidewalk for half a block, all unmindful of the protests of the shop-keepers, and bumped us hard at alley-ways, but got through without a breakdown.

The National Museum was founded in 1790, and has some of the most famous collections in the world. To see its sculpture alone is a delightful weariness. Here are Venuses almost without number, the Capuan, the Callipyge, and an entire hall of Venuses besides, with gems by Praxiteles and Michael Angelo and the rest. Here are forms of surpassing loveliness from the Baths of Caracalla. Here are the Flora, and Gladiator, and Bull, and others from the Farnese family, embracing nearly the entire collection. Every one wanted to see the famous Farnese bull, the largest antique group known. It is massive and vigorous, but disappointing. The bull's head is too small, and the posing is self-conscious. The group creates surprise rather than admiration. We saw here the celebrated collections from Pompeii, which show us how the

Romans lived two thousand years ago. There are bronzes and vases and utensils and frescoes and mosaics to one's satisfaction and bewilderment. Here, too, we saw collections of the most exquisite gems; and here, also, though in smaller numbers, a good collection of paintings by men whose names we have always known and honored.

Here I began to feel, what came to me again and again in



A MACARONI FACTORY

the galleries of Europe, a sympathy for the sad fate of the artist who, steeping himself in the old masters, becomes a copyist. We saw them in every gallery, exulting no doubt that they had become artists of sufficient note to obtain permission to copy a masterpiece. The rules posted in the Vatican are probably not unlike those of other great galleries. The artist must first show that he is competent, and then wait his turn, for permission to copy one painting. The permission is for three months, and if he finishes his painting, he cannot have another picture to copy until the time expires. He may, however, extend the time by special permission.

He must not gossip nor scatter his materials, must remove his paints and easel at night, and must observe good order.

We saw hundreds of these artists, men and women, some of them doing excellent work, and every one of them eager to sell his or her picture. They cannot all talk English, but they are ready the moment you stop to admire the canvas to paint on their palette the price in lire or francs. The man who has worked three months on a painting offers his picture for five hundred lire, and will gladly take half that amount. Very likely when his time is out, and no sale has been made, he will take one hundred for it. But, if he does not then sell it, he can take it to a dealer, who will try to sell it for him, and I have not the heart to estimate how little he finally gets for his work. Certain I am that one can buy in Italy copies that can hardly be told from the originals, except that they are fresher, at exceedingly small rates. In the National Museum, for instance, one can buy good copies of Pompeian pictures, unmounted, for from one to five dollars each; and in Florence he can buy excellent copies of some of Raphael's Madonnas at from ten to fifty dollars each, and these painted direct from the original.

The next place which we visited was the Aquarium, the most wonderful in the world. It is located in a narrow park on the shore of the bay, in the midst of bright and varied foliage, which is more than equaled by the display within. The Mediterranean is most rich in its forms of marine life. This is the reason for the establishment of this museum here, by a German scientist. It has received appropriations from the German government, and has a considerable revenue from admission fees.

There are more rare and curious forms of sea-life here than any of us had seen before. Some of them were uncanny and grotesque. One woman said that she had never dreaded drowning so much as she did after seeing what things the ocean actually contained; and one man, a total abstainer at home, who had taken wine at luncheon, avowed his intention of signing the pledge at once.

But the forms are not all grotesque, and the arrangement is nothing short of wonderful. The vegetable and animal forms are grouped not only for scientific purposes, but also, at least apparently, for spectacular effect. It was delightful even to those of us who were unacquainted with sea-life from a scientific standpoint. Especially interesting were the tanks filled with lower forms of life, arranged like cabinets of jewels,



THE COURT OF JUSTICE, POMPEII

and revealing in form and setting such color schemes as would delight an artist. From thread-like opalescent bodies, half-flower and half-jewel, to gorgeous orange and coral-colored creatures, surrounded by sea-plants no less beautiful, each cabinet was a masterpiece.

In Naples we began to wonder how a nation could support two such armies, one of soldiers and the other of priests, and keep even so narrow a margin as Italy does between itself and bankruptcy. The soldiers seemed a far less manly lot than we saw later in Switzerland, but they did their best to appear brave in their wealth of plumage. Not till I saw the amount of feathers on their hats did I understand why we must needs have chicken on every Italian bill of fare.

We visited the churches of Naples, for it was Easter week. There were many services in progress, but no crowds, as I had expected to find. The Chapel of St. Januarius in the cathedral was apparently the most popular place, though it was not the time for the liquefaction of the blood of that saint, which is said to take place miraculously three times a year. Miracles are still popular in Italy.

The guide-books warned us against beggars; but we suffered less from them than we expected. We entered the city with a vision of ourselves fleeing from mobs of mendicants, and seeking shelter in cabs while we bought momentary relief from pursuit by throwing back handfuls of small coin; but we left with a feeling that if we were in their place we would either beg more or work at something more profitable. When I saw the heavy burdens borne by men and women—young girls carrying heavy stones up steep hills for paving or embankments, and men weighted down till they seemed beasts of burden,—I wondered that any of them stayed in Italy so long as there was a corner in the steerage for America; but when I saw how light of heart they were, how tickled with a straw of macaroni or pleased with the rattle of a hurdy-gurdy, I thought that perhaps we pay a rather high price for the blessings of our higher civilization.

Even a funeral procession becomes picturesque in Naples, though gruesomely so. I saw two of them, one in motion, and the other forming before a church, the bier in each case followed by members of the order to which the deceased had belonged, as I was informed. They wore Ku-Klux disguises, mostly of white, but with fantastic bits of color thrown in. It looked as it may have when

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

It was undeniably frightful, but also grotesquely picturesque. It is characteristic of Naples, I think, that even its dirt and poverty are more than half attractive.

Much business is done in Naples. A good share of it seems to be transacted in the great Gallery Umberto I. It is

an immense arcade, in the form of a Latin cross, with shops of every kind lining its aisles. Here one may buy gloves, corals, mosaics, statuary, and almost anything else. The ladies of our party thought it well to inspect goods in the gallery to get an idea of quality and prices, and to buy them in some of the smaller shops, where they were cheaper. Naples, they said, is the best place to buy gloves and corals.



THE HOUSE OF PAUSA, POMPEII

One may do both Pompeii and Vesuvius in a day if he starts early and improves his time, though a day for each is better.

Pompeii in its best days had a population of only thirty thousand, and attained glory, as it could hardly have done in any other way, by its destruction. The city was destroyed in part by an earthquake in 63 A. D., and after its rebuilding was completely overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius, August 24, 79 A. D. Not all the people of Pompeii were destroyed. A preliminary eruption gave them warning, and all, or nearly all, left the city. But many returned for their

valuables, and some had resumed their ordinary manner of living when the final disaster came. Bulwer has given us a graphic picture of the city's last days, in his popular novel, and Pliny the Younger, who was an eye-witness, and himself barely escaped, has left us a description of the eruption. Pliny was a lad of eighteen when the disaster occurred, and his description is contained in a letter to Tacitus, the historian.

The recent horror at Pelée gives especial interest to Pliny's description :

It was already about seven o'clock in the morning, and yet there was to be seen but a faint light, like that of twilight. The buildings were shaken by such heavy shocks that there was safety nowhere. We resolved to abandon the city. Arrived without the city, we paused. The sea seemed to be turned back upon itself and to retreat. Over against us a black and awful cloud, crinkled with darting, wavy fires, opened, and showed us great flames like thunderbolts. Almost in an instant the cloud fell to earth, covering the sea. The ashes began to fall upon us. Turning my head, I perceived behind a dense smoke, which was following us, and spreading itself over the ground like a torrent. While we could still see, I advised my mother to leave the principal road, lest the crowd which was following in our steps should crush us in the darkness. Hardly had we left it, when the darkness so increased that we seemed to be, not as involved in a black, moonless night, but as shut in a chamber where every light had been extinguished. There was nothing to be heard but the lamenting of women, the wails of children, and the shouts of men. One was calling a father, another a son, another a wife; people could recognize one another only by the voice. Many besought aid of the gods; others fancied that they no longer lived, and believed this to be the last and eternal night, when the world was to disappear into its grave. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow.

Greek influence was ever strong in this vicinity. Naples retained its Greek charter and Greek speech long after Rome had extended its sway and taught its language in the neighboring towns. It was because of the predominance of Greek thought, that Nero first appeared on the stage in Naples, rather than in Rome. So the Roman life we find depicted in Pompeii has the tinge of contemporary Greek influence. The city was artistic and wealthy. Its life was luxurious and

worse than luxurious. Possibly if its inhabitants had realized how some things would look to us to-day they would have employed their time between eruptions, not in securing their



POMPEIAN GIRL.

Painting by Sichel.

valuables, but in obliterating the evidences of their shamelessness.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow, and paved with blocks of lava, worn in deep ruts by the chariot-wheels. We are able to tell from the character of the ruins the original purpose of most of the buildings. The court of justice, the theater, the baths, and the market are the most interesting of the public buildings; while the house of Pausa, described in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and a recently excavated

house, the finest now to be seen, are the most popular of private residences.

But little more than a third of the town is now excavated. The government is still exhuming, and each year adds new relics of the past. Some private excavating is done outside the walls, and from this digging there is sale of Roman vases and other curios. Some of the alleged Pompeian relics, however, are reputed spurious.

The houses of Pompeii are now a single story in height. Many of them were higher, but the exposed stories perished. Only that which was destroyed was preserved. The ashes which covered the place to the depth of twenty feet doubtless did damage to what was left standing above their level, but did not obliterate it. Time has done that.

The interesting thing about Pompeii is that it is a snapshot at antiquity. There was no opportunity for the old world to pose, or hand down to posterity a self-painted portrait of what it would like the future to think of it. The calamity that came upon it took it just as it was. There was buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, cooking and feasting, toiling and sleeping, and the cloud of ashes that came down upon the town stopped it all, and held it so, till posterity became sufficiently interested to look and see this terribly life-like scene of death.

Pompeii is a place of unexpected sadness. The silent streets are those of a city of the dead. It is more sad than a cemetery, for there is so much that reminds one of life. When one has visited the empty houses, the silent forum, and the desolate basilica, and returns to the museum to see the bodies of some of the dead, still in their last attitudes of frantic struggle for life, he feels the pathos and terror of it all. To me it was one of the saddest places that I have ever visited.

Vesuvius was an old and burned out volcano when history began. It bore on its face the indisputable evidence of a riotous career, but had been on its good behavior so long that people had decided not to mention the past. The only eruption in the centuries immediately before the Christian era

was that of Spartacus, in 71 B. C. Spartacus was a gladiator, a slave. He revolted, and with his fellow-gladiators fought his way through the streets of Capua, defeating with such weapons as they were able to seize, the detachment of Roman soldiery that opposed them. Spartacus made his home in the crater of Vesuvius, and from time to time he and his band of outlaws overflowed like lava upon the surrounding region. Slaves flocked to his standard until he had one hundred thou-



A NEAPOLITAN DAMSEL



A NEAPOLITAN SWAIN

sand men, and attempted to capture Rome. But at length he was defeated, dying gallantly among his men. His was the greatest servile insurrection of history, and was led by a truly great commander, who performed prodigies of valor ere he died. Six thousand of his men were crucified, picketing with their crosses the road from Capua to Rome.

It was appropriate that Spartacus made Vesuvius his rendezvous. It was a fit place to remind oppressors that depressed society must some day find an outlet through eruption. But the Roman people little heeded the warning either of the mountain or the man. In time Vesuvius woke up, and Pompeii went down; in time also the provinces awoke, and the Roman empire went under.

During our first two or three days we did not see Vesuvius. The top was enveloped in clouds. But on the day

when we visited Pompeii it was in its majesty. The early dawn showed it emitting great clouds of smoke that took beautiful colors in the slanting sun. As the day wore on the cloud grew darker; there was no muttering or quaking, but only the emission of steam and sulphur smoke. A carriage load of us started from Pompeii, and drove up the slope.

Vesuvius is the property of Thomas Cook. At least he owns the means of ascent. For about five dollars he sells a ticket that includes carriage ride from Pompeii to the base of the cone, ascent of the cone on the inclined railway, and return by carriage to Naples.

We drove for some little time before we rose perceptibly, passing through several little villages, with their glimpses of Italian life, among them one that covers the site of Herculaneum. Herculaneum, which is named from its worship of Hercules, by whom it is said to have been founded, was destroyed in 79, not by ashes alone as Pompeii was, but by ashes and lava. Pompeii was covered twenty feet, but Herculaneum lies from forty to one hundred feet below the surface. It has been partially excavated, but not uncovered. It is visited with candles, and with uncertain gropings down long flights of steps, while Pompeii is open to the heavens. Pompeii is thus far more easy to visit, and has much more that is worth seeing.

The road up Vesuvius is well graded, and is an easy ascent for passengers in carriages; but it is a long, hard climb for the horses. As we began the ascent, the little boys who had turned cart-wheels beside the carriage below disappeared, and in their place came little girls who threw flowers at us and sang. Some of them sang well, and all of them tried hard. Midway of the first climb stood a cripple with a barrel organ, turning the organ with one hand, and whistling on the fingers of the other to the organ accompaniment. I have never heard such whistling. It had in it the note of every bird whose call I could remember. A little farther up a man met us with oranges for sale. He was entirely dumb, but could trade well, and his oranges were good and welcome. On the

lower slopes are vineyards, with little houses close to the road, out of which the women ran with bottles and glasses, offering for sale the wine of the mountain, which is called by the name *Lacrymæ Christi*, "the tears of Christ." It is an appropriate name for any intoxicating drink. When we reach the lava of recent years, vegetation ceases. Near the vegetation line is the observatory. Beyond this we continued to ascend, over acres and acres of lava, till we reached the foot of the ash-cone.

Vesuvius varies from three thousand nine hundred to four thousand three hundred feet in height, according to the condition of the cone, which melts down during some eruptions and again is built up by the deposits from others. There have been some fifty eruptions since that which destroyed Pompeii, the most terrible of which, in 1631, killed three thousand people. There has been a somewhat continuous eruption since 1895, but without loss of life. One is surprised, however, to see the volume of lava that has flowed in recent years toward Naples. It extends some distance below the observatory, and is curled and twisted inconceivably. It has shown singular freaks, too, in the levels it has sought; for, while in general it of course flows downward, it has not always sought the lowest possible channel, but has made a track of its own in a somewhat arbitrary manner.

An inclined railway ascends the cone, and conveys ten passengers at a time. One car ascends while another comes down; and each track has a single rail on which the car balances in a manner apparently most insecure. It is doubtless safer than it looks, and I am able to certify that it does not always destroy the lives of its passengers.

At the top of the railway one finds himself at the end of Thomas Cook's jurisdiction, and is warned that the use of a guide to the crater is "compulsive," and that the persons who thrust themselves upon tourists are irresponsible. A printed notice, couched in most remarkable English, warns the tourist that if he employs one of these guides, he must also pay the authorized guide, whether he uses him or not. I

record this interpretation of the notice here, for few English-speaking tourists will be able to understand the precise meaning of the notice, which I translated from Vesuvian English with great effort.

A violent storm came up while we were on the mountain, and we sought the shelter of the upper station, where lightning played about us, and hail beat on the iron roof. The sulphur gas settled about us till we all coughed and choked, and the temperature, already cold, dropped lower. We were glad when the one-legged railroad found room to take us down; and after refreshing ourselves at the restaurant at the base of the cone, we moved toward Naples. It was Easter Monday, and a holiday; and the villages through which we drove were in gala dress. We had had the storm all to ourselves. Below, the skies were smiling, and the air was balmy. The storm was simply an added attraction to show one of the various moods of grim, frowning, muttering, vindictive and treacherous Vesuvius.

We left the ship at Naples. Many of our party continued on the vessel to Villefranche, and thence departed across Europe. We met many of them later, and looked among them for the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. He is still unidentified among them, but all agree that the Riviera is charming, and that we who did not go on to that point missed a great deal. From the top of Vesuvius we saw the Celtic depart from Naples with our friends on board, and a real feeling of loneliness came over us. But we kept meeting our friends all the way across the Continent. Many continued on the ship to Liverpool. Each group seemed confident that it had made the best use of the time; and those who stayed by the ship declare that the seven days' rest were none too long after their weeks of active sightseeing.

CHAPTER XXV

ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY

I am proud to belong to that select company whose members may indue in such introductions as, "When I was in Naples *the first time*," and "When I was *last* in Rome." After a brief look at Naples, I went to Rome, returning after three days for another peep at Vesuvius, and coming back again to Rome for a final look and review. So I have twice visited those cities, and shall never feel humiliated henceforth in the presence of those who affect to despise a man who has been abroad but once. I, too, can mildly hint the plural, though not, I hope, with the same assurance and affectation of superiority.

From Naples to Rome is 162 miles by rail. The scenery to us was chiefly attractive, after Egypt and Palestine, for its wide sweeps of verdure, its vineyards, and its fields, well cultivated to the very car-wheels. There may be a weed somewhere in Italy, but I did not see it. The trees, however, were a sorry looking lot. For some reason the owners cut them back each season to stumps a dozen feet in height, with bare knobby limbs projecting a little distance in the air—a pathetic appeal for artificial legs and petticoats. These, doubtless, were soon forthcoming in the new growth of spring; but what we saw of Italy's forest growth was not inspiring. The trees suffer from an excess of the nude in art. Here, as everywhere we had been, we felt sure that the people suffer for lack of fuel. Doubtless we in America overheat our houses, but we seem to have a monopoly of that fault.

Some one had a contract to serve a lunch to us all on the special train that conveyed us to Rome. This was when I *first* visited Rome. I do not know that contractor, but if he could come to America and get a contract in some of our

cities, he would make his fortune. I would recommend the paving department. He would have a good stock of material in the biscuits which we left. Each was sliced half in two, I know not with what kind of weapon—the two-handed sword of some old Crusader, possibly—and a thick chunk of boiled mutton inserted. And each of us had a bottle of wine—most of us being total abstainers!

It may be supposed that when we got to Rome our first grateful emotion was the sight of some notable antiquity in the City of the Seven Hills; not at all. We got in at midnight, and in a warm rain, and had a tussle to get our belongings through the inspector's office and into the carriages; and when we got to the hotel they had dinner ready for us at midnight. It was good. And the last course—I know I shall not be believed, but I speak truly—the last course was a lemon sherbet, as good as I ever ate at home. On a warm, wet night, after such a meal on the train, and after months in an ice-creamless part of the world, I have no words to express our joy. If the Imperial Band had met us at the station and played the Star Spangled Banner, it would not have been so grateful a reminder of home. Each meal thereafter we looked for more, and it never came; we ought to have known better than to expect it. But no subsequent lack could efface the blissful memory of that delicious pile of frigid ecstasy, passed in a large dish, from which each helped himself. It melted away like a snowflake in Vesuvius. No wonder the proprietor never had courage to offer us more.

The hotels of Rome are comfortable. Ours had steam heat. It was much rarefied, but one could feel that the pipes were warm if he put his hands on them. Our hotel also had an elevator, which was operated by a man on the ground floor. It was supposed to be able to carry up four people, but I went up with one stout woman, and we both agreed that there was one too many of us. On each floor a sign was posted saying that we were expected to walk down, and to use the elevator only for ascending. The hotel with a "lift" is very proud of the fact, and makes much of it in its adver-

tisements. I saw large hotels in various places with the words "Hydraulic Lift" painted across the whole front of the establishment, and conspicuously displayed in all advertisements, whose "lift" would hardly have made a respectable bird-cage.



THE ARCH OF TITUS

Electric light is a convenience which they use sparingly in all European and Eastern hotels, where they use it at all, but they do not forget to put it in the bill. To see the large space which the light covers on the bill, and the feeble glow which it sheds about the room, vexes one's sense of the fitness of things. Between the two is a sad lack of proportion. When there are two electric lights in one room they are wired

to a single switch in such a way that when one is turned on the other turns off automatically.

One does not realize it so much at the time as on his return, but there is little ice cut on the other side of the water in comparison with our use of it at home. Those who had ice at Rome had to pay extra for it.

They must use ice in the preparation of their butter, however. They flatten it out into a little thin wafer, and roll it loosely, very loosely, so that what looks as large as a hickory-nut could be put into a thimble, and leave room in abundance. The little rolls come to the table, crisp and inviting, but never sufficiently abundant for a man to have two. They are sweet and unsalted, and one wishes he had more, but he seldom gets it. What there is of it is good, but the roll is a hollow mockery and a delusion. In Scotland they make the butter up into solid little rolls with a pair of wooden paddles called "hands," but on the Continent the balls are hollow convolutions filled with thin air.

One of our ladies wondered why we never had cream, and asked a gentleman who was to the manner born and who spoke good English, the reason, since we were manifestly in a dairy country.

Said he, "They have cream, but it is all performed into cheese."

The cheese is a rank performance, and deserves to be hissed off the stage. The same man might truthfully have said that the cream is perfumed into cheese.

There is one gentleman connected with the hotels of the Continent and the East who is a real blessing. He is called the concierge. He sits near the door in uniform, and subsists on the fees of the guests, and earns them. He calls carriages, assists in making bargains with drivers, gives information, sends telegrams and translates the answers, sends out packages to the laundry and returns the clean linen, and does many other things. He is also a polite eavesdropper, and when you come into the hotel and look about for your friends, he is ready to say to you: "I hear monsieur say he will go to ze



THE FORUM. THE COLOSSEUM

Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. Clark.

bank-a, and madamme say she will buy some gloves in ze Corso, and meet him when he return-a; and ze young-a ladies say zay will-a go to ze Barberini, an' wait for monsieur and madamme."

This is precisely what you wish to learn; and you have choice of sitting and writing a few postal-cards till monsieur and madamme return, or of going to the Barberini and looking in the mirror at Guido's Aurora in the ceiling till your friends gather there. Or, if you are not quite fresh in your knowledge of Roman history, you may read this little outline to refresh your memory while you wait:

Rome is said to have been founded in 753 B. C. Roman chronology begins with this date. The letters "A. U. C.," used to designate the Roman chronology, mean, "from the founding of the city." The Vestal Rhea Sylvia, loved by the god Mars, was burned alive as a penalty, and her twin boys were thrown into the Tiber. They floated ashore at the foot of the Palatine Hill, and were nursed by a she-wolf, and preserved alive. The two set out to build a city, and counted birds for the privilege of naming it. Romulus, favored by the gods, saw more birds than Remus, and excited the jealousy of Remus, his brother, so that he despised the city and leaped over the wall, for which insult Romulus killed him. Such is the old legend about the building of Rome. It is interesting to note how often the story of Cain is repeated in literature, and the murderer of his brother becomes the founder of a city.

Rome was actually founded at a date unknown, but earlier than that assigned by the tradition. Three tribes combined to make the town, and these occupied three of the famed hills of the future city; these were the Ramnes of the Palatine, the Tities of the Capitoline, and the Lucres of the Cœlian hills. The third tribe came last into the confederacy; between the other two were the first battles and the first agreement. In the early days, while Romans and Sabines were still at strife, a marshy flat between the Capitoline and Palatine hills was neutral ground. Here trading was done, treaties were made, and meetings were held. Here were established temples, theaters, and other places of convocation, and in time triumphal arches and prisons were added for the victors and the vanquished. Here, later, was set the central mile-

stone, the "navel" of the empire that came to be. When the city finally was established and bounded by its walls, it was somewhat nearly square, and occupied seven hills.

Other tribes came in, and doubtless fugitives of no particular tribe, as the city grew strong, and began to gather about



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

it a country—for here the capital was before the country. These newer arrivals received their lesser privileges gladly for a time; but soon it became evident that the representatives of the older families possessed the elements that gave them almost a monopoly of power—small numbers, authority, privilege and wealth. On the other side was mass. The common people grew weary of fighting the battles and enduring the labors of the city and receiving small returns. Originally a kingdom, Rome had become a republic, with the power in the hands of an oligarchy. The people became

clamorous for more rights, and for two centuries continued to clamor, till the patricians yielded to the plebeians a definite share in the government.

But Rome's troubles were not at an end. The people had power, but used it fitfully, sullenly, and under the guidance of demagogues. Slavery was powerful, and free labor had merciless competition. It became the policy of government to appease the populace with amusements rather than redress their wrongs; and the republic met its doom.

Then came the empire, under Julius Cæsar, unnamed as king and uncrowned, but first and greatest of the emperors of Rome. There was a revival of power, and a better administration of law. But the nation was rotten at the core.

Then came a revival of strength from a most unlooked-for source. Christianity, starting in an obscure corner of the empire, spread along the great imperial roads, till it established itself in the very capital, and became a tremendous power. The pure lives of the disciples, the exalted system of teaching, the inspiring hopes held out to men both as individuals and as a race, and the unapproachable character of Him of whom the early disciples witnessed, often with their lives, gave the gospel power, and seemed to give to Rome new strength. In time it became, indeed, the official religion of the empire, and that within three centuries after the crucifixion. This was a marvelous and a beneficent overturning. Well might those who saw it in progress cry out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also!"

But as the Church grew strong within the State, and religion became overgrown by a system half-ecclesiastical, half-political, there came discord, corruption and paralysis, partly in the state, in spite of the Church, and partly, alas, within the Church itself. Then came the Goths and Vandals, and none too soon; and the Western Roman Empire fell. Other things have happened since then; but these are the things which we recall when first we enter Rome, and try to remember what makes this city on the Tiber so well worth visiting.

If this book has any claim to distinction, it is that it omits

certain phrases so excellent that everybody quotes them. It is well, however, to call attention to some of the omissions. All books about Rome, written for the instruction of the tourist, contain the statement that Rome was not built in a



INTERIOR OF SAINT PETER'S

day, and cannot be seen in a day. This also is the stereotyped introduction of the lecturer who explains the chief points of interest. Whether Rome can be seen in a day depends somewhat on who is seeing it, and how he goes at it. Rome cannot be seen in a day by sitting about the hotel and wondering whether it is likely to rain, and whether it would not be well to postpone sightseeing till it clears up. The man with a day must get out in season and keep going. Four days or

a week will show the industrious tourist who knows a little about the city the chief points of interest. We were there less than a week altogether, but we visited St. Paul's three times, the Vatican twice, and paid several visits to the Forum, the Colosseum, and while sorely desiring more time, saw most of the things that we cared most to see. The principal street in Rome is the Corso. It runs somewhat nearly north and south, and approximately parallel with the Tiber. The principal hotels are on or near the Corso. At its northern end is the Piazza del Popolo, a great open oval at the base of the Pincian Hill. From here one may make his preliminary survey of the ground to be covered, and keeping his general course down the Corso, make excursions to the right and left to points of special interest indicated on the map. Thus he will keep his bearings without difficulty, and attain the first joy of sightseeing. He will do well to hire a carriage. The fare is not high, even when one adds the fee to the driver. If one ever gets lost in Rome he has only to call a cab and name his hotel, and he will soon be there. Then he can take his bearings and start anew. It is most annoying to lose one's sense of location, and in Rome it is needless. The Corso ends at the great transverse thoroughfare, which crosses the Tiber. Nearly opposite the intersection is Trajan's Forum, with its column. Here one may dismiss his carriage, and do his sightseeing on foot for a time. Trajan's Forum was once a narrow ridge from the Quirinal Hill to the Capitoline, rising to the height of the column which now adorns the open space. Trajan removed the ridge in A. D. 114, and here erected public buildings. Only a part of the Forum has been excavated. The chief ornament is Trajan's Column erected in honor of that emperor's successful campaigns. It is a masterpiece of historic sculpture, the work of Apollodorus. It consists of thirty-four marble blocks covered with a series of bas-reliefs extending from the base to the top, and exhibiting not less than two thousand figures. Trajan is buried below it, and his statue formerly crowned its summit; but now a statue of Peter, placed there by Pope Sixtus V, sur-

mounts it. It would make Trajan's bones turn in their tomb if he knew that his effigy had been displaced by that of a Christian.

This is not the only such change that Rome has witnessed.



A CONSTANT SCENE IN ST. PETER'S

A monument very similar to Trajan's in appearance is that to Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza Colonna. This is surmounted by a statue, not of the emperor who persecuted the Christians and wrote fine precepts the while, but of St. Paul. Still

again was Aurelius defrauded of his just fame at the expense of a Christian, and that all unwittingly. The only perfect equestrian statue of the twenty-two that adorned ancient Rome is that of Marcus Aurelius, now in the Piazzzo Capito-line. The only reason it escaped the crusade against heathen art was the popular supposition that it represented Constantine, the first Christian emperor.

The Roman Forum originated thus. When the Romans occupied the Palatine Hill and the Sabines the Capitoline, a marsh that lay between them was utilized in times of peace as a trading-place. This neutral swamp became the center of Rome, commercially and politically. About it was constructed a portico with shops below and tax-collectors' offices above; and when these were destroyed by fire, the whole was rebuilt in temples, theaters, and other public buildings. It continued until the eleventh century, when it was destroyed by Robert Guiscard, and became a waste. Refuse was piled upon it and it was built over. It has been excavated now, twenty-six feet of rubbish having been removed.

As one stands at the northwestern end of the Forum, and looks down it, he is close to the Arch of Septimius Severus, and looks toward that of Constantine. The latter is mostly stolen from the Arch of Trajan; but the theft was avenged in the sixteenth century by Lorenzo, the assassin of Alexander de Medici, who decapitated every statue on the arch except one. The Arch of Septimius Severus was erected in 205 A. D., by the Senate to the Emperor Septimius and his sons Caracalla and Geta. On the death of the father, the two sons were proclaimed joint emperors; but Caracalla murdered his brother, and reigned for six cruel years. The memory of this domestic tragedy comes strikingly home to the reader of the inscription on the arch. Its fourth line originally contained the name of Geta, but Caracalla erased it, and forbade it to be spoken in Rome. To this day the very stone in its mutilation cries out against the fratricide.

Around the Forum cluster the ruins of the Temple of Concord, which witnessed one concord and many discords.

It was built in 388 B. C. to commemorate the conclusion of the struggle between the patricians and the plebeians. It became the Senatorial Hall, where many a stormy debate



THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY RAPHAEL—VATICAN

occurred, and where Cicero poured out the torrents of his invective against Cataline. Close by is the temple of Vespasian, of which only three marble columns remain; and near this, the eight granite Ionic columns of the Temple of Saturn. Other, and hardly less interesting, ruins are on both sides of the Forum as one looks down; and the tourist will soon descend gladly and view them in detail. But he must not

fail to note the "navel," the central milestone of the Roman world, near the Arch of Septimius; nor to visit the Mammer-tine prison close at hand. A church now stands above it, and the priests are courteous, and are pleased with a small fee. They light a candle and take one down into the horrible pit. There is a stairway now, but originally there was a round hole at the top, and through this another hole into the lower pit, and from this but one exit, and that into the Cloaca Maxima, the ancient and still used sewer of Rome. Alas, this exit was often used in the cruel days of old; for many a man let down through the floor above was strangled and his body thrown into the sewer. There is a spring in the prison which is said to have sprung up when Peter and Paul were imprisoned there. We do not know that they were ever in this prison; but the legend adds its own horrible interest to the place. This is one of the spots which no one can characterize so well as Hawthorne, who said of it:

Methinks there cannot be in the world another such an evil den, so haunted with black memories and indistinct surmises of guilt and suffering.

Beyond the Forum is another arch, that of Titus. It has a special interest for Bible students, for it was erected to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. Among the trophies of war, as the arch displays them, are the silver trumpets and the seven-branched candlestick from the temple at Jerusalem. For centuries each new pope, on his way to be installed, met the Jews of Rome at this arch, and compelled them to swear allegiance to his government. The last two popes have omitted this humiliation of a homeless people, an act much to the credit of Pius IX and Leo XIII. No Jew loves this arch, and it is said that no member of that race will willingly pass under it.

Where now the Colosseum stands, Nero had an artificial lake, and around it vineyards and wide effects in landscape gardening. Here he did more wicked deeds than it is pleasant to remember, and here deeds quite as wicked were to be performed afterward. Titus drained the lake, and Vespasian, his father, set thousands of his captive Jews to work on a

great oval building covering six acres, which, when complete, was dedicated to Titus in a series of fights lasting one hundred days. Until 405, when gladiatorial contests were abolished by Honorius, the arena of the Colosseum ran red. After a time it was used as a fortress, and then as a quarry, from



THE PANTHEON, ROME

whose ruins hundreds of buildings were constructed. Then it became a woolen factory, then a saltpeter establishment, and then, in 1750, a church, consecrated to the martyrs who had fallen here. It fills one with profound emotions to stand within its walls, and remember the work that was wrought through the blood of those who suffered here.

A short carriage drive beyond the Colosseum is the Church of Saint John Lateran. In ecclesiastical rank it stands even ahead of St. Peter's. Here for centuries the popes have been

installed. It is "the mother of all churches" of the Romish faith. I visited this church on Good Friday, and heard the exquisite passion music, sung to a crowd of thousands of reverent people, who had to stand during the service. It was the most beautiful and appropriate observance of Holy Week that came to me.

Not far away is the Santa Scala; and here were thousands of pilgrims ascending the stair that they believe to have been a part of Pilate's house, and so that down which Jesus passed to his crucifixion. They must ascend this stair on their knees. It was on this stair that Luther heard in his soul the message, "The just shall live by faith." There, in his heart, the Reformation was begun.

Another church which one must visit is that of St. Peter in Vinculo. Here they show a part of the chain which Peter may have worn. But here they show something more surely authentic, Michael Angelo's Moses. In the Church of Minerva I saw Angelo's Christ bearing the cross. The figure is effeminate, and the cross is a toy. The great sculptor failed, as all artists fail, on the figure of Christ. But his Moses is every inch a man.

We visited St. Paul's without the gate. It is a singularly beautiful structure, but without the slightest suggestion of spiritual warmth. Things seem built for show. It is far from the masses and the needs of men; and its gold decorations and its malachite altar proclaim an ostentation of religion without its depth and fervor.

I visited Saint Peter's three times, and with great satisfaction. It is a truly beautiful building, and has about it an air that inspires reverence. I was not minded to follow the example of the hundreds whom I saw kissing the toe of the bronze image of Peter; I never failed to wonder how any of those intelligent-looking ones could do that; but I joined in the spirit of the worship. I was there first on Good Friday, and the mosaics were covered, and the lights were out. Even the eighty-nine lights around the alleged tomb of the apostle, which the guide-books say are never extinguished, were out.

I went early on the following morning to see the holy fire lighted at St. Peter's, and enjoyed watching the glorious building lighted up again. The ceremony was impressive, and the little old archbishop who conducted it was manifestly a devout and high-minded man. I walked in directly behind



THE TEMPLE OF VESTA, ROME

him through the great bronze doors that are seldom opened, and said amen in my heart to his earnest prayers for the renewing grace of God in the hearts of men. I do not know who the functionary is who puts on and takes off the archbishop's miter, and places the cushion for him to kneel upon. This is done three times between the door and the altar. I was near enough to him all the way to have boxed his ears, and I refrained from doing it. If I were archbishop, that man would have to find another job. I never saw a religious cere-

mony more shamefully spoiled by gross and heartless formalism. The piety which he brought to the ceremony weighed less than the breath with which he carelessly blew the ashes from the sleeves of his rich but soiled lace garment. Another thing I would do, if I were responsible for the services at St. Peter's: I would forbid the use of celluloid collars by the priests. A frontier preacher, exposed to rain, may properly wear a celluloid collar to the pulpit, but the religious value of a clean collar is too great to be lost for the saving of a laundry bill. However, I did not cross the Tiber so early in the morning to criticise the ceremony which I was so glad to share. For the most part I rejoiced in it, and shared in its religious spirit.

Close by St. Peter's is the Vatican. In its galleries are thousands of works of sculpture, among them the Apollo Belvidere, the Læocoön, and scores of other masterpieces. The paintings, however, are very few, but all are masterpieces. Among them, greatest of all pictures, is Raphael's Transfiguration. As one stands before it, there is an uplift almost physical in the sight of the glorified Lord—glorified above human life, yet exalted that He may relieve suffering such as we see below in the foreground, where the disciples vainly attempt to heal the demoniac boy. I went back to St. Peter's after Easter to see the immense mosaic of the same subject. There are no paintings in St. Peter's, and among the mosaics, which I admired at the time, this one stands out so clearly that all the rest are half-forgotten. It is an inspiring composition, and the world needs its comfort and its faith.

I reread "The Marble Faun" just before visiting Rome. Whether Hawthorne wrote a good story or not, he made an admirable guide-book, and shifted his scenes from point to point till he had covered most of the famous places of Rome, to which the book is industriously written up. As for the Marble Faun himself, in the Capitoline Museum, I hardly saw him. I would have looked at him more carefully, and I really tried faithfully to do so, but he is in the room with the Dying Gladiator. Whenever I began to survey that com-

placent young gentleman, in full dress, leaning against a tree, and looking out on life with his amiable and conceited self-satisfaction, I found my eyes wandering to the figure of the dying athlete, with his muscles hardened by strenuous endeavor, and the lines of resolute purpose strong even in the agony of death, and I found my wrath rising against the flippant creature of Praxiteles that could stand there and see him die, and think only of his own good looks. If Hawthorne had not written a book about him, I declare I should never have seen him, except by chance, and then with an almost irresistible impulse to put him out. However, there are other juxtapositions in Rome still more incongruous; and the tourist should by all means reread Hawthorne.

Of course one must visit the Pantheon, the most perfect of the ancient buildings of Rome, indeed the only one not now in ruins. It was built in 27 B.C., and was used as a place for the worship of all gods. In 608 A. D., it was rededicated as a Christian church, and consecrated to the memory of all saints. There was some shifting about of the day for the veneration of all saints, but finally the first day of November was fixed upon. The night before this day became All-Hallow-e'en. One might not always be sure from the method of its observance which kind of angels it was intended to commemorate. But we can hardly hold either the Pantheon or the church responsible for the pranks of the boys. It is interesting to recall that if there had been no Pantheon our front gates would have been safer on their hinges.

And while we are remembering the saints, we should not forget the charming little Temple of Vesta, down by the Tiber. One need hardly make an errand to find it, for he will surely drive past it, and may inspect it when he comes to it. There is another temple of Vesta at the Forum; but that by the river is the one which we cared to see. It is a small, circular structure, twenty-six feet in diameter, and with nineteen columns. Only one of the original twenty is lost. It must have been one of the most dainty bits of architecture in Rome, and even now it is a beautiful ruin.

Rome is a city of fountains. Its aqueducts were famous of old. Six miles along the Appian Way the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct display their massive ruins. This immense conduit, over two hundred feet high, conveyed water to the city from a distance of forty-six miles. The Aqua Vergine is fourteen miles long, and receives its name from the incident of a virgin revealing the spring to Agrippa, who constructed the aqueduct. It is built on seven hundred arches, and enters the city near the Pincian Hill. This is the chief source of supply of the fountains of Rome, among them the Piazza Navona, Piazza Farnese, Piazza di Spagna, and most famous of all, the Trevi. This is an enormous fountain, with a colossal statue of Neptune drawn by sea-horses in the middle, and around it groups, historical and allegorical. Health and Abundance are there in marble, and also the virgin who showed the spring to Agrippa. The guides told us that whoever throws money into this fountain is sure to come to Rome again. I hope to go again, but I have some misgivings lest my money thrown in when I was there before may not then be in sight.

Rome is a cleaner city than I expected to find, more prosperous, pleasant and inviting. It is not a hard city to explore. The streets are busy by day and very still by night, except only the Corso, where the shops keep open a little while after dinner. In the evening one is free even from the street venders with their little wooden cabinets of mosaic work and cameo pins. In the daytime there is only one way to be rid of them, and that is to offer a ridiculously small price. That will usually close the transaction by their accepting the offer. Once in a long time, however, it has the other, and the desired, effect.

One dealer had bothered me for a long time with a really good cameo: "Fi' dollar, only fi' dollar," he said.

"No," I answered for the twentieth time.

"How much you give?" he asked.

"Two francs," I replied.

He pushed in the drawer of his little cabinet with a disgusted look, and said, "I shall proceed!"

He stayed not on the order of his procedure but proceeded.

We spent a day in carriages, driving to the Catacombs and exploring the Appian Way, which Paul trod when he came to Rome. "And so we came to Rome," wrote Luke. Not as the accredited messenger of the churches, but as a prisoner, he fulfilled his life ambition! I thought of it every mile of the way, and could almost hear the clanking of his chains as he approached the Eternal City, and I rejoiced that the time came when he could write from there, "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places." "And so we came to Rome!" Through persecution and treachery and false accusation and stripes and hipwreck he accomplished what for years he had longed to undertake, and might never otherwise have realized! If ever there was a hero, it was that man Paul.

We visited the "Quo Vadis" chapel, where it is said that Peter, fleeing from Rome in a time of persecution, met the Lord, and asked, "Master, where goest Thou?" When Jesus replied, "I go again to be crucified," Peter in shame returned to the city to meet death bravely for his Lord's sake. It is a beautiful legend, with no historical foundation. The place would be impressive but for the dime museum attachment of the cast of the stone, which still shows the alleged footprints of Christ. You may see the real stone a mile further on if you have another fee for the custodian. However, tourists like to be shown this sort of thing, and except they see signs and wonders will not believe.

CHAPTER XXVI

ACROSS EUROPE

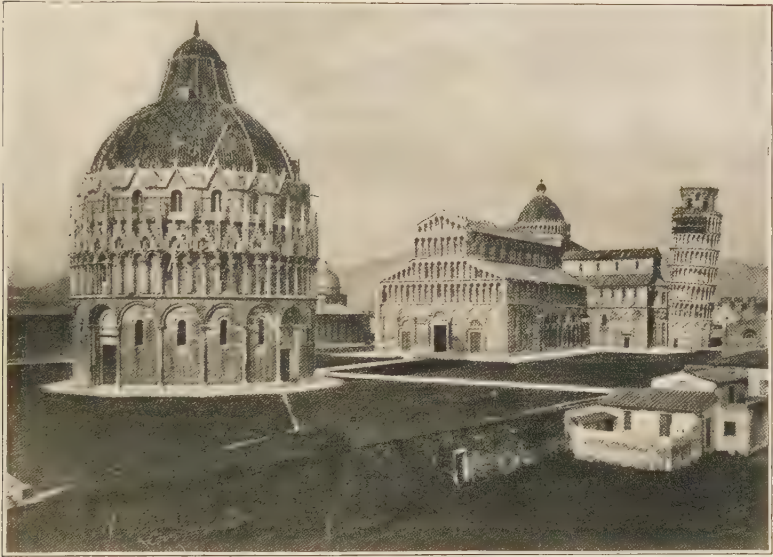
It was my good fortune to belong to a group known on our cruise as "The Mayflower Party," composed, in good part, of my own parishioners and personal friends. We were one of several such parties, constituting smaller units in the great company of the ship. These had held together during the first part of our pilgrimage, and though separated more or less in Egypt and Palestine, came together again on the ship. Then we scattered, as such parties do, and with mutual regret. Our relations had been exceedingly pleasant, and we have many happy experiences to remember. In crossing Europe, though I frequently met and accompanied others of our friends, my immediate party was reduced to five, and these were my next door neighbors at home. It is a good thing for a man to go abroad that he may meet new faces; it is also well to do so that he may become acquainted with his neighbors next door. We still are friends, and better friends for our journey together.

It would be impossible to tell what all the various members of our party did and saw between Naples and New York. It would take another volume to describe what one little group did and observed. We gave ourselves about a month for Europe, and so distributed it as to see and enjoy a great deal. Some of our friends moved more rapidly, and were home before us; others remained longer, and were profited. A goodly number so timed their various tours as to meet the Celtic herself, fresh from an overhauling, and returned on her to America.

Our little group first visited Pisa, where we saw the cathedral and the leaning tower, and heard the indescribable echoes in the baptistry. The custodian of the latter has a rich, musical voice, and gives a call in thirds and fifths, now major

and then minor. The echoes multiply, and come back with all the chords and overtones in richest combination, and die out at last into the unseen.

From Pisa we went to Florence, a journey of sixty-two miles by rail. Here we spent from Thursday night until Monday morning. Not even Rome has so much literary



BAPTISTERY, CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER, PISA

interest as Florence. Here Dante was born, and Galileo died; here the Guelphs and the Ghibellines waged their long strife; here mediæval commerce developed the necessity of a new fixed value, and the gold florin took its name from the town; and side by side with commerce, art advanced till Florence led the world; here Machiavelli wrote his treatise instructing rulers how to keep the faith by breaking it; and here Boccaccio, having written his *Decameron* and indulged in folly and sin, found seasons of fitful and futile penitence; here Giotto built his bell tower, "tall, light, and graceful as a lily stalk"; and here even Raphael learned better how to paint. Here, shut in from a wicked world by convent walls, lived a monk whose dreams

of celestial beauty expressed themselves in angelic forms almost incorporeal, and the world forgot the name of Guido, the son of Peter, and called him Fra Angelico, "Angelic Brother." In the same convent lived Savonarola, who knew the



A GROUP OF FRA ANGELICO ANGELS, UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

wickedness of society, and the sorrows of the poor too well to be silent; and, his soul all afire with righteous zeal, poured out his eloquent exhortations till wicked Florence stopped its ears and burned him. Florence also has interests more modern; for here lies buried Theodore Parker, the American friend of freedom for all men; and here Elizabeth Browning wrote *Aurora Leigh*, and here she died.

We visited the art galleries of the city, beginning with the Uffizi, with its Tribune, a room full of masterpieces, contain-

ing two Venuses by Titian, Correggio's Madonna Adoring the Child, Raphael's Madonna of the Goldfinch, and other noted paintings by Dürer, Michael Angelo, Rubens, and Domenichino. In the same room are a few works in marble, among them the Knife-grinder, the Young Apollo, and most beautiful of all, the Medici Venus. This is one comprehensive room, arranged, apparently, to bewilder and entice the beholder with



THE CATHEDRAL AND GIOTTO'S TOWER, FLORENCE

a foretaste of the richness of the collections that remain for him in the classified rooms beyond.

After seeing several miles of masterpieces in the Uffizi, we visited, but on another day, the Pitti Palace. There we saw some of the most frequently copied paintings in the world, including Raphael's Madonna of the Grand Duke, so gentle and fair; Murillo's Madonna, with the deep, dark eyes of mother and Child; and most famous of all, the Madonna of the Chair. They tell this story in Florence about this picture. A pious and aged hermit, having been rescued from death in a great storm by Mary, a vine-dresser's daughter, predicted that to this Mary would come signal honor. Mary may have

kept these things in her heart and pondered them, but whether she did or not, she gave her heart to a cooper, and the two made their home in a secluded valley among the vineyards. Thither one day came Raphael with his pupils, and seeing Mary seated in a chair on the porch with the vines about her, one child by her side and one younger in her arms, he seized



PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORA, FLORENCE, WHERE SAVONAROLA WAS BURNED

upon the subject as a model. The boy by her side became the young Saint John, and the babe in arms the infant Jesus. But Raphael had no canvas at hand; so he painted the picture on a barrel-head. The attendants assure you that the framed canvas in the gallery is the head of a barrel; this is not true, but there is nothing improbable in the story that the sketch at least was so made. Every line in the painting shows that it was fashioned with reference to a circular frame.

We attended the American Church, Episcopal, in Florence, and heard a good sermon; there, and in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Naples, the previous Sunday, fervent prayer

was offered for the President of the United States. We visited the great cathedral, most inviting without and disappointing within; and went twice to San Marco to see where Fra Angelico painted and Savonarola preached. There is something fascinating in the portrait of the latter by Fra Bartolommeo. The features are heavy, and the shadows are so deep that one sees at first little more than the profile against



THE TRIBUNE, UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

a black background. But as one turns the frame a little to the light—it is hinged to the window casing in Savonarola's cell—and studies it a while, the monkish garb comes out, and the features light up with a spirituality that one does not at first discover. The painting is a masterpiece, and the man depicted a heroic and prophetic soul.

I had already made several resolutions, such as "No more mosques; no more cathedrals; no more winding stairs to roofs to get the view." I now added, "No more art galleries," but I broke the resolution as soon as we found another gallery, and I shattered it to bits at the Louvre. But it was a relief after the miles of galleries in Florence to think of sit-

ting in a gondola at Venice. To Venice we went. The distance is one hundred and eighty-two miles. The train goes twenty-one miles northwest to Pistoia, where pistols were invented, and then, turning a right angle, ascends the Apennines. There are bridges innumerable, and viaducts more than



RAPHAEL PAINTING THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
Painting by J. W. Witmer

one can remember, and forty-five tunnels. On the east side of the summit we find the headwaters of the Reno, and follow them down to Bologna. We were then eighty-two miles on our way, with just one hundred still to travel. Late in the



THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR, BY RAPHAEL, PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

afternoon we arrived at Venice, and having engaged rooms in the Britannia on the Grand Canal, called a gondola, and went thither. The Grand Canal is an immense liquid letter S. The gondoliers, in taking one a long distance, commonly go through side canals, and so one sees much more of Venice in a three days' stay than if the Grand Canal were straight.

We went to St. Mark's that evening, and discovered how easy it is for tourists to lose themselves in a city of bridges

nearly alike over canals not very dissimilar. But one has only to call a gondola, and he will soon be home again. The Campanile was even then tottering; but we had seen so many decrepit looking structures which have stood for centuries that we did not suspect it was just about to fall. The old custodian was then warning the authorities, and had been doing



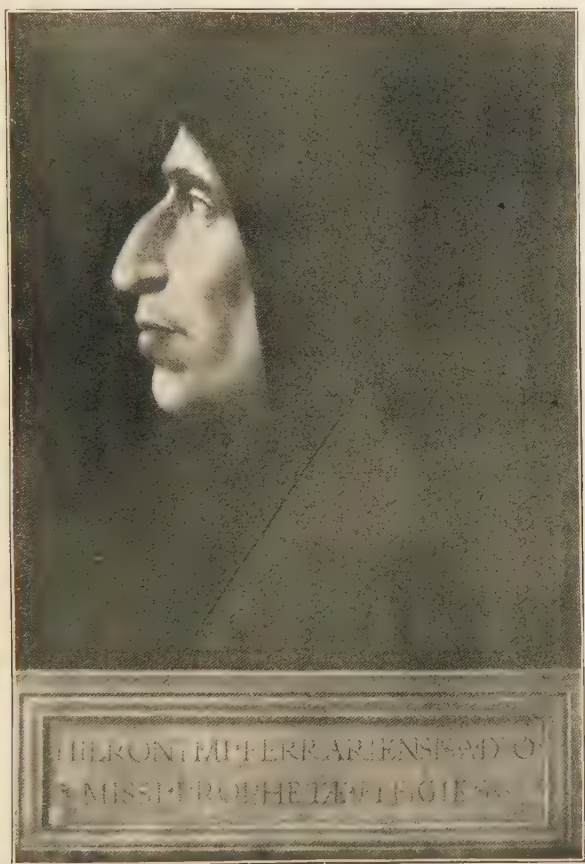
THE LAST SUPPER, BY FRA ANGELICO, SAN MARCO, FLORENCE

so for months. They turned a deaf ear to his warnings, reproved him for troubling them, and finally discharged him. One Saturday soon after we left he took his son to the square, pointed out the widening cracks in the masonry, said that it would break his heart to stay and see it fall, and took the train out of Venice. Within forty-eight hours the Campanile that had stood for a thousand years was a mass of ruins.

We accepted the offer of a guide to show us St. Mark's for a lira, and he did it well. He then begged the privilege of showing us how glass is spun in Venice; and we saw at once why his fee for the church had been so small; however,

we permitted him to do as he wished, and as my friends made liberal purchases of Venetian glass, the guide had his reward.

We also saw the lace factories. It was a wonderful thing



SAVONAROLA

Portrait by Fra Bartolommeo

to see those hundreds of girls making fine lace on pillows; but the effort of the manager is to hurry the tourist through with the merest superficial glance, and hold him long in the sales-room. I learned that few of the girls working there obtain over a lira (nineteen cents) a day.

"Alas, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

We made a few small purchases in the shops that line the Rialto Bridge, and sighed at the Bridge of Sighs. It still is a place to sigh over, even though the traditions about it are chiefly manufactured. I was riding under it one day when a gondola with barred windows approached from the other way. I motioned my gondolier to push to the other side and stop.



VENICE — THE CAMPANILE FROM THE GRAND CANAL

Directly opposite the landing-steps of the prison we waited while the boat came in. There soldiers got out, and then, followed by a fourth, came a young man in irons. His hands and forearms were made fast in a clumsy and cruel-looking device, that seemed a sort of flat plank with iron pins projecting. He stepped out so jauntily, and he was so young! He looked like a man who could kill a king and smile. He did not have a bad face, but one that called for admiration and pity.

We left Venice, and came to Milan. What a contrast between its cathedral and St. Mark's! One ought to see St. Mark's the last thing before leaving Venice, and having fixed its characteristic features in mind, go straight to the Milan

cathedral, and contrast its wilderness of Gothic spires and its serrated sky-line with the soft, rounded lines of the noble pile of Venice. Of course we saw Da Vinci's masterpiece, "The Last Supper." It is a ruin, but noble in its ruins, and hap-



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

pily may be interpreted by the faithful contemporary copies which stand before it. Here, too, in the city where Verdi died, I heard *Il Trovatore*, and found a packed house, listening with enthusiasm; and the wonder of it was that there was no ballet, and no one seemed to miss it.

Thence through the district of Italian lakes into the mountains we rose to the summits of the Alps, and passed through the St. Gotthard tunnel. One thing here surprised me, namely, that several of the tunnels that approach the crest

are not made to escape hills but to reduce grades, and ascend in spirals in the heart of the mountain, doubling on their own track, once or twice, or even thrice.

A little study of the accompanying map of some of these tunnels will prove instructive. The map of Wassen and vicinity, for instance, shows that but for the climb, the road might



THE RIALTO

Photograph by Miss Grace A. Ross

have been built with no tunnels, and with no bridges over the Reuss, and only one over its principal tributary. The road actually has three nearly circular tunnels at this point, besides five shorter tunnels, five bridges, and a wide double loop. All this is done in little more than a mile as the crow flies; but many miles have been traversed, the station at Wassen has appeared and disappeared, again and again, now on this side and then on that, now above and then below; and by the time it is shut out of sight by the Rohrback Tunnel, the train has risen two hundred and fifty-six feet from its entrance to the Pfaffensprung Tunnel.

Our next stop was at Lucerne, where we spent a night. After all the odd vehicles we had seen, I found none more interesting than the milk-carts of Lucerne. They are drawn by men and St. Bernard dogs. The dog takes one side and the master the other. The dog lies down and guards the wagon while the master goes inside the customer's house with



THE CAMPANILE AND SAINT MARK'S, VENICE

milk; and then the two yoke-fellows draw their load along together.

Here we saw and admired Thorvaldsen's "Wounded Lion," holding up to sad immortality the memory of republicans who died to maintain a corrupt and hopeless monarchy.

We reveled in the lore of William Tell; we looked with rejoicing on the Alpine peaks; we sailed the length of Lake Lucerne and back; we bought some carved wood souvenirs; and we enjoyed the place, the people, and the experience.

Then we came to Bâle, whose people surprised us by their almost uniformly good dress, robust health, and pleasant

demeanor; we drove about the city, crossed the Rhine, and came back again for a sleeper to Paris. If this book contains any word of wisdom for future tourists, it is, Don't pay five dollars for a sleeper to Paris. I shared a compartment with a man so frightened by my presence that he dared not take off his overcoat, and we made each other mutually uncomfor-



MILAN CATHEDRAL

table. The customs officers woke us at midnight for their perfunctory inspection. The train went fast, and jolted hard; and the night was an uncomfortable one. Those did better who went by day, or who stretched out in the day coaches. He who undertakes to sit up and gets a little sleep rejoices that he is so much ahead of his expectation; but he who pays to sleep and cannot accomplish it is a double loser.

Then came Paris, and a delightful visit with old friends who are there in government service. My old parishioner, Major William H. Williams, European agent of the United

States Treasury Department, came to the hotel, and bore me off to his home. Consul-General Gowdy lives in the same pleasant apartment hotel, and it was good to find so much of the United States in one place as was comprised in these gentlemen and their families. The Major has two music boxes which play patriotic airs, and he sets one of them at The Star Spangled Banner, and the other at My Country, 'Tis of Thee, as soon as he wakes in the morning, and goes



THE LAST SUPPER -- DAVINCI'S GREAT PICTURE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

to bed at night to the combined strains of The Red, White, and Blue, and Home, Sweet Home. If ever a man did the right thing by a former pastor, the Major did it, and with gratitude to him I am able to say that few men have ever seen so much of Paris, or seen it so well, in four days as I was able to do through his kindness and that of Mrs. Williams. I am not intending to tell what I saw, but only to awaken an envious feeling in the hearts of my fellow-travelers who were at the hotels.

During the time of my visit came the demonstration in favor of America, in the benefit concert for the McKinley monument; but it was Sarah Bernhardt's picture, and not

McKinley's, that adorned the souvenir programme. The lady herself awakened enthusiasm which her reading did not deserve, for it was spiritless and perfunctory, and such as no woman would have ventured to present to such an audience



THE DA VINCI MONUMENT, MILAN

unless her reputation had been made already. There were other noted performers, each giving an act or bit of an act, from some play then on the boards, and worth advertising at the expense of the United States. I shall not advertise them by giving their names, for they do not deserve it. The president of the French Republic attended, and remained in his box long enough to be seen by the reporters; and all the papers agreed that it was an overwhelming testimonial of the

warm feeling of the Republic of France toward her sister republic across the sea; and General Gowdy came home so loaded with flowers that there was not room for me in the elevator with him. But I will take my countrymen into my confidence enough to say that whatever good feeling France



LAKE LUGANO

has for America cannot be proved by the willingness of Parisian theaters to advertise their current plays before an audience of Americans who pay four dollars or more a seat to see and hear not much of anything. However, the McKinley monument received some money, and the American girl who sang *The Star Spangled Banner* did it better than the French girl who sang the *Marseillaise*.

I attended the American Church in Paris, a fine rallying place for the best American people in that city, and in the

evening preached, by invitation, to about a hundred American students in the Latin Quarter, a district now almost past recognition. The service was held in a studio, with the work of the students all about on the walls. I do not remember

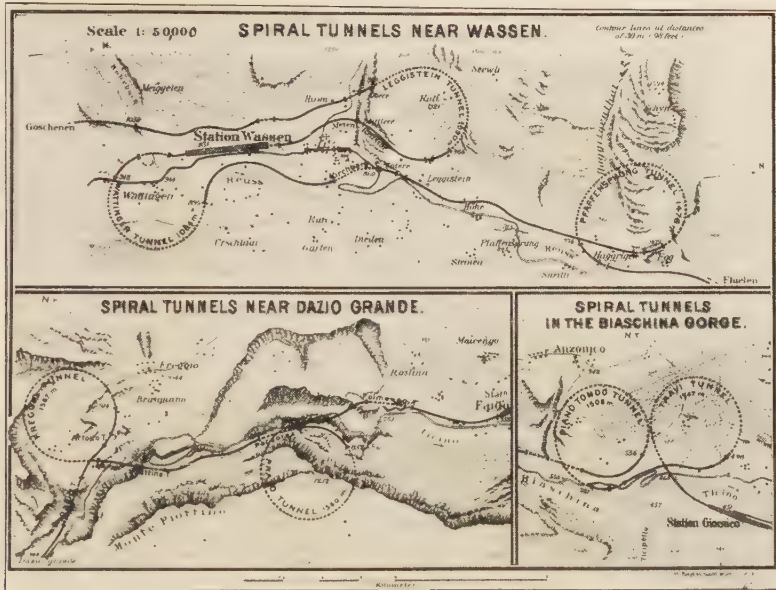


OVER THE ALPS BY RAIL

to have preached amid frescoes less ecclesiastical, but I enjoyed the service. The young people were a wholesome company. I learned a few things, however, about the brutality of some teachers and the immorality of others which will cause me to hesitate some time before advising young Americans to study art or music in Paris.

I was sorry to leave Paris before the opening of the Grand Salon, with its annual display of works of art. There was

much talk about it when I was there, with more than the usual complaint against the commission on the part of disappointed artists and their friends. It was affirmed that the desirable space in the exhibit is largely monopolized by medalists whose works no longer are subject to rejection, and that



MAP OF SPIRAL TUNNELS

often paintings of real merit must give place to those with little to recommend them but a noted name. Moreover, it was charged that members of the commission and others in authority are often teachers, ambitious for their pupils, and disposed to secure their works a place in the Salon. Even harsher words than these were spoken; but when did a jury of artists ever escape without censure, or a hanging committee avoid the danger of being hung? Out of some six thousand pictures submitted, about six hundred are chosen; and the number of disappointed artists is legion.

Another exhibit had just been opened—that of the Impressionists, the Société des Artistes Indépendants. Their exhibit

was held in the Horticultural Building, one of the large exposition buildings. The structure, with others standing near the beautiful Pont Alexandre, also erected for the Paris Exposition, makes one wish that our American expositions



THE WOUNDED LION OF LUCERNE

Photograph by Mrs. F. B. Newell

were built for permanence, and not with a view to immediate demolition of the fine structures when they have served their first purpose. The building itself is neither better nor worse in its architecture than many that have been constructed and destroyed since 1893 in Chicago, Atlanta, Nashville, Omaha, and Buffalo; but it is built out of something more solid than staff. Why may not expositions in our own country hereafter aspire to construct abiding monuments in the buildings themselves, and plan them in advance for such uses that they can remain?

The impressionists have refused to stay put. A while ago they were giving us everything in bright yellows and light pea-greens and ubiquitous purples. We were just learning, under their instruction, to detect more shades of greens in the land-



AMONG THE ALPS

scape, and more purple in the twilight and the distance, and thought that we had found common ground with the impressionists, when lo, the early spring greens have gone, and the familiar purples have disappeared. The display which I attended was not seeking furtive and elusive lights; it was after large game, and loaded accordingly. The result was astounding. He who would describe it to friends at home should have an established reputation for veracity. I will undertake the hazard.

Just inside the door, as one begins the survey of the collection, is a group of paintings, all by the same artist, of pictures such as children make on the black-board with seven



THE MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE, PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

colors of chalk. The subjects also are the same that children choose. There is a house with crude, straight lines bounding its outlines, and with patches for doors and windows. There are the trees about it, painted precisely as a child draws them with green chalk. There is no attempt at perspective and very little at proportion. It is impossible to describe it other than by reference to a child's attempt at outline drawing, and

hit-or-miss coloring. Yet this puerile group is exhibited by a grown man with some reputation as an artist.

One speedily finds pictures of the nude—though not in excessive proportion—the first of which is a half-draped



MURILLO'S MADONNA, PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

woman sitting at a table with a wash-bowl upon it, washing her arms. One does not object to it because of the extent of the nudity, but because the nudity serves no artistic purpose, and the finished picture is nothing but a woman washing her elbow. The nude is no longer a means, but an end. The artist sets out, not to present a thought, in the accomplishment of which nudity is an effective attribute, but to paint, and usually in a strange light or unfamiliar attitude, a nude

figure. One searches the catalogue in vain for a motive back of these dreary and morbid canvases. There is a complete lack of motive. There is conspicuous absence of classical, mythological, and historical subjects. There are no captive Helens, no blushing Susannahs, no militant Judiths, no overwhelmed Sabines here. There are no timid Eves or secluded and pre-occupied Magdalens. There are no Dianas riding high on the new moon; no wood nymphs in their sylvan bowers; no mermaids sporting in their native element. Instead there are "Femmes au Bain," "Femmes Nuées," "Femmes au Miroir," "Femmes au Bouquet," and the like.

Once the picture suggested the occasion of the nudity; now the nudity is the confessed occasion for the picture. There is no longer a use of the nude in art; instead, there is the bald and inartistic representation of nakedness.

This art is not prurient; it is simply commonplace. There is, if anything, less appeal to the passions than in much other French art; it lacks even the negative virtue of sensuality. It is simply and insufferably matter of fact, with a tendency to the abnormal. There is no attempt to bring out any deep need or aspiration of human life. There is a constant search for the unusual. If an elbow can be obtruded so as to be visibly ugly, but undeniably accurate; if a hip can be thrown out of line so that its graceful curve becomes an angle, and yet show that it is probably copied from life; if human flesh can be placed in a light that will enable the painter to transfer it to the canvas in yellow, in green, or in red, no consideration of ugliness avails to deter him. The object so "impressed" the artist and he painted the thing as he saw it, "for the God of things as they are." One yearns for a picture with a soul in it, painted under an inspiration from the God of things as they ought to be. But the ideal is no more, and the realism is of a morbid sort. One of the comparatively few pictures in which much thought is given to shading presents nude bodies in iridescent lights that deepen into blues and greens. There is just enough verisimilitude so that one cannot deny that such shades might possibly be seen; and this is the mes-

sage of the picture—if it has a message to the beholder—a screaming, hysterical assertion that it is possible to place human flesh in such a light that it shall look to be peacock-blue in color.

For the most part, however, there is no shading and no mixing or softening of colors. There is a man beside his



THE MATTERHORN

horse; the horse is as red and the man as yellow as the paint in the tubes could make them. But as there must be some high lights, and it is impossible to find paint more red or more yellow, recourse is had to more paint, and it is applied in chunks. High lights are put on whenever a chunk of paint under hard pressure can be made to stick to the canvas; and the yellow man is made yellower and the red horse is made redder by more paint. It is a simple process. What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? Two pigs. The way to make a red horse redder when he is as red as red can be is to apply more red paint, so the picture becomes a bas-relief in scarlet.

There is a passion for this relief painting in crude colors. In scores of pictures there is no use of the brush whatever. The palette-knife becomes the sole instrument of torture. The artist puts in his transverse wavy lines of green on the bottom of his picture, and fills in the top with whatever comes to hand, and the earth and the sky are created and smeared on with the blunt knife. Then if he can get paint red enough and put it on thick enough, he will paint a man or something else—all with the palette-knife, and as crudely done as even such an artist can do it. Unless the palette-knife itself is now to be discarded and the paint squeezed out of the tubes direct upon the canvas and the canvas spanked with the wet palette, there is nothing left so far as the technique goes in the way of crudity. Already there is utter absence of inspiration, vacuity of ideal, and dearth of artistic sentiment. There is no appeal to any fine feeling; nothing that awakens a thrill of joy or hope or generosity in one's heart. At best there is only a mental debate whether the thing depicted could look as it is described, and an occasional reluctant confession that possibly it could, but an assurance that it does not and ought not to look so.

There are pictures which show ability, but few that display genius or good taste or fine feeling. Some of them are difficult, and with old Samuel Johnson we "would they were impossible." Some of the works of sculpture show skill in handling plastic material; but the prevailing taste is for inconceivably hideous nightmares.

Morally, the exhibit might be worse; artistically, a worse collection were well nigh inconceivable. It is simply astounding that men who have ever seen good pictures can produce these daubs and think them good.

Art has below this present abyss no deeper nadir possible. There is an utter waste of an acre of canvas and a hogshead of paint. One may go through the whole dreary wilderness of the exhibit, not without some little admiration here and there of an artist's ingenuity or technical skill, but without one thrill of enthusiasm or impulse toward high thinking or

fine sentiment. There is no reverence or patriotism or sacrifice or love or heroism in them. They are simply "studies" and "impressions" and "effects." The exhibit has one great merit for a homeward-facing pilgrim; he can see all the pictures and covet none of them. Happily very few of the



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

paintings are marked sold, and there still is garret room in Paris.

American art has not yet passed its imitative stage; and each new thing abroad, however transient, if fairly representative of a recognized tendency, is studied with more interest than it commonly deserves. But it is hard to imagine what any American artist could learn from this display.

The impressionists have had a mission. There are tints in nature which they have discovered, and which conventional art had overlooked. They have taught us to find beauty in the fleeting aspects of nature; they have shown us that the whole is greater than its parts; they have protested against the pettiness of that art which concerned itself with the minutiae of

detail, and have ascribed comeliness to things in the mass; they have pushed up the gamut of color nearer to the sunlight line, which is a relief from the gloom of the middle registers of conventional art, and for this they deserve our thanks, even though their color tones pain us by continuous fiddling on the E-string: they have made for dash and freedom and life. But if ever a tendency in art lost its centripetal force, and went flying at a tangent through asymmetry and mad color and reckless disregard of beauty and of motive, that tendency has been displayed by the artists of the Independent Society. If art juries and hanging committees can protect us against such atrocities, a suffering public will bear their tyranny without murmuring.

I suppose that Paris is a wicked city, but I am glad that I do not know it to be so. It might be less wicked if tourists were less prurient, and if the guides were consigned to whatever now represents the Bastille. I am reliably informed that a large proportion of the vile shows that are exhibited to tourists are not bona fide, but are manufactured for tourists, who suppose themselves to be seeing Paris as it is. They are one with counterfeit curios, and should be despised by all who love either purity or truth.

I begin to realize that my references to guides have been somewhat frequently uncomplimentary, and I do not wish to speak ill of a bridge that has carried me over. Guides are under peculiar temptations, and seem almost everywhere to be subsidized by bazaars, and often by less creditable places. Of a few I have only pleasant recollections, and if they secured a commission on my small purchases, I do not grudge it. But there are at least two cities whose guides I had little occasion to employ, but where I saw and learned things particularly discreditable to them as a class, and those cities are Naples and Paris. If I were seeking a guide in either of those places, I would try to obtain some American student who needed a dinner, and provide it for him for a few days.

One may leave Paris in the morning and be in London for supper. There are at least three ways of crossing the Chan-

nel—Calais to Dover, Ostend to Dover, and Dieppe to New Haven. The last is the cheapest, and longest. It takes five hours to cross the Channel from Dieppe, four from Ostend,



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BY MURILLO, THE LOUVRE

and an hour and a half from Calais. We had a good passage from Calais to Dover, which was well. Some of those who had borne a good reputation as sailors on the cruise had an unexpressed fear that they owed their good fortune to the steadiness of our good ship, and cherished some anxiety for

the small channel boats; but the Channel was as smooth as a mill pond, and all of us got over nicely. It was ludicrous to see some of the passengers, not of our party, but local travelers, who rushed on board as if going to a fire, sought out the first six feet of vacant bench, and lay down flat, nor stirred nor opened their eyes till the boat tied up to the wharf at Dover. Such is the result of the Channel's bad reputation. Probably the passengers had learned from experience to treat the Channel with respect. I have heard that—

There was a young man from Ostend
Who meant to hold out to the end;
But when half-seas over,
From Calais to Dover,
He done what he didn't intend.

Then we saw London. After a visit to the Orient, London seems very much like home; and after the ancient civilizations which cluster around the Mediterranean, it is very modern and up-to-date. An American who has wrestled for weeks with other and various languages, singly and in combinations that would put Babel to confusion, rejoices in his return to a land that speaks the English tongue, even though it is not quite so well spoken as in America. And that reminds me that I saw in Paris a great sign advertising the teaching of the English language, and surmounted by the American flag. The flag was, in the thought of the teacher or sign-painter, the proper symbol of the King's English. Shall we come to speak of it as "the President's English"?

Everything in London was fitting for the coronation and doomed to come to unforeseen grief. Each man with a front window overlooking the route of the procession was advertising the window to let, and at prices that raised the question whether with the window he included the sale of the house. One argument served to help along the sale of the seats. American millionaires would take them if Englishmen did not. One's first impression was, that an American would need to be a millionaire to afford a seat, but when one saw how many windows were offered, he began to think

that there might be a chance for one of more moderate means.

Although the thoughtful people of England confessed to a sad feeling of contrast between Victoria and her son, the king seemed to be very popular, and the queen still more so, with the people; and the theaters and music halls were displaying their portraits on very slight provocation, and amid really hearty cheers. The British people love the idea of



THE BOIS DE BOLOGNE, PARIS

monarchy. There is strength in that which gives personality to the abstract conception of nationality and government. In some respects it is easier to sing God Save the King, than God Save the Commonwealth—the idea is more tangible. England has been so long without a king that one frequently finds “Her Majesty” still written, where “His Majesty” ought by this time to appear; but one or the other is there for a long time to come. France can never afford to cut her republican motto, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity” very deep in the stone, for she may cease to be a republic whenever she wearies of too long stability; but England is wedded to the idea of monarchy.

I was in the House of Commons when Mr. Balfour an-

nounced that the Boer delegates had left Pretoria to consult their commandos as to whether the terms proposed by the British government should be accepted. Mr. Balfour made the announcement quietly, and sat down quickly. There was no demonstration, but soon a whispered conference began among members, which grew more exciting as they realized more fully that the government made this announcement as an indication of good prospect of peace. A few moments later, as I passed out, I met Lord Salisbury entering the almost empty House of Lords, where he could find no opposition leader to whom he could give a hint that a question would bring welcome news. Some one, generally of the opposition, asks questions, and the representatives of the governing party have to reply, and commit their party by their answers. It is a sad thing for a prime minister to have a fine answer up his sleeve, and no one there to ask the question. But, fortunately, Lord Salisbury succeeded in getting a question asked as to the conduct of the war and the prospect of peace, and so made the reply identical with that of Mr. Balfour. Here, also, it was received without demonstration. But the newspapers were out soon with large headlines, and the people were talking about the near approach of peace, which they were eager to see before the coronation. But it was the coronation, and not the end of the war, that was postponed.

I had several conversations with Englishmen concerning the present good feeling between England and America. We agreed that it is well for us to know each other better, and that we are in process of learning each other; so our good feeling is getting on a permanent basis. One London gentleman said, "You know, I think one reason we haven't liked you Americans any better is that the Americans who come over here are not all of the best sort."

I thought this might not be complimentary, but he went on to except present company, which was certainly good of him, and to give some instances where Americans have acted unwisely or worse.

"But then," I expostulated, "we have never pretended that all the fools were British."

He was a very good man, but he did not seem to know the answer to my little thrust, and so we talked about something else.

In London our party, converging toward Liverpool, got together enough of its members to make an impression once



HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH

more. Even Joseph Parker knew of our presence, and having about seventy of us in his congregation on Sunday morning, disregarded the others and preached to us.

"Ah, you tourists," he said, "who go abroad, and boast for the rest of your lives over those who have not had the money or the holiday, and hope that we won't attempt to verify your statements! You are always growing ecstatic over the wrong thing. You tell us of the Pyramids; I'd rather see the Pyrenees! There never was a pyramid built that couldn't be taken in a barrow, bit by bit, and dumped into the sea! Yet you pay a hundred pounds to see the Pyramids! You eat sandwiches on Sinai, and picnic in the garden

of Gethsemane! You look at relics, and find the supply always equal to the demand. You may see the site of Calvary for a shilling, and another site of the same place for another shilling, and if you've a shilling left you can see a feather of the cock that crew when Peter swore!"

Dr. Parker had been called upon by some of our number, and told that many of us would be present on Sunday, and I suppose that he cherishes the conviction that he administered a needed rebuke to a crowd of unthinking and irreverent tourists. If Dr. Parker were younger and more docile he would have some things yet to learn, and perhaps would sometime make such a tour himself. Meantime, his words have a certain spice of wisdom for some kinds of tourists.

In the woods of Wisconsin there lives a guide who once rowed me over all parts of the lake where there were no muscallonge, and sold me three fine ones at night which he had caught in the early morning before my arrival. I am not disposed to tell how truthfully I displayed these fish at home; the story relates to the truthfulness of the guide. He has been everywhere. It is impossible to name a city where he has not resided, or a land where he has not had some strange adventure. Some years ago the community learned that he was soon to have a birthday. The people gathered together in advance, and added up the years of which they had heard him tell—his three years in the army, his four in Brazil, his nine before the mast, and all the rest which they could remember. He had a gentle intimation that his friends were about to honor him, and on the morning of his birthday he shaved and put on a clean shirt. Sure enough, the saw-mills shut down for the day, and the people held a picnic near his cabin, and opened more cases of canned goods and bottled wares than was their custom. After the dinner, the spokesman of the occasion presented the hero a new rifle as an expression of the affection of the town on his two hundred and eighty-ninth birthday.

I am sure that if I should add up the number of days that I spent in each place on my tour through Europe, it would

double the month which elapsed after leaving the ship at Naples, and before sailing from Liverpool. My only excuse for rifling sixty days out of thirty is that I needed every minute of it. I have no desire to take the reader over the itinerary, but only to say that after four days in London I set out for Scotland, and had an enjoyable visit to Edinburgh, two delightful nights in Bonnie Dundee, a few hours at Stirling and the Battle-field of Bannockburn, and a look at the great shipbuilding industries of Glasgow. Then I took the little remaining time and reveled in the Burns country. I spent a night at Ayr—

"Auld Ayr, which ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

I visited Tam o'Shanter's inn, and drove to Alloway Kirk and the bridge where Tam's gude grey mare left her tail among those souvenir-hunters, the witches. Then I had an hour in the poet's birthplace. The next day I visited his old home at Mauchline, and his farm at Mossgiel, where I plucked daisies in the field where he wrote the poem. In the village I visited all the spots of special interest, and dined at the Loudoun Arms Inn, which Burns used most to frequent. The landlady, in response to my inquiries concerning the pewter "stoups" which hung about the bar, identified the older ones as those that had been in use in Burns's day, and which he doubtless used, "although I couldna juist say that he drank from ony ane of them," she added. But as he drank more than once, more's the pity, I doubted if any of them had escaped him unless it was the smaller ones. I offered to buy one. She told me the retail price of new ones, and offered to make a small reduction on account of use, saying that she had always before refused to sell them, though she had often been asked, but that now she was about to vacate on May day. So I bought the lot.

Then came a journey by rail to Dumfries, where Burns is buried. The tomb is the one really inspiring marble memorial of Burns that I saw. Most of them are spoiled by misplaced classicism. At the railway junction of Lockerbie, where I

next stopped, a street fair was in progress, and showed some interesting phases of life. Here I procured a carriage and drove to Ecclefechan, the birthplace of Carlyle, and his place of burial. Then came a journey to Liverpool by rail, and as there still remained some hours before the ship sailed, I made a short trip by rail to quaint old Chester, and then, with two companions, took a drive to Hawarden, the home of Mr. Gladstone, just across in the edge of Wales.

I am not pretending to describe the portion of the journey after leaving the ship, but only to tell how a tourist with a month to spare may use it to good advantage between Naples and Liverpool.



TWO YOUNG ROMANS

CHAPTER XXVII

HOMEWARD BOUND

There is something to be said in favor of superficial sightseeing. It is common enough to read in some pretentious works of travel, the little jibes and slurs at tourists who "do" a city in twenty-four hours, and a continent in a fortnight. The least thing to be said in favor of rapid sightseeing is that a superficial visit to historic scenes is far better than none at all, and that most people who do their sightseeing rapidly, choose not between that and the more leisurely method, but between that and no visit at all. This, however, is not all that can be said in favor of a pilgrimage on the rapid-transit plan. He who has a short time to spend and knows it, often hurries to the scenes of real importance and of striking interest, while those with more time at their disposal sometimes employ it in desultory sightseeing with comparatively little method and purpose, and so lose in the mass of detail that which is distinctive. All in all, it is far better to see things in a leisurely way, as every one knows; but those who have the leisure and the money to remain long in a place and see it to their heart's content, too often look with thinly veiled contempt upon those who may be getting the essential features of that which they have come to see. One gets out of a tour very much in proportion to what he brings to it. He who has done little reading, and who goes from place to place with languid interest, may squander much time and have little to show for it beyond his purchases in the bazaars; but he who has some real knowledge of the points visited, may obtain in quick succession the most striking features of many different places. Wherefore, let not him who goes abroad often, and tarries long at each place of historic interest or artistic fame, despise him who takes a brief vacation in a hop-skip-and-jump

manner. The latter may be taking a series of snap-shots which will develop well in later months.

The old "globe trotter" has many interesting stories to tell of personally conducted parties hurrying past scenes of great renown with hardly more than a glance. One of these described to me with great gusto the way in which a group of Boston girls did up the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. They all wore short skirts, and Alpine hats with pins stuck straight through the top. They also wore eyeglasses and cameras, and followed a conductor who took them with great rapidity from room to room. In they bustled, following the lead of their conductor, who gathered them in each room around a single picture. In language such as this the experienced traveler quoted the guide's description:

"This room, ladies, is indicated in your catalogue as number five, and is devoted to paintings of the Tuscan school. This picture is the Nativity, by Fra Bartolommeo. Whis-s-s-t!"

The final exclamation is supposed to express their precipitate flight from this into another room, where they were again assembled around some masterpiece.

"This room, ladies, is room number four, the Tribune, the richest room in the world, erected at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. This most noted work is the Venus de Medici, which was found in the villa of Hadrian in the sixteenth century. Whis-s-s-t!"

It is to be hoped that this was more or less an exaggeration, and that the short-skirted, Alpine-hatted, eyeglassed, and camera-laden company from the Hub really got more out of their exploration of the gallery than the more experienced traveler could have believed possible. But it is better to go to the Uffizi and see a few masterpieces and remember them, than to see all and forget the really great paintings in the bewildering array of only moderately interesting works. It is not necessarily a disgrace that one sees things rapidly, nor a proof that he can from them obtain no benefit for himself and for others.

Let me add further, that a very large part of the benefit

derived from travel might be had at home if people only believed it. The woman who is an invalid at home, but is perfectly well on shipboard, would probably be benefited on land if she got as much fresh air as she does at sea. If she would wrap herself in a steamer rug and sit upon the porch as many hours a day as she sits upon the deck, or walk as vigorously in the face of the wind at home as she does when taking her daily constitutional, it would be better for her digestion and her disposition. The admiration which people expend on the moods of nature in foreign parts, also, could often be duplicated at home if the tourist ever saw nature in the home-land. He who stands outside his tent in Syria, and returns home with the impression that the stars are never so bright anywhere else as in that cloudless sky, where their brightness shines out against a background of inky black, can find nights in any part of America, when the stars are just as bright and the heavens just as black, if he will but shut off the gas and step out of doors. And he who wearies you with his description of the glory of Italian sunsets and the blue of the skies of Switzerland, can find just as blue skies above Chicago, and just as glorious sunsets across Lake Michigan, if he will only step out of doors and look at them. With our more variable climate, more patience may be requisite if one would behold any given phenomenon; but if so, the variety we have at home is the greater. He who reflects a little about the things which have interested him most abroad, will be surprised to find how many of them can be obtained at home. Nevertheless, the journey is well worth the making.

The return voyage of the *Celtic* was no part of the organized cruise, though she had on board three hundred and sixty-two of the former *Celtic* tourists and forty additional first-class passengers, making the still very large total of four hundred and two cabin passengers. Besides those, she carried two thousand and sixty-seven steerage passengers, the largest number ever conveyed in a single voyage by any vessel. She had a crew of three hundred and forty-seven, making a grand total of two thousand eight hundred and sixteen, the largest

number of souls ever carried across the ocean in a single ship.

The immigrants as a whole were a fine lot. They were almost wholly young men and women. Somewhere from twenty-five to twenty-eight would have been an average age. There was no case of illness among them—barring slight seasickness. They were a healthy, sturdy lot. At Naples we had seen thousands of Italians taking ship for America. We could but contrast them with the fine lot of people we saw daily on the Celtic. The one class was dirty, ignorant, and full of latent vice; the other was vigorous, fairly intelligent, and energetic.

The countries that have bred these stalwart men and vigorous women and nourished them till they have become producers can ill afford to lose them now. The country that receives them adds greatly to its wealth in their coming. Day by day I watched them at their sports on deck, and studied their faces as they filed past the half-open door of the lower promenade deck, and there was hardly a bad face among them, while there were many strikingly good.

Of these more than 2,000 people, 135 were American citizens already, and were returning from visits to their old homes. Of the remainder 25 were Austrians; 26 were Danes; 28 were Dutch; 46 were English; 197 were Finns; 5 were Germans; 1 lone soul was from Greece; 759, the largest number, were Irish; 314 were Norwegians; 6 were Russians; 3 were Scotch; 517 were Swedes; and 5 Welsh. There was one lone immigrant from Sparta; therefore, on this tour, Greek did not meet Greek.

Here were people enough to fill the Mayflower a score of times, gathered from many lands, and their children born in America, will attend the public schools and declaim about our Pilgrim Fathers as ardently as any native American, and share with the Daughters of the American Revolution the pride of loyal hearts in the deeds of our common history.

Those who feel, as I have often felt, the perils of our immigration, would find a study of the Celtic's steerage an

encouragement to optimism. With a great price some of these people have attained to that which we, the free-born, may too lightly value. The truest descendants of the Pilgrims may sometimes still be found in the steerage, rather than in the first cabin.

Welcome to our shores, you two thousand of our fellow-



OUR DECORATED BAGGAGE

Photograph by Miss Anna M. Matthews

tourists! The quarantine regulations shut us apart on the ship, and certain artificial barriers of society were between us; but we liked you, and hope that you will think as well of us as we of you. You are Americans now, and will be policemen soon, and aldermen not much later, and some of you will yet be millionaires! May you find what is best in our country and prove worthy of what she offers you! We parted at the gang-plank; we shall meet at the ballot-box, and may be you will out-vote us. If we let you do it, we shall deserve it. Welcome to America, and God bless you!

When we left the dock at Liverpool we were no longer the timid and inquiring creatures who had sailed from New York in February. We knew the ship and its ways, and were not ignorant of the world. We were laden with experience and much hand baggage, which we sorted out with difficulty from the much be-labeled pile on deck.

There were few members of our party who did not fall a victim to the label habit. Those who proved themselves exceptions to the rule, prided themselves on their strength of character or sheer obstinacy. Every hotel where we were quartered, anxious to advertise itself by the travel of tourists, sought opportunity to paste labels on all luggage that passed through the hands of its porters. The tourists watched their baggage with increasing satisfaction as each piece took on the character of Joseph's coat. Those who were wise, laid in a supply of unattached labels and saved them for future needs. There were some of us—and I was among the number—who quite despised this label habit, and thought it a vain and foolish thing to carry around a bag which proclaimed that the owner had visited such and such foreign cities; so I stopped the porter in each of our first hotels as he stood with uplifted paste-brush in one hand and label in the other, and said, "Stick no labels on my bag!" I carried through the first part of the journey a satchel that was guiltless of any contamination from hotel labels. But I am now writing my confession that I did not maintain this resolution to the end. Everywhere we went some of our party were sure to ask: "Did you not get any hotel labels in Athens? I meant to, but we were there so short a time that I forgot it. Have you one to spare?" So at length I began to gather a very few out of pure benevolence, as I assured myself; but already Satan was at work in the matter, and I was beginning to fall a victim. About this time I ceased to forbid the porter to do his pasting, and as the end of the journey drew near, and my bag showed labels from some of the cities of Europe, I began to regard it somewhat ruefully in comparison with those whose luggage showed that they had been to Oriental ports. I was

not the only convert. All over the ship were foolish virgins who had taken no labels for their bags, who now began to come to the wise and say: "Give us of your labels, for our own have given out." Such an exchange of labels, and such borrowing of paste as characterized the end of the voyage! As the good ship drew near the shore, and the luggage began to come out, there was hardly a mother's son or daughter among us whose dress-suit case or portmanteau would not have shamed the rainbow, or cast into the shade a crazy quilt.

All this was well enough while we were together, and the only sorrow of the owner of a bedecked carpet-bag was that he did not have more labels, or more space on his bag; but it was somewhat different when we began to scatter, and each tourist had to face the cold world alone and live up to his luggage. I give my own experience, which I dare say is fairly typical.

I was leaving New York City and had got as far as the ferry, no matter how, without any undue mortification by reason of my bag. I set down the brilliant article against a post in the waiting-room, while I stepped across to get a timetable; and as I turned back I saw two men examining my bag. They stood on one side of it and read every label on that side, and then walked around to the other side and read the labels through. I waited and gave them time. Having completed their inventory of the hotels where I had stayed, they walked reverently away. Then three ladies summoned courage to walk up to it. They approached it as near as they dared, and went off saying how they would like to visit the places to whose existence the bag bore witness. I thought I would rather not walk up and claim the bag just after so many people had been inspecting it; so, as there was plenty of time, I stood and waited. There was no danger of losing the bag, for there was probably not a man in the waiting-room excepting myself who had courage enough to walk off with it. While we waited, almost every person present, under pretext of exercise, or without any excuse whatever, took a walk across the waiting-room and gave my decorated satchel

a more or less minute inspection. It began to occur to me that I should never be comfortable on the train until I secured a new satchel; for, said I to myself, "If they do such things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry? If in New York and within a biscuit's throw of the salt water women show such reverence and men such possibly contemptuous attention to a bag that has been to Egypt and Jerusalem and certain other places, what will it be when I reach the interior?"

When I got on the cars there were people who went down the aisle and were tempted to sit down with me, but looked at that bag and passed on. I got home at last, and it is now safely housed in the attic, where it attracts little attention. Whether I shall have courage to take it upon the train at any future time remains to be seen. The moral of this tale is, Get your labels early and put them on as you like. You can buy a new bag if you want to, but there will be a momentous hour near the end of the voyage when you might as well appear at an Oriental marriage without a wedding garment, as to come on deck with a bag that has no labels. But in the first lonely hour when you board a train with a satchel that proclaims your itinerary in a shrieking chorus of color, you will wish that you had dropped it overboard outside the harbor.

We made a quick trip across, and were glad of it. We had packed away our guide-books and had no letters to write. The diaries were long since forgotten, and the cash accounts were too far behind to attempt to rescue. The passengers had time to play at quoits and shuffle-board, and to rest a little. The nights were nearly two hours longer than when we went over, and the meals were eaten with satisfaction. And so, without special incident, and happily without accident, we arrived in New York. Among the more than eight hundred who sailed on our cruise and made the pilgrimage of the Orient, there had been no death, and no serious accident in all the weeks of our journey.

As soon as we got on shore, we bought American newspapers. To our surprise, nothing seemed to have happened

while we were gone. We did not appear to have missed any issues. The Boer war, the situation in the Philippines, the Presbyterian creed discussion, the debates in Congress, were all where we had left them. Things began to happen as soon as we returned. The Boer war came to an end; the situation in the Philippines took a marked turn, let us hope for the better; the Presbyterians decided to modify the creed; and Congress adjourned. This made us feel that it was well we had stayed no longer; and reconciled us to the experience of a flying pilgrimage to see how the old world enjoys the new century.

If this book is to have a preface, this is the place for it. Prefaces are always written last, but are put first, in the author's vain attempt to square matters with the world and his own conscience. This preface shall be put where it belongs. We finished our journey, and came safe to land, and if we are not thankful for the tour, we ought to be. The discomforts are forgotten; the delights live in the memory of all. Is there one of us all who is not hoping some time to make the journey again? I have told the story of our pilgrimage, and here and there have slipped in a little information about what we saw, in the honest endeavor to make the book of value. It only remains to add a benediction upon those who were of our party, and if possible one yet more sincere upon those whom we left at home. With special reference to one of these whom the writer would gladly have had with him, and who was in his thoughts in every hour of pleasure, this book is dedicated, "To those who tarry with the stuff."

A portion of the contents of this book was written while abroad, and sent home in letters to *The Boston Transcript*, *The Chicago American*, *The Advance*, also of Chicago, and *The Oaks Magazine* of Three Oaks, Mich. Several of the illustrations first appeared with these articles in *The Oaks*, and are used by courtesy of its editor. Mr. Frank C. Clark, organizer of the Cruise, has furnished me a number of cuts; and the White Star Line has added the views of the Celtic in

the first chapter. The snap-shots, where not otherwise credited, are by the author. These pictures, taken under varying conditions of light and weather, are supplemented by illustrations made from photographs which I purchased in the principal cities visited. I cannot well give credit to all the individual photographers, but I acknowledge my special indebtedness to the American Colony of Jerusalem for photographs of Palestine, and to Bonfils of Cairo for scenes in Egypt. I also greatly acknowledge the assistance of several members of my own party whose cameras have supplemented my own, and whose photographs are acknowledged under their respective illustrations.

My thanks are due to Miss Helen M. Towle, for valuable suggestions, and to Miss May Estelle Cook, for the reading of the proof and other assistance.

The return voyage came to its happy end, and we saw at length, on Saturday afternoon, the most pleasant of all the scenes of our cruise, the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Glad as we had been to go away, we were even more happy to return. We could hardly wait for the mail to come on board, and to know that all was well at home. Home! It was a pleasant word, and one with a new meaning to us.

There were people waiting to see us when we arrived in New York. There were many of them, and they were dressed in blue and wore custom-house badges. They were interested in the souvenirs which we had purchased, and examined them with the care that betokened long experience. We had a pleasant visit of about four hours with these hospitable fellow-citizens, while our friends waited outside the ropes. But at last we got off the wharf, thankful to be in a land of baggage-checks. America has no more proud distinction than this.

We arrived at the hotel in time for dinner. The elevators—I use the plural truthfully—were capable of carrying up more than three persons at a time. This was a glad discovery. We had dinner, and went to our rooms. My own apartment had six electric lights, and I turned them all on, and read my

home letters by their noon-day light. Then I pressed the electric button, and soon I heard the answering music of the ice clinking against the side of the pitcher as the bell-boy came down the hall. It was not that I was thirsty—I only wanted to look at the ice. There was no need to show it to the dragoman; it was the genuine article; I was really in America. I rose, and pinned above the pitcher an American flag that had seen service in many lands and waved over many seas. Then I read a chapter in the Bible and my railway ticket for home, and one by one I turned off the electric lights. Then I thanked God for the journey which I had made, for the safe return, for the good news from home, and for the country that of all on earth is best.





